VOL · XIX JANUARY 1930 NO ·

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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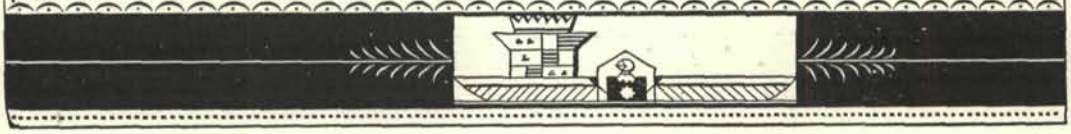

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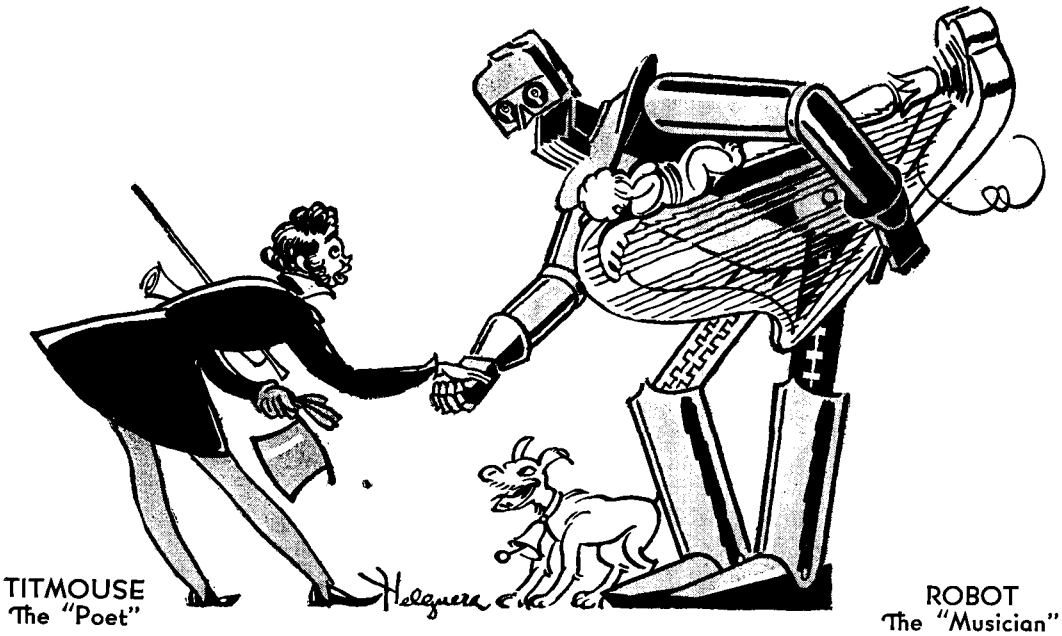


*"Tittlebat Titmouse is my name*
*England is my nation,*
*London is my dwelling place*
*And Christ is my Salvation."*

—WARREN'S "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

* * *

HERE'S a jingling bit of verse — it rhymes and scans. And bears at least as close a resemblance to the Art of Poetry as Canned Music in theatres bears to the Art of Music.

But with all his $50,000 a year, vulgar little Tittlebat could not impose his Muse upon a long suffering world as a new form of poetic expression.

Now, if Tittlebat had had billions and a corps of modern exploiters things might have been different. Observe the Vogue of Robot, the "musician!" Stripped of ballyhoo, this Robot is a distorted echo of Real Music but it has powerful support as an economy measure for the theatre—not, mind you, for the theatre patron.

Machinery can do many things well, from a utilitarian standpoint, but music lovers deplore its attempted invasion of the field of music, where only the hands and hearts of gifted humans can give true aesthetic pleasure.

In presenting this advertisement, the American Federation of Musicians is seeking to make articulate an existing demand for MORE REAL MUSIC IN THE THEATRE.

Surely, America is too intelligent to tolerate—and pay for—a Titmouse conception of the art of music.

# THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

**(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada.)**

**JOSEPH N. WEBER, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**



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# The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XIX January 1930 NUMBER 73

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H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*



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# CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

## PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE IMPERIAL DOLLAR.
*By Hiram Motherwell.* *Brentano's*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 310 pp. *New York*

Mr. Motherwell, who has had extensive experience as an American newspaper correspondent abroad, here presents a graphic and impressive picture of the dominating position that the United States has reached in the affairs of the world. That position differs not only quantitatively but also qualitatively from the estate of any other country. The United States is proceeding in a manner, and by the use of ways and means, that must inevitably increase its lead as time passes. Mr. Motherwell sees some grave dangers in this, but he is by no means disposed to view it as wholly evil. On the contrary, he believes that the American scheme of things has certain plain superiorities over the European scheme, and that its success is thus well deserved. There is no reason to believe, he argues, that Americans, in the long run, will use their advantages badly. Compared to the more civilized Europeans they are still somewhat crude and naïve, but the force of events is making travelers of them, and in the long run they will probably absorb all the elements of European culture that are really valuable, and so be ready to develop a genuine culture of their own. Mr. Motherwell writes clearly and is very well informed. His book lets some needed light into questions that have been long obscured by raucous discussion.

THE DANCE OF THE MACHINES.
*By Edward J. O'Brien.* *The Macaulay Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 274 pp. *New York*

The machine is worrying Mr. O'Brien. He thinks that "it is imperative for us to devise quickly all possible means of ensuring that we shall retain control" of it and of ourselves rather than that it "and mechanistic structures shall make us their slaves." Everyone of us "is being infected with the psychology of the machine." It "causes the death of craftsmanship, and begets scorn of creativeness and hatred of art." It is killing "true conversation." It is having a terrible effect on "human eugenics, [which] seem to me a timid imitation of good machine medical and sociological practice." Finally, it is doing great damage to the American short story, all the "thirty qualities" of which are "vices and not virtues." There is an index.

VOCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY & CHARACTER ANALYSIS.
*By H. L. Hollingworth.* *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 409 pp. *New York*

Dr. Hollingworth is the dean of the vocational guidance brethren. Way back in 1916 he saw the great possibilities of the new science, and gave courses in it at Barnard, where he soon won for himself a full professorship in psychology. A bit later he threw off what is probably his masterpiece, "Advertising and Selling: Principles of Appeal and Response." It is now a standard text in nearly all the schools of business administration. His present book deals with "the more recent developments in the field of vocational psychology." These developments, unfortunately, amount to very little. The first 113 pages of the book are given over to a discussion of the problem of "Recommendation and Testimonial." They are full of graphs and long tables of statistics, but their grand conclusion is what everybody has known right along, to wit, that "it is fallacious to lay down general statements of the precise relative validity attaching to judgments of acquaintances in the case of various traits." A great deal of investigation has been done in the problem of interests lately, but all they prove is that "relative interest closely reflects the hierarchy of abilities within an individual, but does not so accurately indicate his capacities as compared with others." Dr. Hollingworth is rather enthusiastic about all these "developments," but toward the end he is forced to admit that "vocational psychology and character diagnosis are . . . [still] in their late infancy," and that real progress is "relatively slow in advancing." There is a bibliography, and also an index.

## RELIGION

THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY.
*By Harry Elmer Barnes.* *The Vanguard Press*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅛; 470 pp. *New York*

This volume is the outgrowth of an address which Dr. Barnes delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December, 1928. In that address he declared that Christianity had completely lost contact with the needs of modern man, and called upon its exponents to abandon it. Here he develops the same idea, and at great length. First he shows what gross absurdities lie in the teachings of orthodox Christian theologians, and then he shows that little better is proposed by the Modernists. The failure of the latter, he believes, is largely due

*Continued on page vi*



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*Published as the Powers sit at the Arms Conference*

# America and England?

*by* NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

Are we witnessing a revolution in world power such as occurred when Hawkins and Drake drove the Spanish Armada to destruction, and does the United States now hold the same dominant position in world affairs that was England's between the days of Queen Elizabeth and the outbreak of the World War? This book attempts to answer this question.

The author was formerly attached to the American diplomatic service and has been for the last seven years one of the editors of the *New York Times*. A member of a family long prominent in public affairs in America, Mr. Roosevelt is by background and training peculiarly well qualified to deal comprehensively with this subject.

*Illustrated*, $2.50

## The Whispering Gallery
OF THE WORLD WAR!

# GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT

Publication Jan. 6th

*by*

Probable price, $3.00

## Robert Graves

Robert Graves, poet, and friend and biographer of T. E. Lawrence, has here written his biography. It is a notable achievement, for it is honest. It is a readable book, for he can write. It is a remarkable book, for it deals trenchantly and unassumingly with the war.

*Illustrated.*

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY
*by* William Faulkner

"This is a novel worthy of the attention of a Euripides; would we dare give higher praise?" — *Boston Transcript.* $2.50

## J. RAMSAY MacDONALD
*by* MARY AGNES HAMILTON

Both in England and in the United States, Mrs. Hamilton's biographical sketch has been widely accepted—and used—as the one available inside source book. *With a frontispiece portrait.* $2.50

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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to the lip service they continue to give to the ethical scheme of Jesus. That scheme was devised to meet the needs of a small, remote and still half barbaric people; moreover, it was based upon the erroneous assumption that the end of the world was at hand. Dr. Barnes believes that the conditions of life today make it unworkable, and, in some aspects at least, even dangerous. He proposes a general overhauling of ethical theory in the light of scientific knowledge, and a complete abandonment of supernaturalism. He does not, however, advocate the scrapping of religion altogether. "Man's emotions, as well as his intellect," he says, "must be exploited in the services of social control, and religion is better adapted to performing this function than science." The book is well documented and has a good index.

JESUS OR CHRISTIANITY?
*By Kirby Page.* *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 4⅞; 326 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mr. Page, who is a clergyman of the Disciples of Christ sect and well known for his opposition to militarism, here presents an elaborate and damning indictment of Christianity as a going concern. He shows that today, as in the past, it does little to make men better, and that in many ways its influence is for downright evil. What he proposes is a return to the simple ethics taught by Jesus. That return, he admits, would involve some risks. "To refrain from the use of violence may mean destruction for the innocent. . . . To trust men is a hazardous procedure." Nevertheless, he believes that the experiment would be worth making. "The religion of Jesus," he says, "is practicable for us today if we will fulfill the conditions He fulfilled in His day: undertake a supreme task, the doing of which is more important than one's own life; spend time in silent meditation and intercession and communion with the Eternal; cultivate friendship and fellowship with a group of intimates and with the great ones of other ages; consciously and steadfastly pursue beauty; dedicate self unreservedly to the way of sacrificial good will, and follow the gleam at all costs." The book is adequately documented, and has an index.

THE CRADLE OF GOD.
*By Llewelyn Powys.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 302 pp. *New York*

It was Mr. Powys's original intention to write a book about his travels in Palestine, but when he set about the task his mind was so haunted by its spiritual trails that he wrote, instead, a history of the Jews. The viewpoint is that of a man skeptical of religion, yet largely susceptible to the poetry and ineffable power of the Bible narrative. "From the first," he says, "Christ's illumination was perverted. It is perverted today. The secret come down to us is not the secret of Jesus. . . . It is the product of the mind of Saint Paul. He, of course, is the real inventor of Christianity as an organized religion. Few characters in history have been more baffling. . . . From the moment that the crying of a Christian baby at a font echoes with disobedience through the nave and aisles of a hollow church, till the hour when a man's body heaves its last breath, all is mystery. Christianity is but a single radiant eddy in that deep dark stream of shadow and sunshine which bears us along together, plants and beasts and men, toward the engulfing ocean of an unfathomable and unintelligible eternity."

## CRITICISM

AN APPRECIATION OF ROBERT SOUTHWELL.
*By Rose Anita Morton.*
*The University of Pennsylvania Press*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 103 pp. *Philadelphia*

Southwell was born in 1561 or thereabout, and came on the maternal side of a family which was afterward to produce the poet Shelley. He was educated at the English College at Douai, and entered the Jesuit order at Rome in 1578. On his ordination, in 1584, he was appointed prefect of studies at the English College at Rome, but the more dangerous work (for a Jesuit of his time) among his own countrymen attracted him strongly, and by 1586 he was back in England. For six years he labored safely, always in secret, but in 1592 he was betrayed, and three years later he was put to death. Sister Rose (she is a member of one of the Catholic orders) tells the story of his brief and melancholy life simply and well, and offers a competent study of his poetry. It is marked, she says, "by strong individuality, vigor and epigrammatic keenness. Like many another Elizabethan he lacked artistic restraint, not creative power. His technical faults do not obscure the charm of his poetry, which was concerned mainly with God and with man in his direct relationship with the Creator." There is a good bibliography at the end.

THE LAMP & THE LUTE.
*By Bonamy Dobrée.* *The Oxford University Press*
$2 7¾ x 5⅛; 133 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of six "popular lectures" on Ibsen, Hardy, Kipling, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot. They are able performances. Mr. Dobrée attempts no elaborate criticism, but he does give a good general idea of the works of the six

*Continued on page viii*



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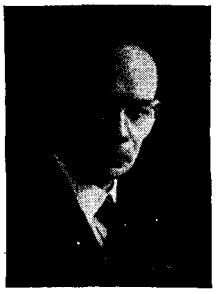
# H. M. Tomlinson's

GREAT NOVEL OF
WAR AND PEACE



# ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

TO tell the story of a great catastrophe is one thing; to show how the human and material factors combined to make the catastrophe inevitable is quite something else. The one involves accurate reporting; the other creative imagination.

It is just this quality which makes *All Our Yesterdays* a great book. Here is a novel to search men's hearts, a tale of human passions that whip men's minds to bloodshed. It is a book of you and me; of that strange power which invades us, gentle and peaceful though we be, making us willing to climb Calvary a thousand times and drain the blood of a generation of our children, all for human pride. $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS · NEW YORK CITY

# MOTHERS CRY

BY
HELEN GRACE
CARLISLE

***Theodore Dreiser says:***

"I can honestly commend *Mothers Cry* to lovers of a good book. Its story is moving. What the people in it think and say is simple but true and close, not only the heart of the story, but its scenes. You will like it because in addition its humor is bright and warm and the well of the author's emotion is so clear that all but the bottom is apprehensible."

This is the desperately real story of one woman's life—her marriage, her husband's death and her fight to make her children fulfill the dreams she had for them. She loved them all; she believed in them. She loved them and believed in them even when poor brave Beatrice was dead with her unborn child, when Artie had vanished out of her life, when Jenny had married and left her, when Danny, her first born, was strapped tight in the electric chair. In the end, battered and torn, she had the courage to look at life and find it good.

"An extremely powerful book."—***John Erskine.***

"A grim, enchanting book. I could not put it down, and now I cannot put it out of my mind."—***J. P. McEvoy.***

$2.50

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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men. He reveals himself as a very intelligent and sober man, with a gift for simple and effective English. Only once does he leap beyond what the facts warrant, and that is in the essay on Eliot. He thinks that Eliot's "criticism, with its depth, its wide grasp, its beautiful distinctions, its enthusiasm, and its justice, is the most important in English since Coleridge wrote his 'Biographia Literaria.' . . . As to his poetry, . . . I would be prepared to lay odds that the year 1922, which saw 'The Waste Land,' will prove to be as important in the history of the development of English poetry as the year 1798, in which Wordsworth and Coleridge produced their transforming volume, 'Lyrical Ballads.' "

## BIOGRAPHY

LETTERS OF THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.
*Edited by Edwin Arlington Robinson.*
*The Macmillan Company*
$3 9⅛ x 6⅛; 255 pp. *New York*

These letters make melancholy reading. Their author, who died in 1928, was a great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, a grandson of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, and a great-nephew of Commodore Matthew C. Perry. He was born to wealth, married more of it, passed through Harvard, became a tutor there, resigned to edit the *North American Review*, wrote four or five feeble books, and lived to be "the last of Old Boston." He seems to have been amiable, and to the end he was studious, for in his old age he taught himself to read Russian. But that is about all that is to be said of him. There is not the slightest evidence in his letters that he ever thought anything that was not commonplace or said anything worth hearing. In him the senile decay and disintegration of the old New England culture reached a truly tragic climax.

FOR THE DEFENSE: *The Life of Sir Edward Marshal Hall.*
*By Edward Marjoribanks.* *The Macmillan Company*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 471 pp. *New York*

Hall, in his day, was the most successful criminal lawyer in England, and his exploits in the courtroom make excellent reading. Mr. Marjoribanks describes the chief among them at great length, and in a very clear and entertaining manner. There is no evidence that his hero knew much law; he was, indeed, an actor far more than he was a lawyer, and sometimes his cavortings brought him into conflict with the bench. More than once, indeed, he was severely reprimanded, and on one occasion, when he had not only the bench but also the Harmsworth yellow press against him, he seems to have come near being disbarred. His private life was full of misfortune. The bride of his youth, whom he loved passionately, ran away with another man, and then died scandalously of an abortion. His maiden speech in Parliament was a dreadful failure, and his whole political career came to nothing. And in the very middle of his career his difficulties with judges made him unpopular and almost ruined his practise. But he recovered toward the end and even got a minor judicial office. Mr. Marjoribanks' story throws a great deal of interesting light upon the ways of the English courts. The arctic dignity that is commonly associated with them disappears, and they turn out to be almost as clownish as the courts of the United States. One of the illustrations in the book is actually a photograph of a courtroom with the judge weeping on the bench—broken-hearted because he is forced to sentence a fellow Freemason to death. And through the whole chronicle the newspapers seem to play quite as important a part in the trial of cases as either judges or juries. The volume is well illustrated, and has an index. It will delight everyone who likes to read about crime.

HANNIBAL.
*By G. P. Baker.* *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅞; 332 pp. *New York*

This book is in every way as good as Mr. Baker's previous two biographies, "Sulla the Fortunate" and "Tiberius Caesar." It is ably written, well organized, and reveals a sure and comprehensive knowledge of the subject. Hannibal, says Mr. Baker, "like Alexander and Napoleon, . . . ranks among those half-dozen great soldiers whose work broke down barriers and cleared the way for larger ideas of civilization." He depended very little upon the paraphernalia of government. "His power was based almost solely upon the direct influence he could, as a man, exert upon other men." His prime significance was of a representative character. Before him it was "by no means certain that the political mode of organization would govern the future of the human race. . . . The Hannibalic war was a dividing line in human development. . . . It proved, by the extreme test, that a greater power and a firmer unity were forged in the Forum and the Senate than could be achieved out of the resemblances of family likeness, and the dynamic energy of individual genius." There is an index. The bibliographical data appears in the footnotes.

PILSUDSKI & POLAND.
*By Rom Landau.* *The Dial Press*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 305 pp. *New York*

Josef Pilsudski, who was born in Cracow on December 5, 1867, comes of a long line of Polish nobility.

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# STRETCHERS

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page viii*

He stopped his formal education at the age of eighteen, and immediately plunged into the revolutionary movement. He was arrested in 1887 by the Czar's police, found guilty of participating in the attempt on the life of Alexander III, and sentenced to five years in Siberia. At the end of his exile, he returned to Vilna and joined the Socialist party. Soon the police caught him again, but this time he escaped imprisonment by pretending insanity. He got off with a few months in an asylum. The next few years he spent mostly abroad, attending Socialist conferences and editing revolutionary papers. In 1905 he attempted to induce Japan to build up a Polish army corps, but failed. At the outbreak of the World War he organized a Polish Legion with the help of the Austrian and German governments. It didn't live long. The Central Powers became suspicious of him, and threw him into jail and disbanded his army. When the Russian Revolution broke out he was confined in Berlin. The Wilhelmstrasse ordered him to leave for Warsaw immediately. There he set himself up as Chief of State, and has been virtual dictator ever since. Presidents and Cabinets come and go, but he does as he pleases and the people are more often than not with him. Precisely what he wants, says Dr. Landau, he does not seem to know. "He is a fanatic . . . whose one god is Polish independence." He is very proud of his military achievements, and thinks he is greater than Napoleon. Finance is "incomprehensible" to him. He has little interest in other people, and likes to do things in secret. Next to Poland his chief interest is telepathy. The translation is by Geoffrey Dunlop. There are eight illustrations and an index.

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THE LETTERS & FRIENDSHIPS OF SIR CECIL SPRING RICE.
*Edited by Stephen Gwynn.*
*The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$10 8⅞ x 5⅞; 2 vols.; 504 + 462 pp. *Boston*

Rice went into the British diplomatic service almost immediately after his graduation from Oxford. He represented his country in one capacity or another in Japan, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Russia and Sweden, and finally was appointed as the successor of Lord Bryce in Washington in 1912. When he entered upon his new duties he was not a stranger to America. He had visited here off and on since 1887, and had gradually won the friendship of Roosevelt, Lodge, Henry Adams and other such mighty ones. During the early days of the World War he did all he could to get the United States on the side of the Allies. The vacillation of Wilson at the beginning distressed him greatly, and he could not keep his feelings private. In fact, he made himself so obnoxious to the American government that it forced his recall by telegram—an almost unprecedented rebuke—in January, 1918. He died a month later. The present book is a collection of his letters from boyhood to his death. They deal not only with his political career, but also with his general interests. He comes out of them as a rather pompous and dull man, not very learned nor tactful. As far back as 1911 Asquith described his despatches as "hysterical." There are eight illustrations, and an index at the end of Volume II.

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FRANKLIN. *The Apostle of Modern Times.*
*By Bernard Faÿ.* *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 9½ x 6¼; 547 pp. *Boston*

It would be very difficult to overpraise this book. It is undoubtedly the best biography of Franklin in print. Dr. Faÿ, whose excellent "Revolutionary Spirit in France and in America at the Close of the Eighteenth Century" is well known, has not only brought together in compact form all the previously established facts about the life of the illustrious Doctor; he has also unearthed a great many new ones, especially about his religious and moral beliefs. The Franklin who emerges from his pages is a bit different from the legendary one. He had little respect for pastors, and even "refused to have any of them around him," and he spoke about miracles with levity; nevertheless, he was in some ways as superstitious as the ministers he derided. He was a Pythagorean and believed in the transmigration of souls. He said, "Thus finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall in some shape or other always exist." He labored mightily in behalf of the rising American democracy, and was as persistent as Jefferson in his advocacy of a weak central government and of the general principle that "the least government possible is the greatest possible good." He did more than any other American of his time to make the new nation respected in Europe. But he was not a great or an original thinker, as the school-books have it. As for his scientific discoveries, "all that he invented was current supposition at the time." There are fifteen illustrations, five maps, a good bibliography, and an index. The translation is by Bravig Imbs.

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THE STORY OF WALL STREET.
*By Robert Irving Warshow.* *Greenberg*
$5 9¼ x 6; 362 pp. *New York*

The title of this book is a misnomer. It is not a history of the operations of Wall Street and of their effects on national and international finance and politics. It is rather a series of biographical sketches of its leading personalities: Dudley Field, Henry

*Continued on page xii*



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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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Clews, James Hill, Guggenheim, Jim Keene, Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, Henry Keep, John Jacob Astor, Jesse Livermore, Vanderbilt, Jacob Little, George Baker, W. C. Durant, Rockefeller, Henry Smith, Du Pont, Harriman, Morgan, the Fisher brothers, Jim Fisk, John W. Gates, Jacob Schiff, Carnegie, and John J. Raskob. What Mr. Warshow has to say about each of these is well known to every newspaper reader, and he puts it into rather awkward English. There are forty-three illustrations, a brief bibliographical note, and an index.

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THE LIFE & STRANGE & SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF DANIEL DE FOE.

*By Paul Dottin.* *The Macaulay Company*

$3.50 8⅞ x 5¾; 322 pp. *New York*

De Foe was born probably in 1660, the son of a Puritan butcher and tallow-chandler of the small town of Elton. His father wanted to make a minister of him, but young Daniel could not stand the dull life of the seminary. He therefore became an apprentice to a local merchant, who imported liquors and exported hosiery and cloth. Soon he got tired of this too, so he joined a company of traveling salesmen who roamed all over the Continent. At the age of twenty-four he married a girl two years his junior, whom he did not love, but who brought with her £3,700. In a very short time he lost all the money in business, at which he was a failure throughout his life. She eventually became the mother of his eight children. How he supported his family the next few years is something of a mystery. He was nearly always bankrupt, and the police were forever at his heels, for bankruptcy in those days was commonly punished by imprisonment. Anyway, he managed to keep out of jail, and even supported one or two mistresses. He liked court life, and won the friendship of many high state officials, and before long won his way into the confidence of King William. In the meantime he dabbled in journalism. He had already written his two celebrated pamphlets, "Good Advice to Ladies" and "The Poor Man's Plea," and made a name for himself as one of the editors of the *Athenian Mercury*. Then came trouble. In 1702 he wrote "The Shortest Way With Dissenters," a bitter satire on the Anglican clergy. He was immediately thrown into jail, to which he was brought back on several occasions thereafter. He kept on writing and editing, but he was still without funds. At last luck came his way. On April 25, 1719, appeared "Robinson Crusoe," which was an immediate success, and three years later he followed it with "Moll Flanders," an almost equal success. He became rich. He died in 1731. M. Dottin tells his story in an honest and very interesting manner. The translation is by Louise Ragan. There are sixteen illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

---

THE MAN CHARLES DICKENS.

*By Edward Wagenknecht.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*

$4 8¼ x 5⅝; 365 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Wagenknecht has here attempted a psychograph of Dickens in the manner of Gamaliel Bradford, who gives his approval of it in the introduction. It makes a readable book, though there is admittedly no new information in it. Mr. Wagenknecht essays very little criticism; on the few occasions that he does so he aligns himself with an older generation of readers, who found more in Boz than do most readers today. He thinks that Dickens was "a really great and original writer." There is an extensive bibliography, and also an index.

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THE LIFE & TIMES OF CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM.

*By Charles Moore.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*

$6 9⅝ x 6¼; 356 pp. *Boston*

McKim was born in Isabella Furnace, Pa., on August 24, 1847. His mother was a Quaker, and his father was a Presbyterian minister for a time, but later on resigned and devoted nearly all of his energies to Abolitionist propaganda. Young Charles attended the Philadelphia public schools and in 1866 was admitted to the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. He was not especially brilliant at college. He liked sports much better than studying. "It was so provoking," he said in later life, "to be shut up all day when there was such skating." But he managed to graduate somehow. Then he went to Europe, put in a few months at the École des Beaux Arts, and did considerable traveling through England, France, Germany, Italy and Austria. On his return in 1871 he joined the firm of Gambrill & Richardson, and was thus closely connected with the early designs for Trinity Church, Boston. In 1879 was born the house of McKim, Mead & White, perhaps the most celebrated architectural organization in the entire history of the United States. McKim was its guiding spirit. Among the numerous buildings he designed are the Boston Public Library, the Cornell Medical College, the Library of Columbia University, the Morgan Library, the Pennsylvania Station in New York, and the University Club in New York. He was also chief architect in the reconstruction of the White House during the administration of Roosevelt. He died on September 14, 1909. The present book is in the main made up of letters to and from McKim. He comes out

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of them as a very amiable man, extremely generous with his counsel and money and, for an artist, amazingly appreciative of the work of others. Young architects always found a friend in him. The American School of Architecture in Rome owes its existence almost wholly to him. Mr. Moore is chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts. There are thirty-five illustrations, the complete roll of McKim's associates, and an index.

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS: 1827–1927.
*By Harriet Connor Brown.* *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 369 pp. *Boston*

Grandmother Brown was born at Athens, O., then on the frontier, on April 9, 1827, and died at Fort Madison, Iowa, on January 8, 1929, aged 101 years and one month, lacking a day. Her life was uneventful. She married, had six children, saw them grow up and prosper, and so slipped easily into old age. Never was she rich and never was she poor. But if there was no drama in her own career in the world, she was at least a part of the great drama of the settlement of the West, and of this fact her daughter-in-law makes excellent use in the present book. The story, told almost always in Grandmother Brown's own words—it was taken down during her last year—is a novel and immensely interesting footnote to history. The young Mrs. Brown handles it very skillfully, and her comments upon it are always apposite and entertaining. The book won a prize of $5,000 offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* for "the most interesting biography of any kind, sort or description."

## HISTORY

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION.
*By Richard Wilhelm.* *The Viking Press*
$4 8⅝ x 5½; 284 pp. *New York*

Dr. Wilhelm is a German clergyman who went to Tsingtau in 1899, and there busied himself with educational and hospital work among the Chinese. He learned the language and after the war became a professor in the Imperial Chinese University. Since 1924 he has been professor of Chinese at the University of Frankfort. His book begins with a careful survey of the Chinese historical sources, and then proceeds to a review of the history of the country, with special stress upon the cultural history, down to the fall of the Ming dynasty and the setting up of Manchu rule. There are many illustrations, some of them from his own collection, which is one of the best in private hands in Germany. The translation is by Joan Joshua and there is an introduction by Lionel Giles of the British Museum. A chronological table, a bibliography and an index are added.

A HISTORY OF EGYPT.
*By James Baikie.* *The Macmillan Company*
$10.50 8⅝ x 5½; 2 vols.; 426 + 403 pp. *New York*

Dr. Baikie is a Scotch clergyman who has been interested in archeology for many years, and is the author of a number of popular books on the subject. In the present work he offers nothing that is new, but he at least arranges the tangled story of ancient Egypt in a workmanlike and readable manner. Whenever possible he makes use of contemporary documents and inscriptions; his two volumes are unusually rich in such quotations. His narrative begins with the earliest times and ends with the XVIII dynasty, in the days of the celebrated Tutankhamen. Later on he hopes to add a volume which will carry the story to the Persian conquest. His illustrations are interesting, and at the end of his second volume he prints a double chronology of the Egyptian dynasties, showing both the shorter dating favored by the editors of the Cambridge Ancient History and the longer dating to which Sir Flinders Petrie still clings. A useful bibliographical note follows, along with a good index.

## THE FINE ARTS

STEICHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER.
*By Carl Sandburg.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$25 12¼ x 9¼; 170 pp. *New York*

Steichen hails from Michigan and began his career as a painter. He had some successes in that line—some of his pictures were exhibited in New York, Paris and elsewhere, and one that he made for the Cascarets company was reproduced on billboards all over the United States—but he was also greatly interested in photography, and gradually that interest, encouraged by Alfred Stieglitz, made him neglect painting. After the war he destroyed most of his canvasses and settled down to work as a photographer. His position today is high and unique. Every month his extraordinarily bold and original portraits appear in *Vanity Fair*, and meanwhile he does no less extraordinary fashion plates for *Vogue* and a long series of prints, sometimes in still life and sometimes with figures or parts of figures, for various national advertisers. His method is almost a complete negation of methods: he simply tries to do the person or thing before him as it strikes him at the moment. Thus his plates in the present collection range from a superb but somewhat conventional portrait of the late J. Pierpont Morgan *père* to grotesque arrangements of sunflowers, butterflies, matches and flower-pots. Always there is vigor in

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him, and always the marks of a restless and highly versatile mind. The preface by Carl Sandburg, who is his brother-in-law, is in Sandburg's best manner, and tells a great deal that is interesting about the man. The reproductions of the photographs in photogravure are almost perfect.

CONTEMPO: *This American Tempo.*
*By John Vassos.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 12 x 8⅞; 93 pp. *New York*

In twenty-three full-page drawings in monochrome, reproduced by photogravure, Mr. Vassos here attempts to give visual expression to that "sharp staccato rhythm" which he conceives to be characteristic of America. His concepts are daring, and in many cases extremely effective. It would be hard, indeed, to find better specimens of symbolical drawing than his "Traffic" and "Suburbia." In other cases, as in "Science" and "Religion" he toys with the obvious, and in a few cases he is downright banal. The commentary by Ruth Vassos neither helps the drawings nor does them any apparent harm. The artist is a young Greek who came to the United States after the war.

## POETRY

THE NOISE THAT TIME MAKES.
*By Merrill Moore.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 113 pp. *New York*

Dr. Moore was one of the Fugitives group of poets at Nashville, and his first volume has a foreword by John Crowe Ransom, the abbott thereof. His verses show a great deal of freshness. He has a liking for a 14-line form that suggests the sonnet, but is still not a sonnet. Sometimes it comes close to the orthodox pattern, but usually it wanders afield, with rhythms and rhyme schemes all its own. He writes simply and has something new to say.

THE TROPHIES, *With Other Sonnets.*
*By José-Maria de Heredia.* *The John Day Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5¼; 241 pp. *New York*

Heredia's sonorous cycle of sonnets, first published as a whole in 1893, is universally regarded as one of the masterpieces of modern French poetry. The author put thirty years of labor into it, and there are many legends about his painstaking polishing of single lines. Naturally enough, such a work offers appalling difficulties to the translator, and hitherto those difficulties have prevented the appearance of a satisfactory version in English. But the present translators, John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey, have grappled with them manfully, and their reward is an uncommon success. In no case have they failed completely, and in many cases their renderings are extraordinarily eloquent and effective. To the 118 sonnets of the canon they have added 37 more—additions that Heredia himself would have made, in all probability, had he lived. And at the end they add four short narrative poems. Their introduction is interesting and valuable. The book appears in an edition of 1605 copies, of which 100 are on all-rag paper and 5 on Japan vellum.

THE SHAKESPEARE SONGS.
*Edited by Tucker Brooke.* *William Morrow & Company*
$1.50 7⅛ x 4¾; 168 pp. *New York*

Curiously enough, this is the first complete collection of Shakespeare's songs, culled from his plays and all other known sources. Dr. Tucker, who is professor of English at Yale, has done a good job of editing. His notes at the end of the book are very interesting, and his glossary is of decided help. He also appends an index of first lines. Walter de la Mare is the author of the introduction.

## REFERENCE BOOKS

PRIVATE PRESSES & THEIR BOOKS.
*By Will Ransom.* *The R. R. Bowker Company*
$15 9 x 6; 493 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ransom begins with an effort to define the term private press, then describes the origin of such presses in Europe, proceeds to their revival in the 80's and 90's of the last century, and finally discusses the work of the presses existing today. His scope is pretty wide, and he includes accounts of many presses that do fine book work, though they are not, strictly speaking, private. All this is preliminary to a bibliography, as complete as he could make it, of private press books. Altogether he lists nearly 3000 titles from more than 300 presses. His work represents an immense labor, and will be very valuable to collectors and dealers. It appears in a limited edition of 1200 copies.

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH.
*Revised by H. W. Fowler.* *The Oxford University Press*
$3.50 7¼ x 4¾; 1444 pp. *New York*

Mr. Fowler and his brother, the late F. G. Fowler, brought out the first edition of this excellent dictionary in 1911. It was based upon the monumental New English Dictionary (more familiarly known as the Oxford), but the latter was then still incomplete. Now it is brought down to date. Its merits are various and many. No dictionary in English carries condensation any further, and yet few are so clear. The definitions are all admirably simple and comprehensive, the

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LITERARY BAZAAR CONTINUED ON PAGE XIX



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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xvi*

etymologies set forth the best information available, and the illustrative quotations are extraordinarily numerous. In spelling and pronunciation, of course, the English practise is preferred, but in most cases the American variants are noted, and in addition many words confined to the United States are given. One of the peculiarities of the dictionary, in this edition as in its predecessors, is that all words and phrases, including loans from foreign languages, are listed in one alphabet. Another is that certain words that are commonly excluded from dictionaries, on grounds of decorum, are included—among them some of the more pungent four-letter monosyllables. Altogether, the work is worthy of the highest praise. There are many good dictionaries in English, but there is certainly none better than this one.

### FICTION

LAUGHING BOY.

*By Oliver La Farge.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*

$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 302 pp. *Boston*

Laughing Boy is a young Navajo, "lean, tall, handsome, with a new cheap headband and a borrowed silver belt," who rides singing to the ceremonial dance at Tsé Lani and there falls in love with Slim Girl, "dark and slight, like a wisp of grass, . . . wearing more silver, coral, turquoise, and white shell than he had ever seen on one person." Slim Girl is bad, as the Americans are bad: she knows the use of kisses and whiskey. Laughing Boy's uncle warns him, yet he marries her and goes to live in her house near the squalid little railroad town. They are blissfully happy until he rides into town one day, and sees her in the arms of a white man. He wounds the man as he flees. But, at nightfall, Laughing Boy returns to their house, and when Slim Girl tells him she is saving the white man's money that they may go back to their own people, he declares he will take her North to them. "We shall live among the People," he says, "and not in this world of Americans who have lost their way. That is the only way, I think." In a few days they ride into the mouth of Chizbitsé Canyon; and there one Red Man, who has loved Slim Girl, sees them and fires from a hiding-place. Laughing Boy hears the shots, turns, and ducks as two bullets snap close to him. Then he sees Slim Girl slump in her saddle. He places her on a couch of blankets on the ground. "I think this was meant to happen," she tells him. "Perhaps it is right. After all that has happened to me, perhaps I could not have had children. The Americans spoiled me for a Navajo life, but I shall die a Navajo now. . . . I say all this so you will know it has not been in vain. You will go on and live and remember me." It is nearly dark when Laughing Boy comes out of the canyon, after

*Continued on page xx*



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a vigil beside her grave, singing, "With the sorrow of great beauty I wander. With the emptiness of great beauty I wander. Never alone, never weeping, never empty. Now on the old age trail, now on the path of beauty I wander. *Ahalani*, beautiful!" An original and excellent story.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY.
*By William Faulkner. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 401 pp. *New York*

The chronicle of a broken-down Southern family—the Compsons, of Jefferson, Miss., oppressed by madness, idiocy and futility. Benjy, around whom the story centers, is a man of thirty-three with the mind of a child, his eyes very clear and the pale sweet blue of cornflowers, his mouth thick and open, his movements shambling like those of a trained bear. Quentin, his sister, climbs out of her room at night to meet traveling salesmen, and at the close elopes with an actor. The mother, "Miss Cahline," mills around in a whining futility, calling to the Negro servants in a voice "without inflection or emphasis or haste, as though she were not listening for a reply at all." Another brother goes mad because his sister Candace is to have an illegitimate child. "Why don't you bring him to the house, Caddy?" he raves. "Why must you do like nigger women do in the pasture the ditches the dark woods hot hidden furious in the dark woods?" There remains Jason, the only "normal" member of the family, who works in a country store and cheats his relations that he may visit a prostitute in the city. He harasses Quentin, persecutes his mother and threatens the Negroes. A monstrous picture, yet Mr. Faulkner achieves it with a fine skill and plausibility; his characters, especially his Negroes, are superbly done.

SEVEN WOMEN.
*By William M. John.* *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 307 pp. *New York*

The Baptist Ladies Aid Society of Hopeville, Colorado, is meeting at the house of Mrs. Gibbs on the same afternoon that Mrs. Gibbs' hired girl Jennie is having a baby in the miserable, draughty room built over the woodshed for the help. Mrs. Gibbs is horrified and worried sick: she knows the women gathered in her parlor are whispering that her husband is to blame for Jennie's disgrace. Only Lottie Hensley, the one spinster member of the Aid, can meet her eyes, and Lottie is often in disrepute with the ladies for suggesting that the money they raise be spent in helping the people in the Valley instead of sending it to the distant heathen. As Mrs. Gibbs flutters in and out with news of Jennie's progress, each of the

*Continued on page xxii*



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# HANNA

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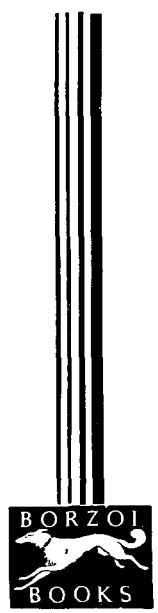





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*Continued from page xx*

good ladies secretly reviews a crucial episode from her past. Mrs. Seaver recalls that her wayward, beautiful sister Grace drowned herself at her own instigation. Mrs. Reddy remembers that her wavering between the two men who loved her brought ruin upon Mrs. Newhouse and her son Ranny. Mrs. Earnest remembers that she is responsible for her husband's sister Ruth's freezing to death, and Mrs. Trohm that she paved the way for her mother-in-law's invalidism. . . . All of them, except Lottie Hensley, are guilty of blacker sins than poor Jennie's, yet in the end they pass relentless judgment upon her. When she dies, and Lottie takes her baby to raise, Lottie too comes in for a share of their condemnation. Mr. John sometimes emphasizes the ghastly hypocrisy of his characters at the cost of reality, but he has nevertheless written a readable and even moving tale.

### MISCELLANEOUS

EUROPE IN ZIGZAGS.
*By Sisley Huddleston.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 354 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Huddleston describes the contents of his book thus: "It is a hotchpotch of personal experiences and impressions, of political speculations and social studies, of travel pictures and portraits of men." He discusses Unamuno, Ibáñez, Mussolini, contemporary literature in Italy, Hungary's grievances, Venizelos, social-democracy in Germany today, Ludendorff and Hindenburg, Thomas Mann, Maximilian Harden, Stresemann, the state of music in present-day Vienna, and many other subjects. He has very little to say about any of them that is not commonplace. The most interesting things in the book are the illustrations, of which there are thirty-six.

WITCHES STILL LIVE. *A Study of the Black Arts Today.*
*By Theda Kenyon.* *Ives Washburn*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 379 pp. *New York*

Miss Kenyon's book makes no pretension to scientific character, but she has at least got together a great deal of very interesting material, largely from current newspapers. She proves abundantly that a belief in witches is still widespread in the world, and that it is shared by many persons who might be presumed to know better. Some of her chapter headings are "The Nature Cult," "The Initiation of the Witch," "The Black Mass," "The Sex-Ritual," "How to Cast a Spell," "The Love Charm," "How to Discover a Witch" and "Modern Witchcraft Murders." At the end she prints a bibliography and an index.

*Continued in back advertising section, page xxxvi*

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# FALSE SPRING

**by Beatrice Kean Seymour**

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VOLUME XIX NUMBER 73

*The American*
MERCURY

January 1930

# THE CENTENNIAL OF MORMONISM

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

TUESDAY, April 6, 1830, was computed to be exactly eighteen hundred years after the Resurrection. Therefore, in Heaven, Jehovah moved to fulfill the prophecies He had set down in Holy Writ by restoring His True Church. That True Church had been withdrawn from an impious world long ago; either with the death of the last Apostle, as some said, or as others held, early in the Fifth Century, when a sevenfold heresy committed by the Harlot of Babylon made good still other Scriptural forecasts. The withdrawal ended the ministry of Jesus, or, as it was called by experts, the Dispensation of the Meridian of Time. Now, eighteen centuries after the first Easter, the Fullness of Time had come, and Jehovah was ready to restore the True Church forever. This time He was in earnest: He was about to launch the millennium.

For the scene of this final Restoration, Jehovah selected a mangy village named Fayette, between Lakes Seneca and Cayuga, at the edge of settlement in New York State. And for the last and greatest of His prophets, he chose a frontiersman named Joseph Smith, then in his twenty-fifth year. Joseph was appropriately the son of a prophetess. From early adolescence he had been consecrated to holy work. He had long been in communication with Jehovah and with many of the lesser personages of Heaven—archangels such as Michael, angels such as Moroni, prophets such as Elijah and John the Baptist, and apostles such as Peter and James. Furthermore, an angel had led him to a York State hillside, and there he had found buried the records of the strayed tribes of Israel, who, in two different migrations, had colonized America for the glory of Jehovah, and then, fallen from grace, had degenerated into the Lamanites, erroneously called Indians. Gifted miraculously, the boy prophet translated these records (they were engraved on plates of gold), and so added a third Testament to the Scriptures. And translating, he found in this third Testament, as in the two older ones, prophecies of the great event that God told him was now about to occur, the Restoration.

This Restoration, when it came, proved unexciting compared to the prophet's visions of it. The house of one Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, was the setting selected by Omnipotence. Besides Joseph himself there were present two of his brothers, two members of the respectable but undistinguished Whitmer family, and Oliver Cowdery, the prophet's amanuensis. Jehovah, though not present in the flesh, inspired the evening's agenda. After prayer and blessings, the prophet and Cowdery ordained each other as elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. It was a



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simple ceremony, but it brought back to the world the priesthood that had not existed since the sevenfold heresy of Rome. And with the priesthood came "the keys of authority and the power to bind, to loose, and to seal on the earth and in Heaven, according to the commandments of God and the revelations of Jesus Christ."

This was the first step in the Restoration. After it, others necessary to the revived church were taken at Jehovah's bidding, and then the grace of the Holy Ghost was poured out on the faithful. Some prophesied, some praised the Lord, and all rejoiced exceedingly, fulfilling various underlined verses in Holy Writ. The farmhouse was illuminated by a celestial light and majestic presences made themselves known. It was all very glorious, but not a patch on the ecstasies that the True Church was to experience during the next few months. Before long the elders were raising the dead, conversing in the holy languages of Heaven, and beginning a proselyting that must eventually make Mormons of all mankind.

To the connoisseur of American religions nothing in this scene is novel or amazing. In that part of the country, during the ten years preceding, the True Church of Christ had been restored many times, and during the next twenty years it would be restored with increasing frequency. An anonymous Frenchman, paraphrasing another, had already remarked that America, which could contrive only one soup, had invented a hundred religions. Most of them, perhaps ninety-five of the hundred, had originated in a society and a geography precisely like those that sprouted Mormonism.

Choose such a focus, say, as Pittsfield, Mass. With that as a center, a circle with a radius of a hundred and fifty miles would circumscribe an area that has produced nearly all the American religions. The incidence is too great to permit any idea that only chance has been operative. Some subtlety in the climate of the New England hills, the Adirondacks, and the lake region of New York has fertilized the soil and made the air fecund. There God has always been more accessible than elsewhere. An immaterial circuit has always been at hand, waiting only a prophet tuned to close it and thus learn the immediate will of God. Many prophets before Joseph Smith closed that circuit, and after him they were to be numbered by the score. The angels that visited him had been preceded by others, and when he moved westward for the conversion of the Lamanites, yet more battalions hovered above the old familiar places, energetically restoring the True Church in new variations to newer prophets. Even today the beat of wings is sometimes heard along the worn highway.

But if there was nothing singular in this Restoration, and the ensuing birth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, there has been something very remarkable in its survival. On April 6, 1929, when the sixth successor of Joseph Smith, Prophet Heber J. Grant, addressed his flock in Salt Lake City, his voice went out by radio to Latter-Day Saints all over America and a good part of the seven seas besides. And when God rounds out a century of the millennium, on April 6 of this year, Prophet Heber or perhaps a seventh successor to Joseph, will declare to the world that the True Church has made good—that all its chief rivals have fallen away, and the Lord God Jehovah moves swiftly to extend its dominion over the world.

What is more, the prophet will be right. Of the hundreds of True Churches that the forty pentecostal years produced, hardly a handful remain today. Of them, indeed, all but two or three are so insignificant that only specialists have ever heard of them. The Shakers (founded before the Pentecost but nevertheless called the Church of Christ) still exist faintly—a few decrepit men and women tottering about the farmsteads that were once pleasant and prosperous in the sight of God. The Adventists, in various schisms, still retain enough vitality from the visions of William Miller to operate sanatoria and advertise the millennium, but they are mainly poor and

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have no importance. The Church of Christ Scientist, which was a seed of the same planting though it did not flower till the second generation, has achieved a social prominence beyond any other, but it is declining: there is backsliding, the rate of increase slows down, and revelation is closed. The Disciples of Christ are more numerous, but the stigmata of the True Church have long since faded from them and they are today hardly distinguishable from the Methodists or the damned. Here and there along the Great Lakes or the Ohio, the student may find other microscopic survivals of the True Churches that were spawned in the high places of New England during the generation of the striving, but they are all dying.

But the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints flourishes and multiplies. God's promises have been fulfilled: they have been endorsed, cashed at the bank, and lent out at comfortable interest. Prosperity blesses the Saints; they are at peace with all men; their increase demonstrates God's favor; the channel of revelation remains open and unclogged. Their five talents have bred other talents many times over, in the Sugar Trust, in rails, in industrials, in high-grade public utilities. And the millennium is only a century old. At its far end the Saints discern the completed miracle of the Kingdom of God. In that day there shall be only Saints, only Mormons, and from Jackson county, Mo., Adam and Jehovah and Jesus (mysteriously one and yet individual) and Joseph and Brigham, gods also, shall reign over this universe, and propagate new universes for their common glory, and people them with Saints made perfect to all eternity.

Why has this one True Church survived, while hundreds of others have perished? What is there about Mormonism that has made it victorious over its myriad competitors? The answer is intricate and not to be glibly pronounced in a few pages. But one may shorten the period somewhat by setting down an axiom: Mormonism is a wholly American religion and completely representative of one type of American mind. If it had not been so, one may be sure, 1930 would be finding it as dead as the creed of the Icarian communists who took over its deserted city at Nauvoo, Ill.

## II

There is no really adequate study of Mormonism. No Mormon has ever written an accurate account of his church, and all but one of those written by apostates are untrustworthy. The last reliable book by a Gentile was published twenty-seven years ago. This, W. A. Linn's "Story of the Mormons," is the best treatise on the True Church ever written, but it studies Mormonism in a vacuum, quite without relation to American life and thought. No professional historian, theologian, economist, or sociologist has ever treated the Saints at any length; in particular, the historians have neglected the job. As a result, many absurd misconceptions about Mormonism are prevalent.

The great American public, in so far as it thinks about the True Church at all, accepts docilely the pornographic bilge of professional Mormon-haters. The intellectuals are even more sadly divorced from reality. The rhapsodic Waldo Frank, for instance, grows almost lachrymose—in a book which mentions neither the Shakers nor the Oneida Community!—over what he calls the attempt of Mormonism to achieve a more expansive, more dynamic spiritual expression by means of echolalia and polygamy. Polygamy is susceptible of several explanations, but to call it a deliberate effort to solve, any question, whether spiritual or sexual (such as John Humphreys Noyes made for example) is a blunder possible only to a man completely ignorant of Mormonism and of all other contemporary creeds as well. And to call the Mormon doctrine a revolt against Puritanism, as Mr. Frank does, goes even beyond his misconception of polygamy. But his ideas somehow got themselves mingled with the bewilderment of historians, and in due

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time the otherwise sagacious Lewis Mumford announced, in "The Golden Day," that Brigham Young was the foremost statesman of his generation! The student of Mormonism can only gasp. Between a Baptist parson declaring that Mormon missionaries lure young girls to the Temple to satisfy the lust of the Apostles, and a literary critic accepting Young's otiose estimate of himself there is, for absurdity, not much to choose.

Let us, therefore, look into the matter. Psychiatrists, it appears, recognize a complex mental organization known as the paranoid personality. Its characteristic is the subordination of all ideas and the direction of all efforts to one dominant belief or purpose. When such a personality passes the border-line of sanity, this obsessive idea robs logic of all its validity, inhibits the normal perception of causal relationships, and prevents the victim from perceiving the difference between his imaginative projection of his desires and the world of reality. A common result is the development of a superb self-confidence, a belief in one's cause that nothing can destroy. Such self-confidence may even create a belief that one is omnipotent; and from omnipotence to divinity is an easy step. The paranoid may thus acquire delusions of grandeur.

But, since complete megalomania is uncommon in this disorder, the paranoid usually perceives that his accomplishment here and there falls short of his intention and his power. Clearly, the cause of this failure cannot be in himself; it must lie in the machinations of enemies or of the Devil. Consequently, paranoids also exhibit delusions of persecution. Yet a third mark of the type is a craze for authorship—the production of immensely long manuscripts, sometimes logical and intelligible, but sometimes clearly insane. The paranoid, again, is likely to be religious. He may be, finally, a man of great physical energy, and buoyant spirits, with a rare capacity to command the allegiance of others. One psychologist has remarked, indeed, that much of the progress of the human race has been a by-product of paranoia—that paranoids whose obsessions are socially useful are simply called geniuses. That is perhaps true; but the asylums are filled with paranoids who have missed genius, and not every man who has proclaimed himself chosen of God has made the world lovelier.

Unquestionably, Joseph Smith was a paranoid. Intensely religious during adolescence, he began to experience auditory hallucinations. Voices which he identified as Jehovah's, as well as those of prophets and angels, informed him of his divinely appointed mission—to establish the True Church and lead it to domination over the whol world. To these hallucinations were added others of a visual character in which he beheld the holy Personages who talked with him. His religious mission became the obsession to which he related every item of his experience, and as it developed the prophet expanded in grandeur.

He became a despot over his flock; he proclaimed himself indispensable to God; he spouted fiery abuse on all magistrates and rulers; he settled offhand problems of religion, metaphysics and science that forty centuries had found insoluble. When he was killed at last this backwoods Cagliostro was the general of a private militia decorated with uniforms and sabres beyond the invention of Negro burying-societies, and a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and had established himself not only as a prophet in constant communication with God but also as a presumptive deity himself.

Clearly these were paranoid delusions of grandeur. And, as usual, they carried with them compensatory delusions of persecution. Devils and earthly villains tried to keep Joseph from translating the Golden Plates. Even before the establishment of the church enemies beset him; thereafter the Almighty Himself could not fend them off. Miscreants and monsters of all horrible and revolting sorts did Satan's work. Even the Saints themselves, when

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they dared to question the prophet, gave off an unmistakable odor of brimstone. True, as time went on much of this persecution ceased to be imaginary: Mormonism, in fact, was opposed with a virulence that no other native cult has ever aroused. But the persecution that was a murky glare in Joseph's mind had nothing so mundane as bigotry behind it. It was the heat-lightning of Lucifer: it stank of Hell.

The paranoid impulse to authorship never left him. In the midst of an incredibly busy life—a life filled with ruling thousands of subjects besides speculating in land and stocks, rearing temples to the Lord, maintaining a huge propaganda, perfecting the organization of the church, and instituting the sacrament of celestial marriage—in the midst of all this, Joseph still had time to emit countless pages of bad prose. The stream never ran dry; to the day of his death he was vilifying his enemies and recording miracles in his autobiography, and setting down fresh gospels and epistles, direct from Jehovah. The paranoid faculty for seizing all the flotsam of human thought and converting it to the support of the dominant obsession appears in everything he wrote.

The same faculty explains the Book of Mormon, the translation from the Golden Plates. Joseph was, as his first title-page announced, the "author and proprietor" of this Testament. Somehow, whether by an actual reading of it or through the reports of Sidney Rigdon, he had become acquainted with Solomon Spaulding's "Manuscript Found," a turgid historical novel, built up out of Elias Boudinot's "Star of the West," other speculations of the same kind, and a prose style as lethal as Joseph's own. It circulated widely in manuscript and could easily have come into his hands, as it certainly came into Rigdon's. The prophet's mind seized on this mass of moony nonsense about the Nephites and Lamanites, and welded to it the doctrinal controversies whose reverberations he had heard since infancy and the polemics that Rigdon carried over from the Disciples of Christ. It was a yeasty fermentation, formless, aimless, and inconceivably absurd—at once a parody of all American religious thought and something more than parody, a disintegration. The œstrus of paranoia projected it into a new Bible.

Joseph had, too, the paranoid's ability to command allegiance. He attracted to his support not only the ordinary fanatics who gave the American Pentecost its hundreds of sects and supported them all, but also such superior and more significant men as Rigdon, Orson and Parley Pratt, Orson Hyde, W. W. Phelps, and Brigham Young. Their names run through the early literature, seemingly no more important than those of scores of other converts—illiterate nincompoops given a momentary grandeur by mention in a revelation from God. But these men, standing above the mass, really gave Mormonism its form. The chaos of a paranoid mind sufficed to create glamour and mystery but it could never have constructed a working sacerdotal system. Rigdon, a trained theologian, gave the church its grandiose structure of doctrine—a hash of all the recorded Christian heresies. It remains today the greatest energizer of the Saints. The others put in the scheme of economic coöperation that gave it permanence.

The prophet's extraordinary sexual energy reinforces the diagnosis of paranoia. In all America, at that time, the flesh was strangely restless. The countryside was spotted with colonies of idealists who were perfecting marriage. Throughout New England, New York, and Pennsylvania a traveler might find a new Eden every few miles, and the tide of hopefulness had spread to Ohio and Indiana. Many of these Utopias were composed of admirable people, sincerely if impotently grappling with problems that civilization has ever failed to solve. A few were sociological experiments of the greatest intelligence, so frank and so revolutionary that their leaders, tolerated and even admired in the America of the thirties and forties, would today be clapped into jail. The most famous as well

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as the most successful was, of course, John H. Noyes's Oneida Community. At Oneida there was a reasoned, scientific system. The atmosphere was one of grave intelligence; the communists were decent people voluntarily associating for the betterment of their own relations. It is significant that every one of Joseph's few allusions to Noyes is a ribald sneer. But notions of free love soon reached Mormonry—the church has at one time or another refracted every doctrine encountered in American religions except celibacy—and the response was forthright, characteristic, and paranoid. Polygamy, indeed, appeared in the Mormon system as an essential part of the Restoration. Abraham and the other patriarchs had practised it; therefore it was part of God's plan. Here Joseph's natural inclinations carried him along. The daughters and wives of his converts were comely, and eager to be gracious to the Lord's anointed. But at first their fathers or their husbands murmured, and a whisper ran through the church. Policy demanded a revelation from God. Thus a rationalization of Joseph's impulses fastened on his church the institution that eventually came near destroying it.

## III

The next step was an accident, one of a series that has displayed God's providence to Mormonry. I refer to the martyrdom of the prophet. It happened at precisely the right time. His delusion of grandeur had outstripped all his other symptoms. It had taken him so far in effrontery and despotism that the structure of the church was endangered. He had loosed the doctrine of polygamy and was canvassing his flock for recruits for his harem, to the amazement and disgust of many Saints. He was speculating in real estate with the money of his converts. He was emitting lava floods of literature, denouncing his enemies, revealing God's judgment, and instituting new mysteries by the gross. He had converted the proselyting machinery of the church into a political instrument to support his candidacy for President of the United States.

This was all vigorous and spectacular, but it was hardly the Kingdom of God. And the Saints had begun to murmur. There was opposition to polygamy, and to speculation and politics. For the first time the prophet's tyrannical will began to be questioned. Excommunications for impiety—*i.e.*, for disagreeing with Joseph—became common, and apostasy even more common. The rebellion of the Law brothers, which directly caused Joseph's death, was a portent of great significance. If he had lived another two years and if his megalomania had continued, the church must inevitably have split up into warring sects. That was the history of all the other new religions of the time; it is, indeed, the history of all American Protestantism—union becoming schism, energy dissipating through many channels, and finally extinction.

But Joseph did not go on to this anticlimax. He perished on his highest flight. He was martyred, and his blood became the seed of the church. All dissensions were rubbed out. Fragments of the church, true enough, fell away in the struggle for apostolic succession, but the main body became incandescent with loyalty to Joseph and his doctrines. His martyrdom reinforced the sense of persecution acquired in Missouri. The importance of all this cannot be overstated. The True Church had been persecuted in Missouri for restoring God's holy ways, and was now persecuted in Illinois for the same reason. Humanity has no other energy equal to the passion for suffering in God's name. Mormonism survived while hundreds of its competitors perished only because it was sealed with blood.

The lust for martyrdom was on the Saints, a binding force, an interpenetrating cohesion. An incredible energy boiled up among them. It sufficed to take them West in a parody of the delivery from Egypt, complete to the very miracle of doves and

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manna. It sufficed to make them a perfect instrument for the hand of Brigham Young. It welded them into a unity that obeyed no one but Brigham, that withstood the attrition of both the desert and the government, that remained stable and centripetal through all the vital years in the West.

This energy, this lust for martyrdom, still exists today. Mormonism is now a tamed heresy, fat with the debentures of the corporations it once cursed, toadied to by institutions that once sought its destruction, conformable to the government it fought, convinced even that the war which began on April 6, 1917 (the eighty-seventh anniversary of the Restoration), was a part of God's plan. It is at peace with all the world, and no one makes war on it. But even today, beneath the grateful assent of the faithful there is a living sense of martyrdom and persecution. The oaths that once bound every Saint to destroy the United States have no longer any force; the future of Mormonry is seen to be the future of American prosperity. But pious swineherds walk their fields in a permanent awareness of martyrdom. Their favorite saying, "We are a peculiar people," has in it the expectation of imminent death at the hands of their enemies, and the fat years have not erased the memory of wild midnight riding before armed murderers to a glare of barns burning and the screams of women. The blood of Joseph still cries out from Carthage jail with the regularity of the seasons, and just as regularly the Mormon breast quivers with the ancient passion for agony.

Chance served the church when Elijah's mantle fell on Brigham Young. Men like Orson Pratt and Orson Hyde were mighty in exegesis and the devising of measures, but could never have controlled the turbulence of a new church. A Strang could see visions and crown himself king of an island Israel. A Rigdon could rear intricate structures of doctrine and preach sermons that afflicted the faithful with hysteria. But if chaos were not to come in something more than Strangs or Rigdons was required. The crisis called for stubbornness, sanity and common sense: for the magnificent realism that was Brigham Young's. He pointed a finger, the Strangs and Rigdons fell away, and God's will was done.

Young has absorbed most of the attention students have given to Mormonism. Let us investigate him. The hegira to Utah was on the whole a splendid accomplishment, but certain myths require attention. In the first place, Brigham did not originate it. The speculation of Western frontiersmen about the Western frontier really created the Book of Mormon. The core of its teaching was that the American Indians were Mormons who had apostatized, and from the beginning the church was obligated to reclaim them. At a very early date Joseph sent missionaries to the home of the Lamanites, the Western frontier. A little later, following them, he announced that the State of Missouri contained the primal Eden and, as well, the new Jerusalem to come. Jackson county has remained the promised land of Mormonry ever since, where the Saints will be gathered in the last days: the stay in Utah is only a Babylonian exile.

In spite of this revelation, however, Joseph's eyes were turned westward. For some years before his death the church had been given to understand that all or part of the faithful must one day occupy the desert. The Mormon mind was of course a part of the national mind, and through it ran that lust for the West that was raging everywhere in America. Joseph responded to it. He utilized it in his dealings with the politicians. He preached emigration to the West as a solution of all national questions, from the currency to slavery. He projected a wagon-road to Oregon with its beginning across the river from Nauvoo. From time to time he offered the Saints as an obvious instrument for the conquest of the Northwest. Moreover, in Missouri and specifically in Independence, the great gateway to the frontier, the Saints were in touch with the only people who really knew the West, the fur-traders. These pioneers

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minutely described the desert to its prospective inheritors. Joseph and Brigham knew all that could be known about the Great Basin years before the church set out for it. In spite of his talk about upper California and Vancouver Island, Brigham expected to plant his staff precisely where the Lord later commanded him to plant it, on the river Jordan beside the Dead Sea.

The hegira was successful, but it was neither so extensive nor so skillful as the one that moved that same season to Oregon. The tendency of historians and critics is to forget that in 1847, the year when Mormonry went from Nebraska to Utah, there had already been, besides years of desultory travel, three major emigrations to Oregon, and that in the same year there was one numerically greater than that of the Saints. The Mormons, in fact, helped to finance their journey by setting up ferries for the use of Gentile emigrants.

Brigham contributed nothing to Western travel except a pseudo-biblical nomenclature for the traditional organization of the trains. He broke no trails and explored no new routes, not even the so-called Mormon Trail along the Platte nor the cut-off from Fort Bridger to the Great Salt Lake. Nor did he conduct the emigration with any startling talent. The Lord's prophet was less expert than the captains of the Oregon trains. He had only half so far to travel, and on the whole his was the easier half. Yet a study of the journals and reminiscences of the time shows that Israel suffered considerably more privation, disease and death than the ungodly. But to pass the desert at all was to succeed and the Mormon wayfaring reached its destination.

Its success was made possible by another of Mormonry's beneficent accidents. James K. Polk, who was staging a war with Mexico, gave the Mormons a chance to volunteer for an expedition to California. Brigham accepted, commanding the Mormon Battalion to volunteer. The mere saving made by transporting five hundred men westward at the government's expense was great; in addition, the Battalion—through agents of the prophet thriftily assigned to it—contributed its bounties, pay and commutations to the church. The thousands of dollars thus secured went into the purchase of wagons, food and equipment. Today a signboard at Farmington, on the highway between Ogden and Salt Lake City, announces that but for the diversion of the Battalion to patriotic duties, the valley would have been occupied in 1846, a year before it was. This is only a survival of one of Brigham's *ex post facto* lies. Neither he nor his church had, in 1846, any love of the government which had condoned the murder of Joseph and the expulsion from Illinois. They were hoping to leave its jurisdiction forever, and their part in the war that made Utah American soil was an irony supportable only because it paid good money. Without the command of Brigham, the government could not have recruited a single volunteer from the church, and if the help of the government had not come, the church could not possibly have reached Deseret in 1847. It might have got there the next year, as money from the foreign missions flowed in, but it must have suffered greater hardship on the way.

## IV

Myths about Brigham cluster after the arrival in Deseret. For years the faithful believed that irrigation, which makes the Utah crops possible, was an invention of Jehovah's communicated to His prophet. Actually, there was irrigation in Utah when the church reached the valley, at Miles Goodyear's ranch on the eventual site of Ogden. If this were not example enough, the members of the Battalion, coming eastward from the coast, brought detailed accounts of the irrigation systems of the Indians near Taos and of the Mexican friars all through the Southwest.

One is more interested in Mr. Mumford's discovery that Brigham was a great statesman. Surely a statesman does not

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emerge from the statutes enacted at his order by the Legislature of the State of Deseret and the first two Legislatures of the Territory of Utah. The commonwealth thereby set up was the most ridiculously impossible one ever conceived, even in a nation that has produced Populism and the Ku Klux Klan. It showed American theorism gone mad, and madly married to theocracy. Its Utopia was a system beside which those of Coin Harvey and Bronson Alcott seem realistic and practical. It was so completely detached from reality that it never even suffered the pain of trial. Of its vast and windy vision only the Order of Enoch, a holy communism, was ever put to a test. This deeded the poultry and bedsteads of a few families in trust to Brigham. After a year or two it was discovered that Hopedale and Brook Farm had little relevance to the desert.

Through all these statutes, however, there yet ran an undercurrent of realism, for they conferred on Brigham Young most of the monopolies in Deseret—toll gates, timber, wagon-roads, transportation. Though a prophet, he was also a Yankee, and when the two endowments conflicted, the prophet yielded. His genius was commercial shrewdness, and only that. He was not a statesman. He devised the hand-cart emigration, a bitter and gratuitous tragedy. He provoked the government to constant opposition and one actual war, when he could have pacified it without loss. He had constantly to retreat from defiant attitudes. He persisted in an absurd sabotage that put the development of Utah to unnecessary delay. He ignored its true economic destiny and so lost a mineral empire. He even flirted with Secession.

But the greatest flaw in this myth of statesmanship is his support of polygamy. A statesman, one supposes, is a leader who perceives the true course of his people's interests and capabilities, and induces them to follow it. But Brigham did not really understand polygamy. He had not created it; he had merely found it adapted to his faculties and sanctioned by Joseph. At bottom it was against the Mormon interest, quite apart from the attitude of the horrified Gentiles. It was unworkable. As a basis for social organization it was almost impossible. Only a small minority of the faithful ever practised plural marriage, but this minority sufficed to retard the coming of the Kingdom and even to threaten it with extinction. Polygamy is not a practicable basis for an American commonwealth, especially an agricultural coöperation in the desert. It must have eventually wrecked the church, through bankruptcy, persecution and schism. In order to endure, Mormonism had to abandon it.

The slightest talent for statesmanship must have led Brigham to perceive the inevitable and so abrogate the system. Instead, he decided to retain it. The decision worked great harm to the church. Mormonry, which has never been at odds with the government since the abolition of polygamy was, before that abolition, always warring with it. The tender Gentiles, especially in the East, made an endless uproar, and the government was forced into the series of prosecutions which ended in the Edmunds-Tucker Act and its threat of complete destruction. Again, the retention of polygamy kept the church poor. Mormonry, to be sure, did increase in size, wealth and influence during those years, but, considering its potentialities, only with great slowness. Its great growth has occurred since the Woodruff Manifesto, which transferred polygamy to the hereafter. Until the Manifesto the church was always poor, always harassed, always defending itself against the hatred of its neighbors. Ever since it has been unmolested, and so, freed of its inner paralysis, has been able to realize its full possibilities. The results are spectacular: a statesman would have foreseen them.

Am I trying to depreciate Brigham? Not in the least: I am trying to define him. Without him, the church must have perished. He did not originate the idea of

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going west, but he did make the decision and carry it out. That emigration saved Mormonry. Ohio, Missouri and Illinois had proved that the Mormon system could not develop in settled communities. It required isolation, and the removal to Utah secured the needed environment. In the desert the church was free to perfect its system. But this isolation, of course, was not complete. If it had been wholly separated from the world, the church could never have attained its present wealth and power. If survival had proved possible at all it must have been crude and rudimentary.

But Utah was a strategic situation, and the course of national development moved swiftly to the benefit of the Saints. The rush to California poured through their Zion two years after they arrived, and gave them their first solvency. Thereafter the development of the mineral West filled up Nevada, Colorado, Montana and Idaho in rapid succession, and the emigration to Oregon continued. The significance is this: economically, Utah lost its isolation at once, and, becoming an important factor in the general American development, was able to progress; whereas socially and politically the Mormons kept their isolation and were enabled to establish their system beyond any danger of its destruction. The greatness of Brigham Young inheres in his control of his people during these critical years.

It was the greatness of a despot. Wealth and power were latent everywhere in the West. To realize them required little besides mere physical presence and assiduity. But to realize them for an outlawed society required exactly the casehardened leadership that Brigham possessed. It was his function to hold the church together and to hold it firm. Wave after wave of assault from without and rebellion from within broke against him. One sees him through those troubled years as at once the most grotesque and the most dynamic of American prophets. He tinkered with the doctrinal machinery of his church when a low humor was on him, but except for polygamy no dogma ever held him from the main chance. He colonized his domain and he developed it. He understood what Joseph had missed—that the Kingdom must first be made secure on this earth.

To beget new races on the bodies of brood-goddesses might be pleasant, and to be baptized for all one's dead sibs was surely pious—but how about breeding more cattle and bringing down water from the hills to leach the alkali from more acres? Do not, to be sure, forget the apocalyptic splendors of the last days, but pending them build up the Kingdom! Build it up with canals and sawmills and pasture-lands, with railroads and warehouses and tithing-barns. There will be room in eternity for the priesthood's nebulous glories. Brigham's commercial sense occasionally blundered, but not often nor seriously. He was of the American stock that was building railroads and stockyards, cotton-mills and the clipper trade, the port of New York and the corporate trust. He was part of the century's energy, this small and paunchy prophet who strutted before his church and ruled it by acknowledged inspiration from God. He was as American as Jim Fisk or Jay Gould, and his genius was identical with theirs.

His greatness lay in his domination of a fanatic people and his utilization of their faith. He kept them a single-minded, efficient unit while their institutions crystallized about them. He attained the end for which a thousand American sects had dimly groped: he achieved a system in which the energy of the religious impulse could be harnessed to the making of money. He remains, therefore, from the standpoint of American philosophy, the greatest religious leader the nation has produced.

## V

Religion in America, from the first, was laboring toward the end which Brigham reached: a creed or a philosophy or an organization that could identify God's grace

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with the making of money. The basic dichotomy of our thought worked to the same end in each of its divisions. American idealism or mysticism, the lust for the insubstantial conveniently symbolized by Jonathan Edwards, worked to establish a denial of reality through which the dollar might still be triumphant. In Christian Science this world-swallowing hunger consummated itself: for Science there is no material object, no external reality, except cash. Outside the mind, financial prosperity is the only thing that exists.

American materialism, conveniently symbolized by Benjamin Franklin, labored to find a way of deifying the material pursuit of material gain. In Mormonism that holy quest reached fulfillment. According to its metaphysics everything is material—even "spirit is matter but more finely divided"—, but real things compose a graded hierarchy of which the climactic reality is cash. A thousand sects took the two avenues; only Mother Eddy's and Brigham Young's reached the destination. In Christian Science and Mormonism holy living is completely identified with the making of money.

What was needed to perfect such a system was a mechanism that would utilize its religious energy for financial ends. Psychologically, religion is an energizer, an emotional stimulus, that gives its possessor life more abundantly. The American effort to harness this power for profit failed until Mormonism invented the mechanism. A hundred communisms and coöperations contemporary with it missed the invention and so vanished; Mormonism is the American mind at last hitting on the solution. That solution is, briefly, a coöperation of energized believers working in the name of God for an earthly Kingdom that will persist into eternity, and commanded by an oligarchy of superior persons whose authority is absolute because it originates in God and can be vindicated, whenever necessary, by revelation. In the half-century before the Civil War America was freckled with experimental societies struggling to find this formula: Mormonism found it and has endured.

The Kingdom must actually be sanctified in the present, so that the believer may keep a lively sense of grace from day to day; and it must extend into eternity, so that he will always have a stimulus to greater exertion. He must be, that is, a laborer in an industry that is both temporal and eternal. Also, he must have an awareness of fellowship with others who are set off with him as a people chosen by God and, preferably, persecuted by the infidels. He must hold a priesthood not given to the Gentiles, so that he may be aware of superiority, but it must be one not completely conferred on himself, so that he will not unthriftily waste his time in doubt or self-satisfaction, but will always labor to advance himself. Granted a society of such believers working toward a common end, headed by a greater priesthood possessing absolute power and immediate communication with God, and the result is inevitably great wealth.

This is the American monstrosity called "practical mysticism." A man is a better farmer or a better carpenter when he believes that by plowing an acre or shingling an outhouse he is making himself into an archangel, confounding the Gentiles and glorifying God. And because he is a better workman he is making more money for himself and for the directors of his society. Overtones are apparent: respectable in Emerson, something less than respectable in the gospels of Roycroft and Rotary. This is the wholly native philosophy, and umbilical to the American mind.

It has had its complete expression in the valleys of Deseret, those pleasant distances which Israel is content to occupy in place of the lost Missouri Eden. Jens Christopherson, newly arrived from Norway and set to forking out his bishop's manure pile, shares glories that no Gentile can ever behold, and he will increase his share in them forever. Meanwhile, his church can take over another block of New York Central at the market. And Reed Smoot,

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progressing from service as Henry Cabot Lodge's yes-man to chairmanship of the Senate committee on finance, has walked always in the same glories, aware that destiny may yet make him Prophet, Seer and Revelator to Israel and Vice-Regent of God on earth—and aware, too, that his tariffs on wool and sugar have in no way whatever pauperized God's Kingdom in Deseret.

The system has worked. Historically, Mormonism is an experimental religio-economic society, one of many score set in motion during our national Pentecost. Historically also, it is the only one that has succeeded. Today it is no longer an experiment: it is solidly established and spectacularly profitable. As a society, it is in many ways admirable. Mormons live together in greater peace than the majority of Americans. They are conspicuous for all the civic virtues. In community health, elementary education, bank-savings, ownership of land free of incumbrance, *per capita* wealth, infrequency of divorce and infanticide and of crimes against persons or property—in all these things you will find the Mormon standard considerably higher than the American average. Statistically, Mormonism is an overwhelming success. And, what is more impressive, it is a whole. The Saints are members one of another: they form a community with recognized objectives in the realization of which every member has an active part. And that, gentlemen, is surely Something.

Why, then, has not God's Kingdom overspread the Republic? Simply because it is self-limited. The quest for the perfect American religion could be successful only on the lowest level of intelligence. Piety and business could be completely fused only by means of a creed too ridiculous for any widespread acceptance, even by a public that accepted Bryan and Coolidge. The doctrines of Mormonism are indispensable to its system: if they are altered or rejected in any particular the system must collapse. And they compose a body of belief almost incredibly absurd. Mormonism made a formidable effort to include all the imbecile dreams that were contemporary with its rise. It was, and remains, at once millennial, restorationist, and perfectionist. Fossilized in its canons is nearly every metaphysical, theological and liturgical insanity of the American Pentecost—it epitomizes the religious nonsense of a full half-century. It was, too, fundamentally a reaction, as creeds of restoration must necessarily be, so that it retains notions long since discarded by its competitors. A body of beliefs as absurd and grotesque may exist on a small scale here and there, in Los Angeles or at Zion City, Ill.; but none so grotesque is accepted by any number comparable to the Mormons.

Mormonism thus reflects perfectly its origin and authorship. It originated among the illiterate offscourings of the frontier; it has been recruited always from the ignorant and bankrupt; its growth must continue to come from them. A seeker whose intelligence reaches the level even of the Tennessee Baptists has attained an enlightenment that will forever keep him from accepting the Mormon doctrines, and if he cannot accept them he cannot be a part of the system they maintain. The thousands of young Mormons who go about the earth seeking to make converts find their efforts fruitful only among people capable of believing that God speaks through Reed Smoot. Unhappily, the world, despite its follies, does not hold a great many on whom such grace has been conferred. The True Church cannot ever be proportionately larger than it is today.

But Israel still has its vision. The millennium is only one century old. A hundred years ago God promised the holy Joseph that his church should possess the earth, and God has kept His other promises so faithfully that the Saints cannot doubt this one. The first century closes, but the second begins. God's people, once in flight from the government, hunted down by mobs and derided by all America, are now safe from persecution and ridicule alike. God has given His chosen a place of power

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over the Gentiles, the power of cash in hand which compels respect. The church has tested the saying about many mansions and has perceived that the most formidable for America is the counting-house.

It has done well; it has made good. The pleasant valleys of Deseret are filled with a consecrated people whose piety has created the Beet-Sugar Trust and gained them holdings in most of the great industries of America. That is at once Israel's security against the Gentile and its earnest of God's purpose. Here was the desert: here is Utah. Here was a church dispossessed and exiled: here is the Kingdom made so apparent that any banker would be glad to finance its operations. So Mormonry looks at its investments, closes its first century and faces the future with invincible assurance. All unhappy things are ended; hereafter there will be neither shedding of blood nor loss of dividends. There will be only the steady approach of the Kingdom while Israel increases its store, to the accompaniment of angels' singing.

Israel's eyes are turned down that fair vista to its splendid end, where fresh universes prepare for the offspring of Mormons who, made perfect, shall be stud-deities for the begetting of new races without end. The distance fills with a misty gold, splendid as Autumn but convertible into cash, like the fervor of the chosen. And through that profitable haze may be seen the features of Joseph the Martyr and the holy Brigham, smiling on their people. Smiling and content: for as Mormons they share an endless aphrodisia ministered to by lovely girls, and as Americans they cherish pridefully through eternity the realization that their one True Church has paid its way.

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# A MORMON BOYHOOD

BY NEIL BORGQUIST MUSSER

One of my earliest recollections as a Mormon boy in Utah is the ceremony of family prayer, a rite extolled by the Prophet, and believed by the anointed to work miracles. A frugal meal cooled on a long table while our family of ten kneeled on the hard floor beside our chairs. My father, *ex-officio* steward of such portion of the Lord's property as was entrusted to our family commune, intoned a powerful supplication to Him. I remember squirming, supporting my weight first on one knee and then the other, and peeping through my fingers at the cooling provender. There was a polite appeal to Jehovah for His mercy on the Gentiles, and thanks were given that we saints had been permitted to participate in this, the Last Dispensation.

Ours was a large family, and poverty kept us much to ourselves, except for the frequent meetings with our neighbors in the evangelical type of worship which the Prophet had concocted of all the religious formularies of his neighbors. During these meetings rich and poor alike had ample opportunity to express themselves. At the age of twelve I was admitted to the lower priesthood with the rank of deacon. My heart was filled with pride in my title, and in the privilege of parading with seven other youngsters before the whole meeting in a sort of military maneuver as we "passed the sacrament."

This rite consisted, first, of handing round goblets filled with tepid but blessed water, which went from lip to lip distributing bacteria among the chosen in memory of the blood of Jesus. Bread was then broken into bits and blessed by the elders, who were the lowest ranking officials of the higher priesthood. These dignitaries of twenty or thereabouts droned a holy formula over the bread similar to that used for the water. We never forgot the magnitude of our privilege in partaking of these delicacies every Sabbath, and heard with satisfaction that the Gentiles held their communion only once a month, or even less frequently. We were not aware that some of the cults served wine to their votaries instead of water.

The first Sabbath of the month was called Fast Sunday, and on it the little bellies of the youth of Zion went empty until noon. The estimated value of the food we would have eaten was combined with that saved by our elders through similar privations to make up the family's monthly fast offering. These contributions were used to keep the meeting-house in repair, and to endow the sick and penniless. The offering of each of the faithful was checked off on a list, and we deacons were sent from house to house after the services to request donations from those who had failed to attend.

Once a quarter we walked to a great yellow, mosque-like structure called the Stake-House, where Stake Conference was held. A stake was a group of wards, each of which was under its own bishop, corresponding to priest, rabbi or minister among the Gentiles. At these conferences the president of the stake and his counselors, and occasionally one of the counselors of the Prophet or even one of the Twelve Apostles, would exhort the gathering to godliness. Practical advice concerning such matters as the disposal of refuse in rural



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neighborhoods or the disinfection of ditch water used for drinking was mixed with theological dicta. The sisters served an enormous picnic lunch in the basement at noon, and most of the crowd remained for the afternoon session.

During several of our stake conferences we listened to long harangues by the Prophet, Seer and Revelator himself. The Prophet was a tall old man with a long flowing white beard divided into two symmetrical cones. A nephew of the Prophet Joseph, he bore the noble cognomen of Joseph F. Smith. He was the direct representative of God on earth, and was frequently closeted with the Almighty to discuss the problems of the faithful. He emerged after each such seance with a new ordinance to govern the chosen, and these revelations were assembled in a volume of holy statutes called "The Doctrine and Covenants."

I remember a stake conference at which my father took me to the rostrum and presented me to the Prophet. The sage patted my head and asked me if I had been a good boy. I replied, "Not always." I believe my father was disappointed that I did not let fall one of those crumbs of wisdom which, under such circumstances, are reputed to issue from the mouths of babes.

## II

A testimony meeting was held every Fast Sabbath, and to these convocations flocked the repressed, the penitent and the curious. The voluntary public confessions made on such occasions provided the Ladies' Relief Society with enough gossip to last the month. No little amusement was afforded us youngsters by the earnest and vociferous foreign converts, who made up for their lack of English with streams of words in Swedish, Dutch or Samoan.

I remember my envy for a little girl playmate who had the courage to "bear her testimony" before a crowded meeting. In a tremulous voice she announced that she had at last received the coveted testimony from God, and could truthfully say that she *knew* the Gospel was true. She then collapsed, overcome by the new light. After this light descended on a Mormon's soul doubts became impossible, and the recipient felt a dynamic urge to preach the Gospel to others.

It was during these fast meetings that the gift of tongues was exhibited. I recall the start that one old sister gave me when she leapt to her feet and began to babble in what seemed to me to be a meaningless jargon. We were told that this broadcasting from Bedlam was made in the very language with which the workers on the Tower of Babel attempted to converse after an angry God had confused their speech. The speaker ceased abruptly, and a mild, thin-lipped brother, who felt himself gifted with the interpretation of tongues, arose and gave us a long sermon, replete with counsel from on high.

Twice a year Salt Lake City became the Mecca and Medina of the faithful. To the high-walled Temple Square flocked pilgrims from all the rural districts of Zion. These country relatives filled the homes of the city saints, and made conference the occasion for both business and pleasure. Needless to say, they helped the flow of gold from the country districts to the coffers of the city plutocrats. A large share of the holiday trade found its way to God's store, the Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, or the Z. C. M. I., as it was more conveniently called.

Morning and afternoon sessions were held daily, and the saints would fill the great Tabernacle until it overflowed. Near by the Assembly Hall would be used for late comers, and groups would also form about the lawns under the leadership of speakers detailed for the overflow. Frequently a cold drizzle would compete with the fiery exhortations, but it could not dampen the ardor of the anointed.

The Tabernacle was a remarkable structure. No column supported its expansive roof, which somewhat resembled the bottom of a huge overturned boat. We

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were told that Brigham Young designed the roof trusses himself, and had them secured with wooden pins and rawhide thongs. It was at one of the Tabernacle sessions in the Fall of 1912 that I heard the Prophet instruct the lambs of the Lord to vote for William Howard Taft at the coming election. Mr. Taft had just passed through Zion on his campaign tour, and had played golf at our country club. I heard several saints grumbling about this encroachment of their franchise rights, but at the election Utah was one of the two States that went for Taft. Zion was a strange companion for that shrine of Puritanism, Vermont.

On a similar occasion the saints were enjoined to abstain from reading a certain issue of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* which contained an article inimical to Mormonism. My oldest sister, Rose, a rebel of no mean notoriety in the ward, promptly obtained a copy. We younger children were horrified to see the head of Joseph F. Smith, split beard and all, attached to the body of an octopus which sprawled over the page and encircled with its tentacles bags of money, apartment houses, banks, factories and stores. The article caressed our vanity by its exaggeration of the wealth and power of the church, but some of us resented the insult to the Prophet.

Mother told us of an uncle who had once had the audacity to arise in conference before tens of thousands of the chosen, and demand a public accounting for the funds collected by the authorities. He was excommunicated, a process which consisted of pronouncing a formula of anathema against him before the assembled saints. Needless to say, the accounting was never made.

My recollections of those long, stuffy sessions have much of fatigue in them but nothing of boredom. I drank in every word that fell from the lips of the great men whose fame had been extolled in our ward meetings. There was, for example, Apostle Talmadge, reputed among the saints to be one of the world's foremost scientists, whose works had been recognized in all the European capitals. Later on I was disappointed to learn that Darwin, Wallace, and others were of at least as great importance in this field.

We would sometimes hear the colonizer, Apostle Ivins, or the politician, Apostle Reed Smoot. There was always a good chance, too, of hearing Apostle Heber J. Grant, who is now the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator. A man of Lincolnesque stature and homeliness, he could hold the brethren and sisters spellbound or send them into spasms of laughter. I remember him telling us that he had prayed for years to be blessed with the power of singing, and that his prayer had at last been answered. He then demonstrated his gift, and since we knew little of the tone art, the miracle was impressive.

On another occasion I remember Apostle Grant called for a glass of water, adding apologetically, "I always dislike to run my windmill on water." He never failed to advise us youngsters to hurry up and accumulate our first thousand dollars, since the first was always the hardest. Dr. Grant had risen from poverty to the presidency of numerous banks and other lucrative business organizations in Zion.

I remember well when my brother Joseph was "called" on his mission. He was a high-school student with the prospect of gaining an education through his own efforts. These plans were set aside when the summons was received from the hierarchy to go forth among the Gentiles and heathen of the Hawaiian Islands to preach the Gospel.

My father fairly bubbled over with pride in his son. Years before he had left my mother with two children, one yet unborn, to spend several years dodging about the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. He had eked out a living from the contributions of the poor white trash, the only class attracted to the new creed. He managed somehow to evade the moonshiners, who might have shot him as a government spy, and the Baptist and Methodist preachers,

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who might have had him lynched for proselyting among their none too numerous or prosperous flocks. He returned to Zion in the grace of the Lord, with a bag full of curios for the whatnot in a corner of the parlor.

Joseph's call was followed by the customary missionary meeting and programme of amateur entertainment. The saints all contributed money to pay his traveling expenses to his new field of usefulness. He was promised a return trip ticket from the coffers of the church, provided he was "released" by his mission president with a good record as to subordination, industry, sobriety and celibacy.

Although he received no money from home, my brother fared well in those coral islands, where food was plentiful and immediate questions of hospitality gave more concern than the more remote considerations of eternal bliss. We at home shared his adventure, and considered it a divine fulfillment of a patriarchal prophecy that some day he would sally forth to "gather in the sheaves."

As an extension of the missionary system returned missionaries were assigned to Sunday preaching in other wards than their own. We listened with pleasure to these visitors, who offered welcome relief from the oft repeated stories, testimonies and counsels of our own brethren and sisters. My father took me with him on some of his home missionary trips. The gusty old phaeton was cold on those wintry nights as our horse Prince crunched along the road. I can still feel my feet and hands pass through all the preliminary stages of freezing, and hear my father sing hymns to the starry night.

I also accompanied him on occasions when my extreme youth gained me admission to councils from which an older boy would have been excluded. I remember a group of high priests examining several young men to determine their fitness for the higher priesthood, and asking whether or not they were members of any lodge. I learned later that Joseph Smith was a Mason, and that a number of his lodge brothers had been seen in the mob which surrounded the house in which he had taken refuge, and that they had shot him when he appeared at an upstairs window. All secret organizations had therefore become anathema to the Mormons.

## III

One of the great moments of my life occurred when I had reached the age of eight, and was eligible for baptism. I had been taught that some of the Gentile sects permitted helpless babes to be baptized before they had accumulated sufficient sins to give the ceremony any significance. I watched the proceedings with great interest. My father appeared a trifle grotesque in his specially designed union suit, known simply as a garment. The saints wore these garments from the time they entered the Temple until death. On the back-yard clotheslines of the anointed one could always see suits of this sacred underwear, streaming in the breeze like the banners of God. The little triangles and notches cut out at strategic points, and the long pieces of tape which served in place of buttons had mysterious significances to a boy of eight. (Recently I learned that the emancipated young ladies of Zion have at last exerted enough pressure on the Lord to bring forth a revelation modifying the design of women's garments.)

The baptismal font at the Stake-House looked like a good place for a swim—much better than the ditch we had dammed up in the meadow. But it was reserved, of course, for God's work. The water was cold, and I was glad when the praying was over and I had been ducked. I didn't expect the final operation so soon, and came up spluttering. On the following Fast Sunday, in front of the whole congregation, I was made a full-fledged Latter-Day Saint by the laying on of hands.

The Temple was as great a mystery to us Mormon youngsters as it was to the Gentile tourists who craned their necks at its

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narrow-windowed granite walls, and at the gilded figure of the Angel Moroni trumpeting from the top of its loftiest spire. Every block of stone had been quarried with rude implements and dragged by oxen from distant canyons. No one could enter the Temple until the bishop of the ward had certified that his faith and works merited the privilege. Young people were admitted about the time they were to be married or sent on missions. The men had to be members of the higher priesthood before they could aspire to the supernal joy and fullness of understanding derived from the experience. Dark rumors were circulated by apostates that nude rites were conducted in the Temple, but what actually took place was as carefully guarded from the youth of Zion as from the Gentiles. Father did tell me that secret names were given to all who entered, and that these were the same their bearers had used in Heaven before birth.

Many of the aged women of Zion were engaged in Temple work. This consisted principally of being baptized as proxies for relatives who had died before the Gospel was revealed to Joseph Smith. Genealogy was thus of lively interest in Zion for old and young. All of the Presidents of the Republic who died before the Prophet distilled his new drink of the spirit have been thus baptized in the Temple. It was assumed that those worthies were good men who would have become Latter-Day Saints had they been given the opportunity.

The practice of marrying "spiritual wives" was closely linked with baptism for the dead. A woman who had died unmarried lost the opportunity to associate with a man in the Mormon Valhalla. Her privation above would thus be even more keen than it had been on earth, since she had no children to comfort her in Heaven, and could beget none. Brother Brigham is credited with marrying twenty wives "in the spirit." The influential living relatives of these long-departed spinsters were bound to the Gospel and to the Prophet with bonds of unshakable loyalty.

In the plan of the Church every old man was provided with a vocation and an income. The occupation of these patriarchs was to sell blessings or horoscopes to the saints. The documents were typed on long sheets and bound with ribbon. Mine assured me that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were among my ancestors, and promised that "in the own due time of the Lord" I should take unto myself a wife.

Once when I fell ill, a high priest was called to anoint my head with sacred oil and to charm away evil spirits. The manner of the holy one was mild and reassuring, and since the ailment was light, I soon recovered. We children, and our elders as well, liked to be prayed over when we were sick, and healing rites were popular in Beulah Land.

Considerable revenue was obtained by the aged attendants at the Temple by blessing or consecrating the bottles of olive oil which were sold to the saints for purposes of healing. So efficacious was this charmed fluid believed to be that it was used for rubbing on aching ears, teeth and joints. However, when my mother was stricken with appendicitis the expedient of drinking whole bottles of the blessed oil was found to be futile.

## IV

The polygamy practiced by the saints in pioneer days has always attracted so much attention among Gentiles that their other interesting customs and characteristics have been ignored or forgotten. In those days Utah was a desert, and many hands were needed to guide the plow and sow the grain. The hardships of the long trek across the plains had killed many men, but an abundance of women was available to replenish the numbers of the colony. Brigham Young set the pace by picking a bevy of the most alluring young heifers for his own harem, and the brethren were not slow to follow his lead. In the primitive agricultural civilization of those days, the problem of supplying food and clothing for the offspring was relatively simple.

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However, when the Gentiles arrived with their money and industries, polygamy became economically untenable.

Later, when Utah was about to be denied statehood because of it, Wilfred Woodruff, the Prophet for the moment, conveniently received a revelation abolishing the practice. Some of the church Fathers found it hard, under that revelation, to restrict their attentions to their oldest and least attractive women, and Gentile sheriffs made great killings at the back fences of the plural wives. Many families in Zion were heard to boast of martyrs residing in the penitentiary. The church made a show of excommunicating all saints who were caught breaking the law, but only the rich or prominent were exposed. During my boyhood, the Prophet was accused by the Gentile press of living with five women, and numerous acrimonious suits were in progress to secure inheritances for the children of departed brethren.

The farmer I worked for during my Summer vacations was a polygamist, and I was quartered under the roof of his first wife. She was a splendid woman, and treated me like a mother. Twelve of her thirteen sons had left for the city, and the youngest was looking forward to his own hegira. The older daughter was a shop girl in the city, but the younger remained to assist on the farm, and help her mother feed the hired hands. Across the lane lived the other wife, who had come to the village as a school teacher. She was engaged continually in the process of gestation, but my boss was never troubled by the sheriff. The two families hated each other bitterly, and the first wife would have enjoyed drawing and quartering the schoolma'm. I sometimes heard of ideal polygamous marriages, with several wives and many children living on friendly terms under the same roof, but my own observations of polygamy did not confirm such reports.

The financial system of the saints was presided over by the bishops. In the city wards these dignitaries were business or professional men, but in the rural districts they were farmers. Once a year all the saints called on their bishops, and made a report of their earnings for the year. A flat rate of 10% was charged on gross income, and no claims for deductions or exemptions were allowed. The saints believed that the Lord would return their tithes ten-fold during the coming year, and that belief was carefully fostered by the authorities.

When our family left the metropolis of Zion and settled in the isolated village of Heber, my father was given charge of records in the tithing-house, where offerings were made in kind. There were stacks of the Lord's hay, bins of His vegetables, cribs of His corn, and smokehouses full of His pork. Mother told me of the old days when tithing-houses were still to be found in Salt Lake City. She recalled wistfully the juicy steaks and select vegetables my paternal grandfather used to obtain on a charge account with the bishop.

I will never forget the shock to my faith when the Lord's hay caught on fire. A near-by warehouse of God was also destroyed, and no flood or cloudburst came to protect the holy merchandise. It was explained that the flames were of God's own handiwork, sent to chastise the anointed for cribbing on their tithing.

Mother's parents were immigrants from Sweden who had come to Utah with the pioneers, and had lived in a cave until they could afford a shack. Her father could never accept polygamy wholeheartedly, and died with only two wives. I can still hear the broken English of my maternal grandmother as she related her early experiences in Zion. Her husband had marched with the Mormon army which outwitted General Johnston, who had been sent West to make a demonstration against the saints.

The Prophet mustered all of his man power with the best uniforms and munitions available, and started them marching around a hill which faced Johnston's position. The general was too far away to see faces through his glass, but he counted the tatterdemalion column. After the Mormons

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had circled the hill a dozen or more times, their number assumed a staggering total, quite out of proportion to the fighting strength which the Federal troops had expected. So the Gentile hordes quickly departed, leaving the conquest of Zion to Congress.

I remember a family treasure which hung in our home, a picture of my paternal grandsire in prison stripes. A Micawber of a restless nature, he had four wives and about thirty children. He always enjoyed telling us about his missionary experiences in India, and of his journey around the world "without purse or script." He concluded most of his yarns with a quip about a hen which laid an egg in Henry Ward Beecher's hat, concluding with the words, "and thus did hen reward Beecher."

Many were the pioneer tales that I heard at the feet of a sage named Joseph E. Morris. He had left the spinning mills of England and had come to work for Brigham Young shortly after Zion was settled. The Prophet desired to make his colony economically independent, and was building a paper mill, a sugar refinery, cotton- and wool-spinning mills, and several other factories. Morris was in charge of the cotton spinning, and he retained vivid recollections of the visits of the Prophet to the plant. On one occasion Brother Brigham said humorously, "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I am profitable to this people." Realizing his great power, he could afford to have his joke.

One day Morris pointed to the statue of Brigham which stands at the head of Main street in the City of God, and told me to note how the Prophet turned his back on the Temple and held out his hand to the bank and store that he founded. This store, with its shoe factory and various allied activities, met with great success, due to the patronage of the saints. We were taught that anything bought from God's store would last longer and be generally more satisfactory than goods purchased from Gentile establishments.

## V

I grew up with the notion that the Utah schools were the best in the country, and that whenever a Mormon boy went East to West Point or Annapolis he immediately outdid all his fellows. My friends and I used to wag our heads sagely as we predicted that during our lives Salt Lake City would become larger and richer than New York City. This seemed to us the only logical effect of the Gospel's material as well as spiritual benefits. We believed that one saint was of necessity a match for several Gentiles, physically, mentally, and morally. I lost these delusions in the order named.

We were taught that Mormons enjoyed much better health than Gentiles, since we possessed the Word of Wisdom. This was a set of rules forbidding the use of tea, coffee, liquor, tobacco, and cosmetics. No doubt this revelation owed its inception to the economic conditions which faced the pioneers. Tea was worth almost its weight in gold, and sugar cost a dollar a pound. All luxuries had to be hauled across the weary, death-strewn plains, and it would have been madness to deplete the soil by raising tobacco when corn and wheat were so badly needed.

The Word of Wisdom was extolled in sermon and song, and I remember in particular a rollicking ditty which ran something like this:

In our lovely Deseret
Where the saints of God have met,
There's a multitude of children all around.
Drink no liquor and they eat
But a very little meat;
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise.

I have always wondered why Utah wasn't the first of the States to adopt Prohibition, which was exactly in line with the Word of Wisdom. But there were interests able to overcome the propaganda we heard in our meetings prior to each election. When the Legislature did finally pass a Prohibition law, the Mormon Governor, William Spry, vetoed the bill, to the dismay and consternation of the

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faithful. Utah finally sneaked into the arid fold just before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, but it was only by a neck.

In common with the other evangelical cults, the Mormons realize the value of song to revive the weak and recall the wayward. In my boyhood a part of every meeting was devoted to singing under the direction of the best leader available in the ward. The swaying body of the master would follow the motions of his baton, as he inspired the saints to find surcease for their woes in the din. Every ward had a choir which met once a week to practice. Several of us boys were pressed into service to reinforce the ladies' voices, until puberty wrecked our value to the Lord.

The Tabernacle Choir was the pride of Zion. Its several hundred mixed voices, when raised to glorify God to the tune of the mighty pipe organ, would send shivers up and down the spines of the chosen. It made a tour of the Republic when I was a boy, and according to the church organ, the *Deseret Evening News*, it was well received.

Many of the Mormon songs were copied from Gentile hymnals, but those which remain most vividly in memory were original with the saints, born of their sufferings and struggles, their hopes and fears. The following snatches come back to me: they used to set my heart to pounding, and my boyish voice to ringing high into the dome of our old meeting-house:

Come, come ye saints,
No toil or labor fear,
But with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you
This journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
All useless cares from us to drive.
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake.
Do this, and joy your heart will swell,
All is well, all is well!

Oh, ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow, and the clear streamlets flow,
How I long to thy bosom to flee!

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast led Thy chosen Israel,
To Freedom's last abode.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

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# OVERSEAS AMERICANS

BY R. C. BROWN

THIRTY years ago, in the bar of the American Club in Mexico City, four of America's pioneer ambassadors abroad were seated at a card table, chewing cigars, drinking red-eye, and playing poker with whichever hand was free. The number of players was too small to make a good jack-pot, so the bar was called upon, and a stranger who introduced himself as Mr. Jones took a hand. "Sit down, Mr. Jones." "What'll you have, Mr. Jones?" "Dollar's the limit, Mr. Jones." So the new player was greeted.

The game went on for a tense half hour; then there was an awkward pause. "You're shy, Mr. Jones," the dealer suggested delicately. "Ante up, Jones!" remarked another. Mr. Jones sat engrossed in studying his hand, making no move. "Jones is shy," nudged somebody else. Finally the newcomer moved impatiently, looked slowly and critically around the circle and expostulated with sudden irritability, "Well, who in hell *is* Jones? Why don't he ante?"

This story is retold now at cheery little American Chamber of Commerce luncheons (with beer included) from Tampico to Tokio. It is a favorite among old-timers who want to rub in the comparative respectability of our great Republic's present-day representatives abroad. In 1930 at least 60% of them go boldly by their right names—but it was only back in 1919 that a directory of Americans resident on the River Plate was published in Buenos Aires with a preface calling attention to the joyous fact that such a book had just become possible, for hitherto most Americans in the Argentine were afraid to tell. Times had changed, it was pointed out, and now the majority of Argentine-Americans didn't care a cuss if the whole world knew who they really were and where they were living.

Besides the absconders, it was missionaries, dentists, consular agents and Singer sewing-machine representatives who served as trail-blazers, introducing American culture in such dark places. Shoe manufacturers, too, might be counted, for more than a hundred years ago a Bostonian named Clark established a shoe factory in Rio de Janeiro which is flourishing to this day and still gives a special discount of 10% on all shoes purchased by Protestants, this having been the policy and practice of the founder, who was in league with the missionaries who rolled down to Rio with him in 1820. In Brazil, but in Brazil only, there was still another class—the Southerners who sought a refuge favorable to slavery after the Civil War. They mostly intermarried, and some of their descendants show touches of the tar-brush.

But fugitives from justice were the most numerous class that America sent abroad to represent her in the early days. There was one who stole what was a lot of money back in the 60's and got away to the River Plate, where he founded an English language newspaper for the edification of the Britishers who roamed the pampas in thousands, raising sheep and cattle. His crime was not forgotten in the United States, but safe from extradition, he blossomed and waxed fat, becoming a power and leader among all the local English-speaking expatriates.

At the height of his career an American battleship nosed its way up the muddy



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waters of the Río Plata one day and innocently anchored off La Bocca. A big *fiesta* was announced on board and the American publicist was invited to attend with other leading residents. He put on his frock coat, striped trousers and high silk hat (for Americans abroad make it a point of honor to represent their country in sartorial elegance at all formal functions) and rolled down to the quay in his coach. He was about to place his patent-leather boot on the bunting-decorated gangplank when something providentially stopped him. He went pale, gasped, and murmured to his pompous Argentine friends, piling up the plank for the Yankee eats and drinks, that he had left his silk handkerchief at home on the piano. Then he wheeled abruptly, tumbled exhaustedly into his coach, and was whisked off to the safety of his palatial residence. Next day the Spanish papers said he had smelled a rat and was thus reminded to rush home for a handkerchief. It was learned later that he was important enough to have caused the gunboat's trip to South America, and that the party on board was planned for the sole purpose of taking him on constitutional American soil.

There is an amiable and gigantic young countryman of ours living at present among the Indians in a deserted mine forty miles from the railroad in the Argentinian province of San Luis. When a white man appears by accident in those remote parts he lopes down the trail to meet him, accompanied by two *campo* dogs like lions, a pair of revolvers jogging his wrists, and a bowie knife in his belt. If the newcomer bears no resemblance to a Federal agent he is allowed to live and invited to gnaw a leg of mutton at the Yankee's shack, where he is shown a beautiful arsenal of hair-trigger rifles, polished pistols and such. Yet life in such a lonely self-made jail is surely better than life in Atlanta!

In Rio today a tall thin-nosed American in flapping black clothes slips silently through the by-streets in a five-inch old-fashioned choker collar and drops his tired eyes whenever he chances to meet one of the thousand residents of the American colony. As recently as the Brazilian Centennial, in 1923, he was the highly respected representative of an American company there and industriously drinking champagne with the other boys of nights at the bar in the Industrial Building. One day he was summoned home and it developed that there was something wrong with his accounts. So he skipped lightly back to Rio, where the people show milk-white teeth when they laugh and bananas grow on trees.

In between the crooks and the missionaries there is a gay gang just happily stranded abroad. For example, Old Dad Jinx, who once took Jinx's Girls on a tour of the many Paradises of South America. The girls left him one by one for better offers, accompanied by diamonds as big and even sweeter than hazelnuts, and when pay day came around Dad couldn't find a single one left to pay off, so he took to the lumber business, and now puffs a mile once a week to the local American newspaper office to see if its exchange copy of the *Billboard* has arrived. Again, there is Dad Tanks, who tried to deal a stud game at the Palace Hotel but found the native sports preferred baccarat, which he couldn't finger. Most of the in-between boys are like him, harmless old rascals and happy except for their rheumatic twinges and occasional twists of the liver. They're Dads to everybody, the boys and the gals—left-overs from our glorious Wooden Nutmeg Age.

Slackers in the Great War added greatly to the battalion of expatriates. They were mostly Jews. Sixty of them lived in the Slackers Hotel in Mexico City back in 1918; they peddled, put on prize fights, and lived on cactus sandwiches. The local American aristocracy never approved of them. Some of them had waded across the Rio Grande at night, whereas the Mex-Yank deacons had mostly backed their way across the river in broad daylight, with six-shooters spitting in both hands.

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II

The missionaries who have always been everywhere are not so bad, but some of the Baptist persuasion in South America have developed almost Old Testament imaginations. One in Paraguay tells chance listeners in bars, where he drinks milk, that in spreading the Gospel and other things over the rolling prairies he one day came to a field full of snakes whose heads stuck up higher than ears of wheat and waved in unison as though blown by hot gusts from Hell. But he walked right through them with his heart in his hand and his Bible in his mouth. Another time, in digging the foundation for a chapel of which the Indians stood in crying need, he found it necessary to cut through six feet of sluggish hibernating Hibernian snakes writhing under the ground. They made it tremble and hump itself, he says, in agonized hillocks. He has read his Bible all right! He eats mangoes and loves them, and he has fourteen children.

Wherever it rains and rains and rains there are always tropical tramps and missionaries. Formerly tropical tramps were beach combers attached by soup-greasy strings to black-bottomed tin pails which they lowered along the docks to the rolly-polly and sympathetic cookees of Yankee freighters, who crammed them with ham and eggs, corn fritters, baked beans and corned beef hash; or they were Spanish War vets, or sailors who had never had a ship. The up-to-date tropical tramps are mostly professed airplane stowaways, shipwrecked bootleggers, and self-confessed members of the A. E. F. who have lost all their decorations except temporary black-eyes, split lips and bloodshot noses. Usually they have one leg, no mackintosh, countless whiskey-and-sodas, and frank, outstretched open palms.

Everywhere underfoot in the dripping tropics are the torrid missionaries of many sects, mostly Southern; they have one Faith, some Hope and no Charity, and the same frank, outstretched open palms.

They run things in their forlorn bailiwicks, usually in their own Fords. From bulging bundles under their arms, they distribute bulky Mother Hubbards which make the local ladies look like squashes. These Mother Hubbards they also recommend as moral swimming garb.

The more sophisticated missionaries in the metropolises, male and female as they make them, run schools and tract-printing plants, and tell Bible stories to No. 1 boys who call them "speak Jesuses" and "moonshees." They teach washerwomen to sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" in the local dialects at their tubs. The lady ones hold meetings in plain, boarded, puritanical halls on the bedraggled outskirts of godforsaken towns, where they preside sternly in black knitted gloves through which the tips of their fingers peep out rosily. They cast malicious little backbiting glances at fellow Yanks in low pubs, and boldly knock glasses of demoniac rum from the untutored black fists of the faithful. They wear dresses with whaleboned collars which keep them high up on the neck. They tell the little foreign children all about Hell and freely give it to them when they catch them necking in the cloakroom.

Male and female, they marry much and as often as they scripturally can, making many children of different sizes. They try to keep the home fires burning and to put the red lights out. They put Gideon Bibles bound in black in the gaudy rooms of houses of joy. Their faith is of the old-fashioned kind; they say grace before drinking even claret lemonade. If Peruna is still manufactured it must be largely for export to the missionaries. Their children wear handmade, lace-fringed petticoats and pantalets and are not allowed to play with the little heathen that father prays with next door.

As teachers they turn out pious prunes-and-prisms-lipped young ladies who do not sway as they walk and hold their hands contemplatively clasped when sitting. These holy ones they hire at some cents a

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day to starch the frillettes of their Biblical broods and to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The young males of the heathen, once they are saved, are elected by the elders to look after the mission Fords and to clip the dangling mimosa blooms in the luxurious mission Edens. They are scrupulously paid in the local script, whereas their guides draw their dough in dollars.

But there is hope! Recently a young missionary on the nitrate plains of Antofagasta (of all places!) chanced upon a copy of "Elmer Gantry," read it, understood it, believed it, resigned, and is now in New York taking orders by 'phone from visiting Chilean-Americans for a conscientious bootlegger who sells only sacramental wine.

The more recent products of the missionary colleges are paler and more scientific than the old-timers, and have cleaner finger nails; they organize the young Americans born abroad and the grandchildren and great grandchildren even unto the third and fourth generations into carefree, happy groups which meet in the Guild Room and play Post-Office and Drop the Handkerchief until ten o'clock.

The Y. W. C. A. girls are worse than the Y. M. C. A. boys. Yet they are distinctly more manly. The war did it. Lots of these Y. W. C. A. girls grew up rough Over There. The Y. M. C. A. men are all over the lot, rushing fat business men into apoplexy just to enlarge the heart (for philanthropic purposes). When they gave a calisthenic exhibition recently in a South American capital—arm, leg and abdominal movements mostly—a young native poet was so moved that he cried right out loud "Que graça!" which means "What grace!" All Y. M. C. A. men stand high in the ranks of overseas Americans. They live on, by, through, over and above the local American herd.

But before getting along to the more professionally minded overseas Americans there are other amateurs worthy of mention. For example, a Jew from Texas who wandered along the Amazon with the first talking-machine the Indians had ever heard. They thought it was the Great Spirit talking. He charged a quarter a listen, or what have you. It was heap big medicine. He tottered into Rio under a pack of gold earrings, silver bracelets, uncut diamonds of uncouth dimensions, aquamarines in the rough, platinum trinkets, and ready money. That was at about the time most of us who are now forty years old were in the nursery. He was a wise old egg and immediately wrote to Mr. Edison and procured the agency for Brazil. Then he hung a phonograph on every third person in the entire population, without prejudice as to race, color or creed. If they couldn't pay cash he adopted the established sewing-machine tactics, took what he could get down, collected rent for a few months or years, and then got the machine back with only a few shoe-nail scratches on the case, a few dents in the horn, and a few wavery flutations on the tin rim where the baby had tried its teeth.

Later he built a disc factory. Some of his records squeaked like Chinese orchestra numbers, but he sold them ten cents cheaper than the regular ones, and Brazil is not what is technically known as a Quality Market. He never kept less than five hundred thousand dollars' cash in the bank, and with this money he snapped up attractive American agencies whenever they came along. He imported the first American automobile, two stories high, equipped with a four-step folding ladder which the chauffeur kept beside him and placed before the passenger door when the talkie magnate descended or ascended. He still uses it.

Then there is Pin-'em-on-'em Kelley, who went South for his health in Slacker Time. He pins spectacles on the patient, long-suffering South Americans whether they need 'em or not. And there is Sullivan, who sells ink to the natives and mixes it at home in rain barrels at night. And Jolas, who sells everything, wears a leopard skin at costume parties on first-class boats, and eats smoked herring broiled in white rum.

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And Tiny Henderson, who weighs four hundred pounds, drinks Vichy for his health, and sells windmills. And Craft, now a millionaire, who went to Chile as a boy and sold photograph enlargements in gilt frames. Now he deals in office supplies, including safes. As he travels around from one convention of his salesmen to another, presenting silver-plated loving cups, he sits mournfully alone in his hotel room at night, trying to put down sunrises and sets, sea-scapes and escapes in water and other colors, without enlargement, but he never quite gets it.

## III

All these Americans are expatriates, yet all are intensely patriotic. It seems that the farther one is from America and the longer one stays away the better one likes it.

Everybody subscribes to the Fourth of July fund and everybody goes to watch the baseball game and fireworks, and to hear the ambassador's or consul's speech. It's great to be born in the United States—and not have to stay here. Certainly the attendance at patriotic demonstrations abroad is twice as good as it ever is at home. It is almost 100%. Thanksgiving Day and the reading of the presidential proclamation, Memorial Day and the scattering of flowers and tears, Mother's Day, Red Cross Day, Tag Day, Flower Day, all the great American days are observed righteously with ritual and prayer. They wear flags in their buttonholes on Washington's birthday and send cables (with mechanical greetings answering to numbers) to the folks back home.

In the entire world there are probably not more than 50,000 Americans who reside permanently abroad, roughly 1/25th of 1% of the population. Yet for them there are special dispensations and privileges, greater than those accorded to Indians on reservations. A special form is printed by the Customs Service for non-resident Americans coming home. They can bring in personal effects bought abroad to any amount. The taxes they pay abroad are deducted from their American income tax. Some of them, to be sure, by moving from one country to another, escape taxes altogether, but this is unimportant, for only those with ample incomes can afford to move about from one country to another. In the first timid years of income-taxing Americans resident abroad got no deductions, but so many instantly changed their nationality, becoming overnight Peruvians, Chinese, Uruguayans and Siamese, that the Washington Cæsars relented.

For ten dollars every two years the expatriate renews the passport which entitles him to all privileges of American citizenship and some extra ones. He has the privilege of drinking really good alcoholic beverages every day, out in the open, at sidewalk cafés even. This noble prerogative attracted a large number of Americans just after Prohibition went into effect. But they didn't last. Some of them were carried on to boats and shipped home by thoughtful friends; others went home in wooden boxes. All this is over now, but the less serious drinkers survive and stand out as among the most patriotic of our expatriates.

When James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Products Export Company got the bright idea that if American exporters sold even 10% of their year's output abroad this 10% might double their year's profits, the importance of foreign markets was first realized and the entire world had to be made safe for the overseas American. He is, today, any lawyer, banker, broker, doctor, dentist, editor, Chamber of Commerce manager, preacher, social worker or bartender with a passport authorizing him to settle down in Paris, London, Berlin, Shanghai, Buenos Aires or Calcutta.

A typical example is Dr. John Dough, the Yankee lawyer in any South American metropolis. He was working humbly as a vice-consul abroad when James Farrell made his great discovery. Young Dough saw the opportunity and raised it; he saved, scraped, studied law, studied Spanish, paid a thou-

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sand dollars eventually to an influential but unscrupulous swarthy politician, and was admitted to practice law on anybody in any language at any local bar, with the title of Doctor. His first job was to whitewash a Shipping Board grafter who had stolen a million in fake repairs to American war-time vessels in the harbor. His fee was a modest $10,000, because he was only a beginner then, and had been accustomed to being poorly paid as a vice-consul. His next job was introducing the representative of an American battleship-building concern to the Secretary of the Spick Navy. The introduction was made in faultless Spanish, it took, and an interpreter attended to the rest. Ten minutes' work for Doc Dough and a modest fee of $25,000. Then he introduced, again in the ancient and aristocratic Castilian tongue, a banker to a financial agent of a near-by city which sought a loan. The loan was made and so was the lawyer; he drew only ⅛ of 1% of it, but it was a big, bloated, unhealthy loan. This job attracted the attention of the American ambassador to the promising young jurisconsult and soon all visiting business men were referred to Dr. John Dough, who accepted their retainers for renewing their trade-marks and patents every year. This branch alone grew into a department needing three native lawyers and their staffs.

Doc Dough has been president of Rotary, of the American Chamber of Commerce, of the American Patriotic Society, of the Red Cross, of the Seaman's Center, of the Union Church and of the country club. He is a director in the Y. M. C. A., in a bank, in an American soft drink concern, and in a trucking company. He calls every one of the American expatriates stranded in his city Tom, Dick, Jerry, Mike, Jim, Rose, Nell or Maud. On the Fourth of July he even stoops to chucking the chubby chins of the children of clerks and vice-consuls.

Then there is the genial Captain Neilson, an American patriot who used to take boats out for rides and sink them for the insurance money. There was an investigation and he retired to South America, where he bought a beautiful big brickyard with the profits.

And there is Doc Dope, the American physician and surgeon. Who would have a leg cut off in a foreign and barbarous country except by an English-speaking surgeon with a good accent? Who would trust his tender inflamed appendix to an operator, no matter how skilled, who jabbered a strange gibberish? Doc does the job for a thousand dollars a throw, win or lose, and if they live and don't pay he sues them, sometimes having them removed directly from the hospital to the jail till they can get money from home. If they haven't paid in advance and then die on him he collects from their family or friends. Merry harvest days for Doc Dope! He hangs around incoming and outgoing ships like a ship-chandler's runner, waiting for dizzy dipsomaniacs and casualties, making friends with the ships' doctors who bring him business, and holding his hand on his little black case in readiness.

And then there is Doc Hopkins (they're nearly all Docs, especially in Latin countries), who used to be cook with a circus in Cuba. He is a true internationalist. At first, he was secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce in Whoofville-on-Amazon; then he became husband to a fat dark woman with warts who inherited half the coconut groves surrounding the city. Comes, too, Doc Richards, the dentist, who learned his trade back home behind the blacksmith shop and got to be the President's dentist in a certain lonely South American Republic by making watery blue eyes at the snappy black-eyed *Presidente's* daughter. He puts in a filling as a plumber's helper wipes a joint. He organized the Penny Ante Club, and is a devil among the Spanish señoritas (many of whom hail from the ghetto in Warsaw) and among the care-free Americano bachelors.

And dear old Doc Flecker, the boy who distributes Bibles, and, when he talks to you, holds his hand over his mouth or

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rubs a hairy apish wrist over his firm upper lip as though industriously wiping off foam. Dear old Doc Flecker! Perhaps he, after all, is the world's greatest Overseas American. "Aren't you an American citizen?" he asks when taking up funds for the Seaman's Center, of which he is the paid secretary. "Then contribute largely, brother! Contribute according to your means and all you can!"

And the Give-Until-It-Hurts Y. M. C. A. boys! They are found everywhere abroad. They aren't timid like some of the preachers Out There; they carry wallops. Old time Yankee sea-captains, retired permanently from the water and sitting pretty on decorative Coromandel coasts, have been known to heave these cheery boys clean through office partitions and all the way downstairs for their persistence. But they are back the next day. Back with assurance, for they have Capital, Labor, Religion, Exercise, Nerve, Sweat, Grace, Gall—in fact, all America—behind them.

The newspaper correspondents abroad are not very picturesque. They bend the neck to their proprietors and the proprieties and the elbow gracefully in bars, where they talk politics, mostly office politics, but almost exclusively politics, which tends to keep their minds off America. Consular employés, trade commissioners and that ilk are mainly hard-worked family men who save up for Santa Claus, birthdays, New Year's Eve busts and holiday trips home. But the commercial attachés are usually dashing fellows, who often wear goatees and sometimes manage to have both liquor and women on $10,000 a year.

Hundred percenters representing big American companies abroad are often only in the temporary exile class, and they conduct themselves in no way differently than they do at home. They make loud demands for Heinz's catsup, toasted corn flakes and golden bantam corn. They work especially hard on mail days getting orders and reports off to their head offices; they can be trusted to do as they are told, even at great distances. They only speak to people the company authorizes them to address, and live altogether as flawless lives as they would live in the U. S. A., except perhaps in the matter of drinking, although even in this they are as patriotic as possible, drinking only under cover and with their kind. That they do flirt with other varnish salesmen's wives abroad, and in this way perhaps set naïve natives on the wrong path, is not so much their fault as the fault of a social system which encourages country clubs, golf clubs, swimming parties and cocktail teas.

When they run up to New York or 'Frisco their fellow O. A.'s get up a gala farewell dinner at the Anglo-American Club (Anglo-American clubs are always smarter than just plain home-folks clubs) and sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellowwwwwwwww," and "Should Auuuuuuuuld Acquaintance be Forgot" in the hiccoughy spaces between smutty stories. They all go down to the boat next day to see the departing off, at least all of them who are able to get up, and the ladies join them in smiles and powder and their best whoop-las, giving zest and gaiety to the party. They all wish the guest of honor well and hope he'll be back soon. This is unnecessary: he'll be back as soon as he can, for it's too soft Out There to tempt him to stay away long.

The American editor abroad is one of the best in the non-amateur class. He prints the portraits of all the other well-known O. A's of his oasis in rotation, and on every possible occasion, and goes around patting advertisers on the back. He is everywhere, from Montevideo, where he gets out a two-page fortnightly, to Paris, where he publishes a fourteen-page daily.

As yet there are no undertakers or bootleggers in the order, but there are bartenders, jazz artists, race-track touts and cabaret runners galore.

Probably the least overseasish of our Americans abroad are ambassadors, first secretaries, second secretaries and third secretaries. They lead happy, isolated,

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utterly un-American existences, and some of them won't even speak to a fellow countryman. They associate almost exclusively with the British colony to conserve their manners and preserve their accent. One American ambassador in Chile never learned a word of Spanish. He pointed to his shoes, gurgled and made motions like swabbing the deck to the doorman at the embassy when he came in from a dusty walk. His only intimates were pock-marked Chilean antique dealers far descended from the aristocracy, who spoke broken English and sold him broken statuary which he stored on the front lawn of the embassy till he could get it back with him, duty free all the way out to Indiana. He locked up the embassy and permitted no American rated at less than six millions to enter, no matter how urgent his business, whenever he got a cable in the code from the State Department directing him to get up as quickly as possible a census of all the threshing-machines in Chile.

Another old maidish ambassador who has been in the business too long to take it seriously sees the American colony only on the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day, when he reads the proper proclamations as though they were his own, eats cough drops, grows purple, and, after a few limp handshakes with the leading lights, slips away to the shadier, more restful, almost religious surroundings of the British Club.

Well, that's all. American expatriates are growing more numerous and more patriotic yearly. Who can blame them? They are increasing, prospering and investing their profits in breweries and bawdy-houses from Australia to Afghanistan. Who shall say no? Or why not?

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# EDITORIAL

TWENTY years ago, when I began to write about the American language, the thing I noticed chiefly about it was its growing divergence from so-called Standard English. Throughout the land, save perhaps for a small area in the Middle West, the schoolma'ms labored heavily to ram that Standard English into their pupils, but all their effort was in vain, for the pupils kept on speaking the American English that they heard at home. That American English differed from Standard English—and, indeed, from any sort of English English—in many and various ways. It had a pronunciation that was all its own, it was full of peculiar intonations, it ran to a highly independent style of spelling, and it was marked by a tendency toward racy novelty in its vocabulary. As practically encountered, it had got so far from Standard English in all these ways that visiting Englishmen usually found it difficult to understand and impossible to speak. Many of them regarded this fact as offensive, and said so plainly in the books they wrote about their American adventures. Seldom, indeed, did any such book come out without a chapter on the horrible English of the Yankees—not only the spoken English, remember, but also the written English. I recall that even William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland and Gertrude Atherton, all of them then considered very high-toned at home, were derided for their sins in this department. As for newspaper English in America, it was commonly spoken of as no language at all, but a mere barbarous jargon.

The schoolma'ms, as I have said, did the best they could to restore Standard English, and in their labors they were ardently supported by such Anglomaniacs as Brander Matthews. But the American people kept on blazing away in their own fashion, and every year the language they spoke got further from the model that was set before them. So far was the thing going, indeed, that it seemed highly probable that, in the course of half a century, or maybe even less, the popular American English and English English would become quite separate dialects, as much so, say, as Piedmontest and Sicilian, or the Viennese dialect and that of Bremen, and that, as time kept on passing, even the written forms of American and English would begin to diverge radically, as all of the elder Germanic languages once diverged from one another. On that theory I undertook an investigation of the laws—if any could be discovered—underlying the development of American English, and after a long travail—mainly through two hot Summers—I framed a couple of them tentatively, and put them into a book. The thesis of that book was that American English was already too far gone to bring it back to orthodoxy—that the schoolma'ms were wasting their steam trying to put it down and restore the Standard English of their rhetoric- and grammar-books.

This thesis I maintained with a considerable eloquence, for in those days I had the gift of blarney. It was, indeed, far from unpersuasive in itself, for a multitude of obvious facts supported it. More, the event bore out at least part of it, as anyone may observe today by keeping his eyes and ears open. The American language has gone on its way like a runaway horse, and is now without bit or bridle. It no longer responds, as it used to, to changes in fashion across the water. It makes up its own vocabulary, spells words as it pleases, and pronounces them without any regard to English pruderies. If the schoolma'ms still denounce it,



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then it is only in the formal, resigned way in which they denounce necking, bare legs, cigarette-smoking and the use of gin. It has got too far ever to be turned back, and its momentum, if anything, seems to be increasing. Even the most decorous American writers now make free use of its more seemly neologisms, and on the lower levels of politics, exegetics and sport even its worst go without challenge. The umbilical cord has been severed completely. The American people are now on their own in speech, as they have long been on their own in business, and will soon, let us hope, be on their own in statecraft.

## II

But though my thesis was thus sound enough in general, there was yet a hole in it. I made the mistake of assuming that the only conceivable resolution of the growing differences would have to be made on American motion—that the sweating and indignant Motherland would never yield an inch. This was a plausible assumption when I wrote, considering what was then known about English habits of mind, but it turned out to be false. What happened, in brief, was that English habits of mind began to change. The old lofty confidence, the old pride and cockiness, the old postulates of infallibility—all these things, tried beyond my imagining in the war, were quietly abandoned. The English, emerging from the trenches, both material and spiritual, awoke suddenly to a realization that there were other great peoples in the world. And among those great peoples they were somewhat surprised to observe, I daresay, their old lackeys, the loud-voiced, abominable Yankees.

In the department of speech there ensued demoralization, with phenomena not lacking humor. The legends on Yankee films, now a universal pox upon the land, knocked all the old standards into a cocked hat. First *hoi polloi* began mouthing the new trans-Atlantic vocabulary, then it got into the newspapers, and then it began to make inroads higher up. There were protests, of course, and some of them were waspish, but the high cockiness of the old days was gone, and so the invasion continued. American spellings began to appear in very decorous circles; American slang ran wild; American pronunciation, with London swarming with money-sweating Yankees, had to be tolerated. There followed the invasion of American talkies, and the dreadful deed was done.

Today there is hardly any resistance left. The Englishman, whether he knows it or not, is talking and writing more and more American. He becomes so accustomed to it that he grows unconscious of it. Locutions that would have set his teeth on edge ten years ago, or even five years ago are now integral parts of his daily speech. Scarcely a week goes by that I don't receive a letter from some English reader, protesting that this or that Americanism listed in my book is really quite good English. It *is* now, but it wasn't when I put it on my list.

All this, of course, is not to be set down as a mere Yankee triumph, with the poor English put to rout. The fact is that they themselves prepared the ground for it. For a long time past there had been a movement over there against the tyranny of the London dialect that passes for Standard English. Its often infirmities, in spelling, in pronunciation and in vocabulary, were attacked by many influential men, including the Poet Laureate, Dr. Bridges. It is sometimes assumed that the Society for Pure English, of which Dr. Bridges is the active head, is a police organization consecrated to defending Standard English against all the wild tribes at home and abroad, but nothing could be further from the truth. Its actual object is to examine the language realistically, without prejudice in either direction—to search out its weaknesses and try to remedy them. Dr. Bridges himself is very hospitable to rational change, and there is little in his writings on language to console school-ma'ms.

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III

In the latest tract of the society, for example, he discusses at length a report on pronunciation prepared by A. Lloyd Jones for the British Broadcasting Corporation, and more than once, when he confronts a clear choice between the pedantic conservatism which is so characteristic of the London dialect and the greater freedom which marks American he decides in favor of the latter. Thus he rejects the Standard English pronunciation of *trait*, which makes it rhyme with *day*, and adopts the American. Again, he declares for *acoostic* instead of *acowstic*. Again, he decides for the common American usage in the pronunciation of *humor* (with the *h* silent), *geyser* (with the first syllable rhyming with *eye*), *laundry* and *envelope*, and approves Mr. Jones's recommendations that *airplane* be substituted for *aeroplane*, that *armistice* be accented on the first syllable, and that various other words be pronounced in what is essentially the American manner.

This yielding, of course, is not complete, for Dr. Bridges is a man with a sensitive feeling for words, and such harsh and illogical Americanisms as *sheek* for *sheik*, *iodeen* for *iodine*, and *coop* for *coupé* (which last vulgarism, perhaps fortunately, he has apparently never heard) do not convince him. He is even disposed to retain the clumsy English pronunciations of *laboratory*, *temporarily* and a few other such words. But it must be manifest to anyone reading his commentary upon Mr. Jones's list that his natural tendency is to go against the purists, and in the direction of that comfortable iconoclasm which is so characteristic of American English. In other words, he always sees language, not as a set of rules, but as a living thing. As a living thing it must be permitted to go its own way, with no restraint upon it save such as is imposed by the laws of its own being. That is what English is doing in the United States. It has, by the process, got a certain uncouthness, but it has also got rid of a kind of uncouthness that was worse—the uncouthness of all artifice, however respectable. It is looser than Standard English, but it is much more honest and much more alive.

This aliveness is what is primarily responsible for its recent successes in England. American neologisms make their way there by a disarming sort of *force majeure;* they are too charming to be resisted. Guardians of the London Standard continue to protest against them more or less bitterly, but they begin to show themselves in the very protests. In a few years, indeed, it will probably be impossible for an Englishman to speak, or even to write, without using Americanisms, whether consciously or unconsciously. The influence of 125,000,000 people, practically all headed in one direction, is simply too vast to be resisted by any minority, however resolute. Even the stiff official style of England, which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was lately deriding, shows signs of breaking down, and in fifty years, perhaps, it will be indistinguishable from the measurably less stiff jargon of Messrs. Harding, Coolidge and Hoover.

There is nothing in America comparable to the Society for Pure English—nothing so well-informed and intelligent. Indeed, the language that is developing under our noses is scarcely studied at all. Only one publication deals with it formally, and that one, *American Speech* by name, has lately shrunk from the estate of a monthly to that of a quarterly. American pedagogues devote themselves heroically to Standard English, but not many of them show any interest in American. It deserves to get a great deal more attention. It is not only sweeping the English-speaking world; it is interesting in itself, and for purely philological reasons. It displays all the laws of linguistic change in full operation. Its vocabulary is increasing daily, its pronunciation is being modified by a dozen contrasting influences, and it even begins to show signs of change in its grammar. Certainly it ought to have much more consideration than it is getting. H. L. M.

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# THE EUGENICS BUGABOO

BY WARREN S. THOMPSON

THE facts about the differential fertility of various classes in the American population have been too widely exploited to need detailed statement here. We all know that college graduates have smaller families than Polish steel-workers; that clerks raise fewer children than Italian section-hands; that the professions scarcely reproduce themselves, while the Southern mountaineer has families of eight to twelve, or even more. These facts are assumed to prove that the most ambitious, the most energetic, the most talented, in a word, the best, the superior stock among us is either failing to reproduce itself, or is barely doing so. In consequence, it is supposed to be contributing a smaller proportion to the next generation than it constitutes of this, and the gap is being filled in from the lower classes—the inferior stock.

This dying out of the superior occasions much concern to our eugenists, whose special interest is in the quality of the national stock. The line of reasoning they use to convince themselves of the danger ahead is substantially this: The more ambitious, superior people in our population are those on whom the maintenance of our civilization depends; they are also the people who show the least increase, if not an actual decrease; therefore, our civilization is in great danger because these ambitious people of superior quality are being swamped by the greater increase of the lower classes, who do not produce leaders from their own ranks and will be unable to carry on our civilization.

On the face of things, this line of reasoning appears sound and has certainly proved convincing to many. It is quite a common thing today to find people who know of the existence of the differential birth-rate holding that American civilization is endangered thereby. But just what is meant by such statements is seldom made clear, and so it is rather difficult to examine their position with the care it deserves, for, after one has discussed one's understanding of it, one is quite likely to be told, especially if one does not fully accept the conclusions of the eugenists, that one has been setting up straw men at which to aim one's darts. In spite of this difficulty, there are certain common-sense meanings attaching to these words and phrases which justify the following discussion of them.

In the first place, we must define, if only roughly, what we mean by civilization, and we must state what we consider the distinctive characteristics of our own civilization. Then we must define what is meant by superior stock. Finally, we must make clear the assumptions implicit in this position, so that we may see just what is involved in its acceptance.

I take it that civilization means merely a certain type of social organization existing at a given time and in a given area. The area any civilization covers depends upon the detail with which we attempt to delineate its distinctive features. Thus, if we speak of Western civilization, we probably think of a social organization characterized by the release of the individual from the control of the family and the small community, by the growth of cities, by the spread of industrial and commercial activity on a large scale, by an organized preoccupation with economic concerns, by the speeding up of movement in almost every



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phase of life, by the failure to cultivate what the Oriental would call the spiritual side of life, by a lack of interest in agriculture, save as a productive process, and by many other traits characteristic of Europe and of European settlements. If we were to attempt to define American, or French, or British civilization we would have to add more detailed characteristics distinctive of each country or area.

Such a definition of civilization is vague and unsatisfactory in many respects, but it will at least furnish a basis on which we can discuss our problem.

## II

When people speak of the dying out of superior stocks, I presume they mean that the people who are successful, and who are the leaders in our civilization, and who very frequently have small families or no families at all, are hereditarily the best fitted to continue its development and see that it does not deteriorate. They generally assume that the attainment of an economic position above the average is proof of hereditary superiority. The danger to civilization, they appear to argue, lies chiefly in the dearth of children in those classes which have attained a large measure of control over our civilization. They fear that this lack of children means a lack of competent successors in future generations.

Supposing that we now understand what is meant when it is said that our civilization is in danger because of the dying out of the superior stock, then let us turn to the examination of the more important assumptions involved in such a statement. There are two: (1) that our present civilization is worth perpetuating in substantially its present form, and (2) that the economically successful are the choice plants in the human garden, without a proper proportion of whose offspring in each new generation, our garden (civilization) will lack distinction. With regard to the first assumption, I can only say a word here, for it would necessitate a statement of the ideal objectives of a civilization and a discussion of their feasibility if one were to undertake to show that our present civilization is not worth striving very hard to preserve and perpetuate.

For myself, I feel that all of our vaunted power over nature (more accurately, our power to coöperate with nature) has resulted in but a small fraction of the benefit to mankind of which it might be capable if our civilization had different objectives, based upon spiritual (not religious) rather than material values. I am not much surprised that the conduct of a considerable part of the better-educated people, of the people in better social and economic positions, shows that they either consciously or unconsciously (the latter chiefly) deny that life, as defined by the common objectives of Western civilization, is worth perpetuating. I mean that the 40% to 50% of the people in these classes who do not have children or who have too few (one or two) to reproduce themselves, are, by their conduct, denying that they have found anything worth perpetuating in life. (This of course applies only to those who might have children, not to the involuntarily sterile).

I am quite ready to agree that, if our civilization has no better prizes than economic success to offer, these people who refuse to bear it children are in the right. The irony of the situation is that they are the very ones who as a rule cry out most loudly against changes in the social organization which might humanize it and make it worth while for them to raise families. Perhaps the emotions which found an outlet through children in times past are being directed to property among them. The psychoanalyst might say that the great attachment to property manifested by many of the more fortunate is a compensation for the impulses to reproduction which are so often balked in this group.

Be this as it may, we should not ignore the possibility that our present civilization may not be worth saving. It may be so one-sided and so partial in its ability to call

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forth man's full potentialities that both it and its more ardent devotees deserve to perish. This is a matter of opinion which will be determined in each individual case by one's underlying assumptions as to what is worth while in life. For myself, I should not worry over the passing of the present civilization if I believed that the leaders in the new order would be men who could teach us how to so use *things* that they would minister to the soul's expansion rather than smother its more generous and more human impulses, as they so often do today.

The second assumption is that the economically successful are the superior, the best. The best for what? one is inclined to ask. They are probably the best for keeping the present organization of society working smoothly, for they have most experience in operating it. We may even grant that they have more than the average of that quality called business ability; but we may not be convinced that they are the best guides for man to follow if he craves more than economic abundance and security of position. I can see no very cogent reason for supposing that the economically successful are the pick of the species. What is there about economic success that makes it likely that from this group will come a large proportion of the seers, the poets, the prophets, in a word, the spiritual leaders of mankind? Surely no thoughtful person will deny that these spiritual leaders are fully as important as economic leaders.

The reasonable attitude in this matter of judging the hereditary qualities of the economically successful seems to me to be that economic success is so often the result of chance and of unknown forces that its attainment of itself tells us little or nothing about the qualities of the lucky man. Then, too, it is often the result of specialized qualities which make for success in economic lines but not in other phases of life. Sometimes, indeed, it is the result of a lack of fine feelings and perceptions, of a thick-skinned toughness which takes no account of the injury it inflicts on others in the process of attaining its ends; often it results from cleverness in taking advantage of the weaknesses and foibles of others.

It is probably a rather small minority of the successful who possess an all-round capacity and are fitted to be leaders of men. In fact, considering the relatively large number of persons among all of our immigrant stocks who are more or less successful in an economic way today, it seems quite likely that the qualities making for at least a moderate degree of such success are very widely distributed in the population, that they are probably among the most common of human traits. If this is the case, then we need have little fear that they will be bred out of the race by the dying out of the successful class of today. Even in the attainment of a rather unusual degree of economic success, there is often no great degree of all-round human superiority displayed. Here, as in the less conspicuous forms, chance, tough-mindedness, dogged persistence, unscrupulousness, and many other antisocial and unpleasing qualities play their part, although probably a less decisive part, on the whole, than in the lives of the more moderately successful.

I do not mean that these unpleasing qualities are the only qualities displayed; obviously, this is not the case. But along with men having a keen mind, abounding energy, sensitiveness, and a fine appreciation of human values, we find a goodly number who can appreciate nothing that does not have a tangible economic value and does not enhance their control over men and things.

But if we consider all those belonging in the upper 10% of the population, as regards income, as successes economically, we shall find that a considerable proportion of them show marked lack of adaptability in certain respects. As I have already said, about half of the people in this group are not now reproducing themselves. Thus they fail to make a reasonable, workable adjustment between their individual ambitions or schemes of life and the biological necessities of survival. Surely this is a

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failure of a very serious nature. Furthermore, as a class, these people seem to have no working philosophy of life. There is no purpose discernible in the lives of most of them beyond the accumulation of sufficient economic goods to make them the envy of their neighbors. These are matters of observation which scarcely can be seriously denied. And yet we find people who greatly fear that the failure of this class to reproduce will imperil our civilization! Surely a civilization which produces such an abundance of people with this outlook on life is not worth doing much to preserve.

One can easily understand why people to whom life means merely control over property do not care to raise children. They themselves (with the exception of the very wealthy) have little property or position to pass on, and they have found nothing else in life worth raising children for. It is to be expected that such people will rapidly perish from the earth, and it is my belief that future generations will have little reason to mourn their extinction. There will always be an abundance of people who can make an economic success of life, given favoring conditions. The rarer people are those who show the way to a more complete mode of living, who really think of economic goods as means to be used by man in the effort to develop his mental or spiritual life, not as an end to be striven for.

Furthermore, we should note well that these successful people who are dying out are the people who in a large measure control the present development of our social order. Yet, either they cannot or do not care to change its direction of development so that it will favor their survival. They are unwilling to jeopardize their economic and social position or hope of position by working for changes that would make a fuller and freer life possible to a larger and larger proportion of men. Again, one is compelled to ask whether such people are the salt of the earth. It seems to me history shows that the great humanitarian movements of the world have not been planned and led by people of the successful classes. Such movements have risen from the masses, and their leaders have generally been men from the humble walks of life. The people who are successful under any given social order are loath to allow it to be altered because they lose their vested interests to a greater or less degree by any fundamental change. In the future, as in the past, the masses will probably have to furnish their own leaders, their emancipation.

## III

The dying off of the successful does not, therefore, seem to me to be the serious problem that many think it. The feature of this process which seems to me most regrettable is not society's loss in the biological failure of so large a part of the successful classes, but the fact that these people themselves with their unusual opportunities have been unable to find any meaning in life beyond the accumulation and enjoyment of economic goods. This is indeed tragic.

I do not imply that the poor and ignorant who now reproduce more abundantly have consciously found any deeper meaning in life. They are accepting unconsciously the values which the race has chosen in ages past and undoubtedly find a considerable amount of satisfaction in a life lived in accordance with them. But the more successful today have passed beyond the unthinking acceptance of traditional social values only to accept almost as unthinkingly current social and economic values which are probably even less meaningful than the traditional values of the race. In letting go the racial values, they grasp at certain tangible goods and find that they, instead of being the touchstone of happiness, are only too often the germ of a disease which fastens itself on their spiritual capacities with fatal consequences.

There is one other phase of this differential class birth-rate which should be mentioned here. The desire to possess and control *things* which undoubtedly lies at

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the root of contraceptive birth control with most people is not limited to any one group. It is a desire which is easily aroused in all of us. *Things* are tangible and concrete; any one can see certain advantages in their possession. Consequently, as the poorer people come to feel that children and things cannot both be had in large amount, there is every likelihood that they will bear fewer children. Only in groups where the possession of children and things is not mutually antagonistic (if there are any such) will a high uncontrolled birth-rate exist in Western nations within a generation or two. The poorer people may not fail to reproduce, as so many of the more successful are now doing, but the differential between the two groups is likely to become less than at present.

Furthermore, there is also some reason to hope that the more successful classes will be the first to realize the emptiness of the philosophy of *things* and to develop a feeling of obligation towards the future which will lead them to reproduce themselves and as much more as seems good under the circumstances. The poorer classes, on the other hand, may continue to practice a suicidal birth control long after the upper classes have seen the error of their ways. Indeed, in the long run, it seems not unlikely that the differential birth-rate as a selective agent will work for the elimination of the gross-minded, those who cannot appreciate other than material values, because they will be the last to feel the futility of a life in which things, economic values, are uppermost and will also feel the pull of spiritual values least. Then, of course, the differential birth-rate will not exist as between classes, but rather between individuals and families, selecting those for survival who make the most adequate all-round adjustment to the life conditions of the age.

Indeed, there is some evidence already that in those classes where contraceptive methods of birth control are in common use, there is a highly selective process in operation. In a recent study I found that about 70% of the families who sent children to college had three or more children, while 40% had five children or more, thus showing clearly that considerably more than half of such families are reproducing with a little margin of increase. In a recent study of English fertility, the percentages are almost exactly the same—67.5% of the families had three or more children and 40.5% had five or more.

It may not long be true, therefore, that we can speak of class fertility rates with any degree of accuracy. We may have to distinguish the fertility rates of those who are easily led to put their faith in things from those who put their faith in human life; of those who worship economic success and social prestige from those who believe that life is good and want to share in its evolution through their children.

If such a selective process ever does become operative, then we should have what I think might truly be called a eugenic selection.

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# SCHOOL-BOOKS FREE

BY H. E. BUCHHOLZ

THE judicious, I hope and believe, will repress any tendency to moral indignation over such news items as that which lately oozed from the great State of Kentucky, where a grand jury indicted the Governor and seven other members of the State Textbook Commission, as well as twenty-five publishers of school-books, under a statute which makes it a crime for any State official who passes upon such books to accept "any property of value" from publishers. The first impulse of the righteous, no doubt, was to demand blood, and especially the blood of the accused publishers. But they are really not as bad as all that. They are not, indeed, villains at all, but clowns. Maybe they were villains once, but today they are only clowns.

Free textbooks are a relatively new thing in public education. Prior to the Civil War parents with children in the common schools were called on to purchase such books as their offspring required. The selection of a text then rested with either the local school trustees or the individual instructors. It was not until 1873 that the principle of free books won general recognition, and then their supply became merely permissive. Eleven years later the first State made providing them mandatory. Today nineteen States prescribe that all pupils must get them free, and twenty-two others authorize the local districts to buy them out of school funds.

At the time when parents were still purchasing them the public school population was relatively small, and so only a few books were required. The life of each book —since it was personal instead of State property—was long, and changes in the texts were infrequent. As a consequence, the amount of trade done in school-books was not great, and their publishers found no incentive for moving Heaven in order to get that business. The practice of providing them free originated in the larger cities, and there it had its first substantial growth. As a natural accompaniment to this concentration of all the school-book business of a given city in the hands of a few officials competition between publishers was put on a new footing. What had been a comparatively unimportant commercial line suddenly took on large proportions.

During the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, all the American cities grew rapidly, and of their expanding population a larger percentage found its way into the public schools, for attendance during certain ages was made compulsory. In a short time—such is the ease of spending public money—a pupil in the intermediate or grammar grades, instead of being called on to provide himself with a few simple texts, was supplied, at the public expense, with about as many books as he could tote to and from school.

Thus the educational publishers came to look with covetous eyes on the city systems that were expanding into big book customers, and every publisher schemed how he might get a lion's share of the patronage. Where a school system followed the practice of adopting a single text in a given subject, competition centered around the adoption, for the publisher who had his offering adopted naturally got all the business on that type of book. In other systems there were what were called approved lists, and similar offerings of several pub-



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lishers might win favor with the school authorities; there, after a series of texts had been approved, every publisher had to go out and fight for orders on his own book.

Of all the possible methods for getting adoptions, approvals, and orders, a few of the more aggressive and less scrupulous publishers decided that the easiest and cheapest was that of putting themselves on the good side of the officials told off to adopt, approve, or buy. With these publishers, what amounted often to downright bribery was resorted to wherever it would bring in the business. Either they went direct to the school officials, bearing precious gifts, or they commissioned the local dealers in school supplies to do the dirty work for them. In any system where it was possible to introduce this graft, a publisher who preferred not to employ such means did just as well if he kept out entirely.

The readiness with which many schoolmen coöperated with the more affable and liberal publishers is quickly explained. In those days a large majority of the men holding administrative school positions were primarily politicians. They got their appointments through politics, and their positions, like most other political jobs, paid less than any really competent man deserved. An incumbent might elect to lead a virtuous life and be annoyed forever by the howls of the wolf outside his door, or he might follow the ways that invited for supplementing his meagre income. No one sensed the situation better than the publishers, and more than a few of them set up as good Samaritans willing to go to the succor of such school officials. The consequence was that many a schoolman fell—into more comfortable circumstances.

As the volume of the book business in any given system expanded, competition for it among the publishers grew keener, so that in certain communities the possible rake-off took on sufficient proportions to become alluring even to the higher sort of professional politicians. It was then that boards of education, in many instances, relieved the superintendents of responsibility for selecting and buying textbooks and supplies, and took the burden on to their own shoulders. A school commissioner who could see nothing iniquitous in demanding a substantial fee from a candidate for a teaching position before nominating him naturally saw no harm, when he came to deal with publishers, in permitting them to touch with gold the unsalaried position he had accepted on a lay board because of a dynamic sense of civic duty.

## II

The natural sequence was that publishers in due course sought to take a hand in the politics of every community where they had succeeded in working their game. In order that a publisher might secure the cream of the book orders from a given system, he wanted his say about who should be named as school commissioners and superintendent, and the logical course was to help finance the election of public officials—Governors, mayors, legislators, and city councilmen: the men who were to appoint the school authorities and pass on school expenditures.

Thus, in those good old days, a lot of lamentable work went on in connection with the school-book business. Almost as colorful as the tales of horse-thieves of an earlier period are some of the stories that could be related. One incident will be set forth here to indicate the wealth of the material which will be lost to posterity forever when the last of the old school-book agents is gathered unto the bosom of Abraham. At the time of this incident, the contest for the control of corrupted systems had reached such a point that the instant a year's orders had been placed, half a dozen disappointed publishers would pull their hair and yell: "Crook! Thief!"

In those days only a few of the larger publishers maintained branches in different sections of the country. Each such branch had its own clerical and sales forces, and handled the business originating in the

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territory assigned to it. One day, on the occasion of a visit by the executives of, say, the Paragon Publishing House to one of its branches, the auditor discovered a shortage in the accounts. When the local cashier was put on the mat, he admitted having borrowed from the till; but always with the intention of paying back just so soon as convenient. He resented having his superiors refer to him as an embezzler. The fact that he wrote an I. O. U. each time he took a wad of greenbacks from the drawer proved that he was not dishonest. But the officials promptly dismissed him. Moreover, he was warned that unless he made the shortage good within twenty-four hours he would be turned over to the police.

The poor fellow went forth to raise a sum of slightly more than $700 but his friends were honest and poor, and could not help him. At the end of the allotted time he returned and explained to his principals that his mission had failed. Their faces hardened. In that case, his destination was jail; they would call the police immediately. The cashier neither lost his schoolboy complexion nor begged for mercy, but, with an audacity which his employers had to admire, he told them something.

Their attitude toward him, he said, was unfair; their accusations were unwarranted, for at heart he was as honest as the day was long, and a faithful employé to boot. Unfortunately, circumstances did not always do him justice, but over such circumstances he had no control. For instance, the very night before, after his dismissal and while he was gathering up his few belongings—calico sleeves, leather apron, and eye-shade—certain important papers belonging to the firm somehow got mixed up with his personal property. He discovered them on his arrival home. As he enumerated a few of the items, consternation spread over the group of men facing him. His recital was interrupted so that an official might go to the office and explore the private files. When he returned, a gloomy nod of his head indicated that the fellow was telling the truth. Certain very important documents were not in their accustomed places.

Had the cashier brought them back? No; his first impulse had been to do so, but he realized that any explanation he might offer as to how these papers got into his possession would surely be rejected by men who were determined to see him as a common thief. Well, what did he propose doing with them? Perhaps, after he had been sent to jail, his wife would go out and peddle them, and so raise money to provide the necessities of life for herself and her children. Poor woman! she'd need it badly then.

There was a whispered conference while the dismissed cashier looked out of the window and hummed a tune. Then one of the officials wondered if it would not be more sensible for the cashier himself to sell the documents and escape going to jail. He had, it appeared, thought of that. What price did he ask? Fifteen thousand dollars. The officials laughed, and the cashier asked, blandly, whether they regarded the figure as too low. They said they would pay five thousand, ask no questions, and forget the shortage. No! Then, eight. No! Well, ten—but that was the limit. The cashier, however, insisted that the papers were worth every cent of $15,000—if not to the Paragon Publishing House, then to one of its competitors. All right; if he was so mercenary as to exact an exorbitant price, they would submit to the extortion rather than prolong the conference. He was to take the papers to a certain lawyer next morning who, on receiving them and getting the cashier's signature to a legal acknowledgment, would pay him the ransom money.

The lawyer mentioned was a notorious shyster, but, despite this, the following morning the cashier took his way to his office, bundle under arm. A group of toughs, ostensibly clients waiting to see the lawyer, crowded the corridor just outside the door. As the cashier attempted to gain entrance, one of the group jostled him

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roughly and then began to curse him. A score of men closed in on him, threatening to beat him up unless he apologized. Meekly he apologized, and they moved off. But during the altercation, the package had been taken from beneath his arm. And then, instead of making his intended call on the lawyer, he went back to the office of the Paragon Publishing House and reported the affair.

"That's too bad," the general manager told him, "but, of course, we can't give you $15,000 unless you recover and deliver to us the stolen papers." The cashier smiled slyly. He had not said that the papers had been taken from him, but that a bundle he carried under his arm had been stolen. Meditating on the matter the previous evening, he had wondered if it would be discreet to trust the negotiations to the attorney the firm named; therefore, instead of carrying the papers with him that morning, he had made up a dummy of blanks. The dummy had been stolen. "Moreover, I have decided not to sell the papers—to you!"

With that, he walked out of the office. No one attempted to obstruct his way; the shortage was never mentioned again; the dismissed cashier immediately afterward went into business on his own account, and appeared to have ample capital. Tradition is that these papers are still a treasured possession of another educational publisher. The change in their ownership had a most salutary influence on the attitude of publishers toward one another. Thereafter, no matter how violently politicians, schoolmen, and the lay public might denounce them for their shady methods, they always spoke of one another as gentlemen. Graft in the school-book business had been put on a plane of dignity.

## III

Times have changed. Only occasionally now does a publisher or his agent attempt to buy school-book orders. This, however, is not to be interpreted as evidence that money no longer passes from a publisher, or his representative, to a schoolman. Now and then it does.

Not so long ago a school official, discussing graft in the book business, made the point that if a schoolman today gets a rake-off, the thing can hardly be regarded as harmful in the same sense that it formerly was. In the earlier days, he explained, many textbooks were poor, and, where a mediocre text won out because its publisher offered the biggest bonus, the dear little school children suffered. But now nearly all school-books have some merit, and so, even though a discreet gift may be the factor which gives one offering the preference over others, the children still get a fairly decent text. Perhaps this schoolman was interested only in the theory of the thing and, also perhaps, he was trying on others a line of logic which he had panned off successfully on his own conscience.

But there are reasons outside the realm of morality which explain why educational publishers no longer provide slush funds in such wise as was once their wont. Conditions are radically different. Thirty and forty years ago the cost of the product was inconsequential. If the manufactured book cost a publisher more than one-sixth its selling price he felt that there was something wrong. Again, legitimate selling costs were not so high. When salesmen talked turkey instead of books, they got through more quickly and landed the orders. Now the representative of an educational publisher must be a high-grade man who knows intimately not only the works offered by his firm, but those of other publishers as well—knows them in the same practical way as if he had used them in class. Finally, most contemporary school officials are well paid and, even if one were disposed to increase his income, he would hardly hazard his position and professional standing for a small piece of money. Even in Kentucky, where eight members of the Textbook Commission and twenty-five publishers were indicted, it is

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doubtful if money actually passed, or was offered, in a single instance. What, then, is all the hullabaloo about?

Books—free books—endless bundles of books passing from publishers to school officials without cost to the recipients. This giving of books free appears an altogether harmless thing in the light of a statement issued by the Kentucky Textbook Commission after eight of its members had been indicted:

> There is no pretense . . . that the members of the commission, or any of them, received anything save the usual sample books—one of a kind, always provided and sent to members of the Textbook Commission of Kentucky and other States under like circumstances so that the books may be examined and the commission determine which books shall be adopted.

This sounds fair enough; but the explanation conceals a practice which was born in sin and has stubbornly refused to be cleansed of the iniquity of its origin. While the publishers in the earlier years were doling out gold to those school officials who could be reached in that way, they were not always able actually to land the business through the corrupted officials. Where a system had an approved list which contained several texts suitable for the same grade in a subject, the orders any one publisher got on his offering depended upon the demand made by various schools for that book. Therefore, even if graft had played a part in putting his book on the approved list, there remained the problem of getting orders for it.

This publisher could scarcely go and, with cash money, "insult" every teacher who might be in a position to select his text over those of his competitors. He could have his representatives call on the teachers and, in the case of men, set up the drinks; in the case of women, buy candy; but that would have been a clumsy procedure. But to humor a teacher by making him feel he was getting something for nothing, and thus create a kindly attitude toward the publisher who gave this something, the scheme was devised of giving away books. The instant it was put into operation, teachers took to it with avidity, and were soon asking for books—books—books, and getting them. It did not take the publishers long to realize that they had started a costly practice, especially as many of the volumes sent out on request could not possibly be considered by the recipient for classroom use, and no business could result. So they soon began to complain among themselves.

Then a Little Napoleon of the craft proposed a remedy. If all the publishers would simultaneously stop the practice—that very year—the school people would have to accept the change in good grace, and the publishers would patch up a very serious leakage in their business. So there was an implied agreement between the larger publishers that thereafter no books would be sent out unsolicited, while requests for examination copies would be honored only in cases where there was a possibility of the work being adopted for classes. But just when the teachers were making up their minds—and requisitions—on books to be ordered for the next term, the house with which the Little Napoleon was associated simply flooded the educational field with unsolicited free books. It was a clever trick, pulled after months of secret preparation, and the firm that year harvested a bumper crop of orders. But since that day every educational publisher becomes leery the moment somebody suggests a discontinuance of the practice of sending books to school people for nothing.

Today the practice is that not only a schoolman who is to pass on texts for general use, but any teacher who asks an educational publisher for "examination" copies, has a right to expect that the request will be honored promptly and cheerfully. The publishers realize that there is an unsavory odor to the thing, yet they continue to submit.

Some time ago a leading educational publisher received a request for an elementary textbook which, so the applicant said, he wished to examine to determine if he could use it in his classes. It happened in

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this case that the book in question had exclusive adoption in the town from which the request came, while the publisher's records did not list the correspondent as either an official or teacher in the school system.

But the publisher—a big corporation—feared to take the chance of offending a teacher by refusing the request or asking for information as to the correspondent's status in the system. The book was dispatched, and the representative who solicited business in that town was instructed to look up the writer on his next visit. Several weeks later he discovered that the letter had been written by a schoolboy of thirteen who had lost the copy of this particular text that had been provided by the school. He had been told he must replace it, and, either because he was just an ordinary thief or else had the makings of a pedagogue, he decided that the simplest and cheapest way to do so was to ask for an "examination copy" from the publisher.

This form of benign graft—originated by the publishers long years ago, and now come home to afflict them—has become so firmly imbedded in the thinking of American pedagogues that in numerous instances librarians and other officials of educational institutions have printed mailing cards instructing publishers to send such books as they may list, "provided there is no charge." The president of a large State institution once confessed that its library got most of its accessions by such means. Since publishers apparently lacked the courage to refuse his demands for books without cost, this official saw no need to go to the Legislature and ask for such appropriations as would remove the need for his grafting. In a training school for teachers a visitor found the pupils of the model school using a cheap and nearly obsolete reader. He asked why such a wretched classroom tool was being used in an institution engaged in training teachers, and was informed that the publisher of the particular text was the only one willing to *give* a sufficient number of books to supply the entire class.

The average pedagogue finds it easy to persuade himself that he not only should get a free desk copy of any book he may possibly find suitable for use by his students, but also "examination" copies of works he may think to read for either pleasure or professional growth. How can he tell whether a new book may or may not be useful to him, except he read it? Why should he pay for a book to read when the publisher stands a chance, no matter how slight, of getting orders for additional copies, should he find the volume appealing? Moreover, it is the publisher's busimess to make his profits on books going to students, not on those going to pedagogues.

So firmly is the average American educator convinced that publishers should give him books without cost, that he does not hesitate to tell any who dares to refuse his demands that he will use no more texts bearing the imprint of that house and will urge his associates to join in the boycott.

## IV

An insignificant pedagogue is appointed to teach, say, modern history in a small college. Immediately he writes to various educational publishers, on the institution's stationery, explaining that he is seeking a good basic text for his course; also supplementary readings in history, civics, sociology, and economics. He may send out ten, twenty or thirty such letters, and even indicate at length the specific titles on this or that publisher's list which he thinks may prove suitable. He may receive, in response to these letters, fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and fifty books—in short, a sufficiently comprehensive library in his field to reveal to him, if ever he takes the time to read half the volumes, the meagreness of the scholarship on which he gained his appointment. Examining the "samples" casually, he selects one, not because of its merit perhaps, but because the price is low and it is "easy to teach."

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In due course, the college sends in an order for five copies—that number representing the size of the young instructor's class. Obviously, the transaction has not been profitable to the publisher whose book is adopted, and certainly not to the other firms which responded to the request.

But the thing does not stop here. The youthful pedagogue has discovered how easy it is to get books for the asking, and concludes that any additional works he may want during the balance of his college career will doubtless come to him without cost through writing letters occasionally. Eventually, he does not bother to infer that the book asked for is to be examined with a view to use in his own classes; he may wish to examine it simply with thought of recommending it to others. When this instructor marries and goes to housekeeping, he furnishes his home with books from cellar to dome, and at no expense.

The grafting goes even further. When the pedagogue finds that he can accumulate a lot of books free, and sees enormous stacks of them about him for which he cannot afford shelf space, Satan comes along and says: Why not sell them? He thanks Satan for the suggestion and goes in quest of a customer. He finds a number of establishments specially organized for buying "examination" copies of educational books from people of his kind. He opens negotiations with such a concern, and when the first check comes in is stirred to assemble another batch for shipment. Eventually, his one problem is to get books enough to maintain profitable relations with this second-hand book company.

The concerns which thus buy books from schoolmen are most efficient. They are forever appealing to the pedagogue for an opportunity to bid on such sample copies as he receives. On the other hand, they watch closely the demand for books from educational institutions. Recently, a publishing house got out a new high-school text just about the time books were being ordered for a school term. This book was approved immediately by one city system, which invited bids on four hundred copies. The publisher quoted his usual price on that quantity, but when the bids were opened, he was amazed to find that the order went to a jobber who, to complete it, had to purchase from the publisher thirty odd copies. The remainder of the four hundred had been procured at low prices from those who, either on request or without solicitation, had received examination copies!

I hope all this discussion has illuminated the Kentucky incident. When the exposé occurred in the Blue Grass, one of the indicted members of the Textbook Commission pooh-poohed the whole affair as "a matter of politics." Said he:

> I received no money from publishers. I sold to a second-hand book concern at Chicago for $325 a quantity of books submitted to me by book publishers. I had a number of books—arithmetics, spellers and grammars—for which I had no use. Some books for high-school work I kept.

The amusing thing is that the specimen books sent to this pedagogue in his official capacity, and disposed of as personal property, apparently were volumes he did not even examine. His duty was to pass on *secondary* school books, but he got enough samples of *elementary* texts to net him $325. The reader may speculate as to the quantity of spellers, arithmetics, and grammars—the least costly of elementary texts—that must have reached him for him to realize $325; also how much business these perfectly new "second-hand" books took from the *educational* publishers, as their tribute to Caesar.

As the Textbook Commission, in its comment on the indictments, intimates, the situation is not peculiar to Kentucky. A few months before the State of North Carolina gave a similar performance. An approved list for the entire State, and covering a period of five years, was prepared, and from this list the various educational units were to make their choice of several works on the same subject. Not only did the publishers, in their scramble

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for business, load the State with all the representatives they could take from other districts, but they poured in carloads of samples. What became of these books? A considerable portion was promptly converted into cash, and this cash went into the private pockets of schoolmen.

Some pedagogues were frank in their declaration that they proposed selling the samples to pay them for the bother of opening and looking at them. They ignored the fact that they were also paid by the State or their respective school systems for this performance. A local bookseller approached some of the publishers with an offer to buy up all of their samples that he could find afloat in the State, provided they would give him 75% of the list price for them. They rejected the proposition. They did not dare send out books acquired in this way as new copies; more important, they would have gone bankrupt if they had paid 75% of the list price, for, taking account of their discounts to schools, it was much more than they actually charged.

Here, as in the good old days, the publisher who got the business made his contribution in the equivalent of perfectly good money; but the publishers who got no orders also perforce helped to swell the graft fund.

## V

Of course, there may be a silver lining to the cloud. Some day the situation may clear up, not through the efforts of publishers, since they lack the courage to attempt to correct the graft for fear that they may lose a customer here and there, but through an awakening sense of decency on the part of schoolmen. Attempting to get a little extra money through begging sample books and then selling them at a ridiculously low price is just a little less dignified than accepting a cash rake-off such as was offered in earlier years.

Even now a story goes the rounds of one man in education who thinks it beneath him to accept free books from publishers who are soliciting his patronage on their offerings. When a sample book reaches him, he is courteous enough to look at it. If the book interests him, he insists on paying for it; if it does not, he returns it, charges collect. Although a snicker is occasionally heard when schoolmen and book agents discuss this exceptional pedagogue, he may be the forerunner of the American educator of the future. There is no law against supposing that his tribe may increase. Perhaps in the next generation, there may be three such pedagogues. Or even four.

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# AMERICANA

## ALABAMA

A CELEBRATED Birmingham divine on the mystery of Jonah and the whale, as reported by the Montgomery *Advertiser:*

> The Rev. Glenn V. Tingley, Birmingham radio evangelist who has been conducting a revival south of the Capitol for the last week, asserted last night that the story of Jonah and the whale as told in the Bible not only is true, but that approximately 300 similar cases have been proved by scientists. Mr. Tingley pointed to the case of James Bartley, a British sailor, whose story was corroborated twice in the *Literary Digest* and once at an international meeting of the Royal Scientific Society of Great Britain, according to the speaker. Bartley was a member of the crew of a British whaling ship in 1898, Mr. Tingley said. The boat upon which he was riding with several other sailors was overturned, and Bartley disappeared. The other sailors gave him up as lost at sea, and proceeded with the chase. Thirty-six hours later, while one of the captured whales was being butchered aboard ship, the stomach started jumping. According to Mr. Tingley, the stomach was cut open and out stepped James Bartley, violently insane. Mr. Tingley scored persons who do not believe the story of Jonah, and added that the majority of outstanding scientists of the world today are opposed to the evolution theory, inclining, instead, to the Biblical story of creation.

SISTER J. J. STOUGH, of Route 5, Fayette, lifts a warning voice in the *Alabama Christian Advocate:*

> *Dear Brother Editor:* My daughter teaches the Juniors in our Sunday-school but there are some things in the lessons we don't understand. The lessons for this quarter are about flowers, birds and animals. The sheep, calf, camel and horse, and smaller animals and insects are spoken of as our brothers and sisters. Now, it seems to me that is putting wrong ideas into the children's minds. Of course, the aim of the lesson is to teach the children to be kind to all living things, and this is right. We should be kind to all of God's creatures, but, remember, they are only creatures and not human beings.
>
> Man is not an animal and never has been. God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them. Genesis 1:27. And Adam gave names to all cattle and the fowl of the air and to every beast of the field, but for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him. Genesis 11:20. So in all of God's creation there was not found one thing that would be a suitable companion for Adam, and God made woman of the rib of man. Being of the same substance and nature of man, she was not a beast nor an animal, but was equal with Adam in having dominion over every living thing that God had made. Genesis 1:28.
>
> How any one with knowledge of the Bible can believe in the doctrine of evolution, or that man is in any way related to beasts or animals, is more than I can understand. Man is a superior being to anything else that God created and it was never intended that he should consider them as his brothers and sisters. Such a claim is a violation of God's law. Deuteronomy XXVII:21. And such an idea should not be instilled into the minds of the children.
>
> Now, this is the way I feel about it. If I am wrong I would like to be shown the right way.

## ARIZONA

THE REV. R. S. BEAL, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Tucson, as reported by the *Daily Star:*

> Blood is everywhere in the Bible. From the time of man's sin in the garden of Eden until the close of the Revelation when the tragic scenes of earth shall have concluded, blood is magnified. Take the message of shed blood out of the Bible and it would be an empty, useless, hopeless book, not worth carrying home.

## ARKANSAS

GIVEN names from a list of Arkansas soldiers dead in the late war, read into the *Congressional Record* by the Hon. Tilman B. Parks, LL.B.:

| | |
|---|---|
| Girtie | Bishop |
| Cleo | Coy |
| Ides | Alpha |
| Nute | Birtie |
| Lum | Lonnie |
| Fay | Elder |
| Arvel | Otey |
| Tough | Money |
| Demetrius | Dock |
| Bonnie | Uzzie |

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the celebrated *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, solves all the difficulties presented to the modern mind by the Bible:



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When I say that the Bible can be understood just as easily as the United States history I mean literally what I say. But just as there are things mentioned in the United States history that none of us understand so there are things mentioned in the Bible that none of us understand, but we can understand what the history says about them and even so we can understand what the Bible says about the mysteries in the Bible. For instance, the Bible speaks of God creating the heavens and the earth. It is an unexplainable mystery as to HOW GOD DID IT—speak into existence what did not exist before—yet we can understand what the Bible says about it. Again, the Bible speaks of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (Spirit) and says these THREE ARE ONE—separate personalities and yet only ONE BEING. We cannot understand HOW THIS CAN BE, but we can understand what the Bible says about it. The Bible says it is true and we can accept what it says.

The United States history tells something about the use of the compass by surveyors, and it tells about the invention of the telephone, and the up-to-date history will tell about the discovery of the radio. We cannot, with our present knowledge of facts, understand the telephone, the radio nor the compass but we can understand what the history says about these wonderful discoveries and inventions. Suppose some one should say that he could not understand the United States history because the history tells about the radio, the telephone and the compass and he just cannot understand these mysteries. What would you think of such a man? When you decide what you think of that man then you will have my idea of the one who says he can't understand the Bible just because mysteries are mentioned in the Bible. You can understand what the Bible says whether you understand the mysteries mentioned or not. LET THE BIBLE SAY WHAT IT WANTS TO SAY AND ACCEPT IT EXACTLY AS YOU DO IN READING ANY OTHER BOOK and you will have a big part of your difficulty removed.

## CALIFORNIA

SUPPRESSED desire of the editor of the San Francisco *Monitor*, a weekly devoted to the Catholic uplift:

> If the writer could draw and paint and his ambition were to portray by picture the great Archangel Michael in human form, battling with the powers of darkness, he would paint as the face of the Archangel Michael that of the young Hilaire Belloc.

THE HON. DONALD BEATON in the Hollywood *Film Spectator:*

> When William Shakespeare wrote "The Taming of the Shrew," he no doubt intended it to be a pleasant little comedy which no one should take too seriously. However, he did not reckon with the fact that everything he did was to become immortal. His name made "The Shrew" big enough material for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford's first co-starring vehicle.

BUSINESS card of a celebrated Los Angeles scientist:

> *My Medicine Absolutely Cures*
>
> My medicine cures asthma with six ounces of medicine—all bronchial troubles, catarrah and hay fever and rheumatism—stomach, appendix, heart trouble, hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure
>
> My medicine cures goitre in or outside the throat *with medicine*
>
> TRY ME
>
> GEORGE GWATKIN
>
> TEL. ME. 7572 520 TOWNE AVENUE
> LOS ANGELES

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE sublime process of statecraft in the United States Senate, as revealed by the *Congressional Record:*

> Mr. GOLDSBOROUGH. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the *Record* and referred to the Committee on the Library two letters, one addressed to me by the vice president and the secretary of the Silver Spring (Md.) Chamber of Commerce, and the other by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Annapolis, Md., with reference to the construction of a Lincoln Memorial-Gettysburg boulevard connecting the city of Washington and the present Lincoln Memorial with the battlefield of Gettysburg, together with the resolution referred to in the letter.
>
> There being no objection, the letters and resolution were referred to the Committee on the Library and ordered to be printed in the *Record*, as follows:
>
> SILVER SPRING CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
> *Silver Spring, Md., October 1, 1929.*
>
> Hon. PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
> *Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.*
>
> DEAR SENATOR GOLDSBOROUGH: The inclosed resolution of the Silver Spring Chamber of Commerce should be of vital interest to you, and I earnestly ask a very careful consideration of its contents.
>
> The proposal for a Lincoln Memorial boulevard from Washington to Gettysburg should appeal to the imagination of the whole people and stimulate to creative effort those individuals and organizations whose support is needed for its success.
>
> We would appreciate your support of this interesting project and be glad to have your comment on the subject.
>
> Very truly yours,
> PHIL. D. POSTON,
> *Vice President and Secretary.*

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
*Annapolis, Md., October 7, 1929.*

Hon. PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
*United States Senate, Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SENATOR GOLDSBOROUGH: The Silver Spring Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution complimenting Congress on the construction of a fitting memorial to the father and principal founder of these United States, George Washington, in the form of a magnificent boulevard connecting Mount Vernon to the Nation's Capital.

The Silver Spring Chamber of Commerce has brought forward the idea of another such boulevard, from Washington to Gettysburg, to perpetuate the work and memory of Abraham Lincoln, and having the Lincoln Memorial as its terminus in Washington.

The Annapolis Chamber of Commerce joins the Silver Spring Chamber in asking you to give this serious thought and help should it come before your honorable body.

With very best regards, we remain yours very truly,

SIMON S. MARTIN, *Secretary.*

---

SILVER SPRING CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
*Silver Spring, Md., September 27, 1929.*

*Whereas*, the Congress of the United States has recently authorized and directed the construction of a fitting memorial to the father and principal founder of these United States—George Washington—in the form of a magnificent boulevard connecting Mount Vernon, his old home, with the Nation's Capital and the Washington Monument, terminating at the established monument to his genius, thereby completing the link between the city of Washington and the Washington Monument on the one hand and his old home and the nation's shrine on the other, and

*Whereas*, the memory of that other great patriot and the savior of the Union, Abraham Lincoln, is reflected and perpetuated in that splendid structure, the Lincoln Memorial, adjoining the Monument to our first President: Be it

*Resolved by the Silver Spring Chamber of Commerce, of Silver Spring, Md.*, That in order to complete the tribute to Lincoln and to match the tribute soon to be shown Washington in the form of the Mount Vernon boulevard the Congress of the United States authorize and direct the construction of a Lincoln Memorial-Gettysburg boulevard, connecting the city of Washington and the present Lincoln Memorial with the battlefield of Gettysburg, thereby joining together at the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial these two great boulevards, and thereby paying to both Washington and Lincoln an equal tribute, for it was at Gettysburg that Lincoln really found himself, and it is of Gettysburg that the people think when they truly think of Lincoln; be it further

*Resolved*, That the proposed boulevard to Gettysburg originate at the Lincoln Memorial and White House and take the course of Sixteenth street due north in as direct a line as possible, having in mind the principles of highway construction and landscape beauty, and utilize, in so far as practicable, the existing State highways and rights of way when these may serve to a real advantage the broad purposes of the memorial boulevard proposed.

NEWS item from the eminent Washington *News:*

Traffic lights will be installed along K street immediately, if the housewives along that thoroughfare have any influence with Traffic Director Harland. He is being importuned daily to speed the work. It seems that the interval of three green lights and three red ones with their intermediate ambers, is exactly the time for cooking soft-boiled eggs. Therefore, the matrons are piqued at the delay in providing them with the culinary accessory enjoyed by housewives on other light-controlled highways.

## ILLINOIS

THE HON. RICHARD E. SMILEY, director of the Bremer-Tully Institute of Bible Research of Chicago:

Radio entertainment and the vacuum tube were first predicted in the Book of Job in Old Testament times.

NEWS of the scholastic life at McKendree College, the pride of Lebanon:

Bertram Smith, a student of McKendree, established what is said to be a world's record in chewing gum by chewing forty-five sticks of gum at one time. Practically the whole male student body of the college, numbering 225 boys and many outsiders, were present to witness what is believed to be a new line in endurance records.

## IOWA

HANDBILL recently distributed in this great State:

A PROCLAMATION

TO THE PEOPLE OF OUR NATION AND WORLD!
And Especially to the People of Tama, Toledo and Vicinity in Iowa

That you are requested by a prophet of the Lord, Frank O. Hunnicut, Tama, Iowa, that you contribute money, property or valuables for the Lord's cause at once for the building and establishing Churches of God and fighting the Devil, lust of the flesh, worldly pleasures, and sin which is eating up the churches, and to turn people to the Lord and Scripture, that His law and will may prevail. For the coming of the Lord is near, the prophecies of the Scripture are about fulfilled. An angel of God appeared to me. I have been anointed by the Lord. I have been baptized by water, fire and the Holy Ghost. I have prophesied, healed the sick in the Lord's name, made it rain, stopped floods and cyclones by making vows, calling people to repentance and prayer. Please remit at once, as the rich cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven,

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as faith without works is dead. The hand of God was on Tama, Toledo and vicinity in the recent flood. I went before the Board of Supervisors and asked for money to stop excessive rain which came upon us during the threshing time, and certain men withstood me and tempted the Lord and it came. There will be a meeting at the Lord's place, one mile south of Tama, Iowa, at two o'clock P.M. We will pray against killing frosts, also pray for the sick, baptize and prophesy in the Lord's name, also pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Bring the sick. Music.

F. O. HUNNICUT
Prophet of the Lord,
Tama, Iowa.

## KENTUCKY

BROTHER OSSO W. STANLEY of Bardstown speaks out boldly in the *Central Methodist:*

Every Methodist church I know includes a Judas among its membership.

## LOUISIANA

THE New Orleans *Tribune* describes life under the Methodist revelation in that great city:

The accused saloon-keeper told how the Prohibition informer posed as a homeless, friendless, and hungry musician to win his sympathy, how he fed the informer, paid $25 of his debts, gave him clothes, and helped him get a job, and later let him buy drinks on credit. "I didn't mind. I looked on him as a friend, and he ran up a drink bill of eight dollars." He ended by telling how the informer made a detailed record of these drinks he bought on credit and, angry at the saloon-keeper's refusal to give him any more, turned in the papers to a Prohibition agent.

## MARYLAND

THE reception of the Right Hon. Ramsay MacDonald in the grand old town of Baltimore, as recorded by the illustrious *News* thereof:

The Rev. Kingman A. Handy, Baptist educational secretary in Baltimore, put his fingers between his teeth and whistled the notes of "God Save the King."

"It's the first time I've whistled in fifteen years," the Rev. Mr. Handy explained.

## MASSACHUSETTS

FROM the advertising rate-card of the *Christian Science Monitor:*

*Not acceptable:* Tea and coffee (as beverages), tobacco, medical or hygienic articles; food products, soaps, or other commodities, when advertised on a health basis; hotel, resort or travel advertising employing a health appeal; complexion preparations claiming medicinal qualities; life or accident insurance; tombstones; advertising of oculists, opticians, dentists, patent attorneys, undertakers; illustrations or text representing life or health as dependent upon weather conditions.

## MISSOURI

ANNOUNCEMENT of a miracle worker in the Flat River *Reminder:*

I have had success in healing of cancer, goitres, tumors, fits, appendicitis, dropsy, exzema, growths of different kinds and other ailments. Toothache, headache, pain or blood is stopped by telephone. Also pray for sick folks that are not able to come to me. If interested call 884 for apointment. *No Charges*—Free will offerings are accepted.

MRS. FRANK HAM,
P. O. Box 303,
Flat River, Mo.

## NEW YORK

FOOTNOTE on the Anglo-Saxon as artist from the programme of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra:

*Conductors*
Arturo Toscanini
Willem Mengelberg
Bernardino Molinari

*Conductor Children's Concerts*
Ernest Schelling

*First Violins*
S. Guidi
*Concertmaster*
H. Lange
*Asst. Conductor*
A. Lichstein
M. Muscanto
R. Henkle
E. Tak
L. A. D'Amico
A. Ribarsch
D. Rosensweig
I. Strassner
A. Belfer
G. Rabinowitz
F. L. Smith
M. de Stefano
J. Gewirtz
A. De Bruille
A. Busch
J. Fishberg

*Second Violins*
I. Pogany
A. Koszegi
F. Lowack
A. Dubensky
R. Heinz
A. Schuller
M. Dayan
S. Tomasso
A. Cores
A. Lora
A. Neveux
M. Kreiselman
R. Schenk
L. Sherman
M. Borodkin
S. Levine
A. Stirn
W. Sargent

*Violas*
R. Pollain
M. Cores
Z. Kurthy
T. Fishberg
J. J. Kovarik
M. Tartas
W. Gray
M. Barr
S. Lipschitz
L. Verona
G. Imperato
G. Harnisch
B. Bardos
H. Levy

*'Cellos*
A. Wallenstein
J. Emont
O. Giskin
A. Guidi
W. Feder
A. Bass
H. Van Praag
V. Lubalin

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R. Stehl
O. Van Koppenhagen
M. Ormandy
M. Caiati

*Basses*
A. Fortier
H. Reinshagen
D. Ryb
E. Zickler
M. Tivin
M. Decruck
H. Jenkel
S. Levman
V. Geoffrion
J. De Angelis

*Flutes*
J. Amans
A. Ghignatti
J. Fabrizio
B. Gaskins

*Piccolo*
B. Gaskins

*Oboes*
B. Labate
G. Apchain
M. Nazzi
A. Marsh

*English Horn*
M. Nazzi

*Clarinets*
S. Bellison
O. Conrad
E. Roelofsma
J. Gehrhardt

*Bass Clarinet*
E. Roelofsma

*E. Flat Clarinet*
J. Gehrhardt

*Bassoons*
B. Kohon
S. Kovar
R. Sensale
W. Conrad

*Contra Bassoon*
W. Conrad

*Horns*
B. Jaenicke
S. Richart
A. Schulze
L. Ricci
R. Schulze
M. Van Praag

*Trumpets*
H. Glantz
N. Prager
L. Konevsky
M. Schlossberg

*Trombones*
M. Falcone
A. Clarke
G. Lucas
R. Haines

*Tuba*
V. Vanni

*Bass Trumpet*
M. Falcone

*Tenor Horn*
J. J. Perfetto

*Timpani*
S. Goodman

*Percussion*
A. Schmehl
A. Rich
S. Borodkin
R. Katz
E. Greinert

*Harps*
T. Cella
Miss S. Goldner

*Piano-Celeste*
Z. Kurthy
A. Schuller

*Organ*
Z. Kurthy
*Asst. Librarian & Baggage Master*
J. J. Carroll

*Librarians*
E. Greinert
H. Boewig

## NORTH CAROLINA

THE HON. Y. Z. CANNON of Durham, writing on "Ethics in the Barber Shop" in the *Master Barber and Beauty Culturist:*

> Every member of the Associated Master Barbers of America, I am sure, recognizes his responsibility as a caretaker of society. He is not a mere mechanic. He is an apostle of the spirit of happiness. He is an exponent of the feeling of well-being. With his hands, his skill and his mental powers he takes the raw material and turns out a splendid finished product. When a man steps out of the barber chair he has had something done to him that makes him look better, feel better and be better.

SPIRITUAL news from the grand old town of Raleigh:

> The White Horse Gospel, the Faithful Church of Christ, Incorporated, which was issued a State charter today, lists among other requisites for membership that no woman shall have bobbed hair nor wear skirts that do not come within ten inches of the ground and that no minister shall have attended college. Giving as its purpose to "preach the gospel of Christ in its churches, on highways and hedges in this State and in all other States," the charter provides that members must be Americans and members of the Caucasian race.

## OHIO

THE REV. L. J. VAN PELT, a gifted Cleveland divine, as reported by the *Press* of the same fortunate town:

> The Republican party is touched with Divinity. When we oppose the work of the Republican party, we strive against our Creator.

## OKLAHOMA

SCIENTIFIC note in the celebrated *News* of Oklahoma City:

> *Editor of The News:*
> "Q. What verse in the Bible will cause a key to turn when placed in the closed book?"
> "A. There is no such verse."
> The above question and answer appeared in the *News* of Sept. 27. The question was not stated right. At present I cannot give the chapter and verse but from memory I can recite the words. It can be found in the book of Ruth.
> Any young person wishing to be informed of the initials of their future companion by placing a common door key across this verse with the Bible open and recite the letters of the alphabet. When they mention the letter of their future companion's initial the key will move, but first they must read the Bible verse audibly. The person wishing this information must be of European ancestry.
> GEORGE L. GILBERT.
> *Keys, Okla.*

EDITOR WALLACE M. CRUTCHFIELD, of the *Oklahoma Methodist*, has something pleasant to report:

> The unexpected does sometimes happen. Presiding Elder H. D. Knickerbocker had an idea of sending the editor a coop of fryers about the time he was leaving for Europe. The chickens and the editor failed to connect at the time, but the good presiding elder was determined that his plan should not fall through, and so he

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mailed the price of a coop of fowls, and now the editor and family will eat chicken for a while. Thanks and appreciation are extended to Dr. Knickerbocker for this unusual kindness.

## PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA throws a new scientific discovery to the world:

NOTED INDIAN DOCTOR DISCOVERS PREPARATION THAT GROWS HAIR TWO INCHES LONGER IN TWO MONTHS

WILLING TO GIVE FREE SAMPLES TO ALL READERS OF THIS PAPER TO PROVE MERITS

Several years ago, in Gold Valley, California, two boys were playing a game of rock battle, and accidentally struck a middle-aged woman. Dr. J. C. Delano (the founder of the World Famous Blood Medicine Herbs of Life) was called in to dress the wound and found that the patient was suffering with a fractured skull and concussion of the brain.

Dr. Delano started in on his new case with a determination to bring about satisfactory results; and at the end of thirty days the patient was not only completely cured but her hair over the bruised spot had grown to such a remarkable degree that it aroused the curiosity of both her family and Dr. Delano; so much so that the doctor questioned her as to what was it that she had been using on her hair during the treatment. Her reply was: that she had only been using the ointment prescribed by the doctor.

With the given information, the doctor started straightway into deep research to find out more about the treatment and its connections with the roots of the hair, and after experimenting for twenty-seven months Dr. Delano announced that he had discovered a certain herb, which when macerated with certain chemicals, and mixed together with pure Cocoanut Oil and California Pine Tar, would produce a healthy, luxuriant growth of hair.

After finding that the experiment had proved successful in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases, Dr. Delano placed his preparation on the market under the name of Dr. Delano's Coco-Tar Hair Grower. From that day until the present time the sale has been of phenomenal and uninterrupted success.

Dr. Delano is so confident that his Coco-Tar Hair Grower is superior to any other on the market, that he has decided to give a free sample to every reader of this paper who will send his or her name and address to

THE HERBS OF LIFE INDIAN MEDICINE COMPANY
3200 Block Spring Garden St.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CULTURAL news from the Pittsburgh *Press:*

In the annual report of the Mercer County Health Unit, Dr. S. J. Dickey, county medical director, makes this statement:

"A little information about the Schick test: It has been necessary to announce that the Schick test is used to determine the susceptibility of persons to diphtheria, and that it is not a motion picture or anything connected with the Arabian desert.

"In answer to letters sent out asking persons if they were willing to permit their children to undergo the test, one mother replied:

" 'I refuse positively to permit either of my boys to take the Sheik test. I have read the book and seen the play and I want you to know I don't approve of them.' "

## RHODE ISLAND

THE alert United Press discovers a new crusade in the making at Pawtucket:

The Rhode Island W. C. T. U. shook a reproving finger at the aspirin tablet today.

After adopting anti-cigarette smoking resolutions, a convention of the organization witnessed a playlet in which the "perils" of the pallid pellet were portrayed.

The playlet had been prepared by Margaret L. Collins, director of the health and medical temperance department of the Rhode Island W. C. T. U. In it she played the rôle of a W. C. T. U. worker, while another member was cast as a mother who did not belong to the organization.

As the playlet opened the mother appeared, complaining of a headache. She told Miss Collins that she had taken some aspirin tablets but that they had done no good.

Asked if she didn't know that aspirin was harmful the mother replied in the negative.

"Just a minute," volunteered Miss Collins, "and I'll tell you the harmful effects of aspirin.

"How do you know that aspirin is harmful?" inquired the headache sufferer.

"Because I belong to the W. C. T. U.," Miss Collins explained.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

PASTOR E. O. WATSON, editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate* of Columbia, states the Methodist position on a great subject:

It is the business of the state to teach religion. . . . This country is God's country. It is essentially and constitutionally a Christian country.

## TENNESSEE

BROTHER J. T. OAKLEY makes the *amende honorable* to a victim of injustice in the *Baptist and Reflector* of Nashville:

CORRECTION AND APOLOGY

In the *Baptist and Reflector* of August 2, 1928, there appeared a report, written by me, of the

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debate held July 10–17 preceding, between Elder J. L. Hines of Texas, representing the Church of Christ, and the Rev. Sam Edwards of Cookeville, Tenn., representing Baptists. The closing words of my report were as follows:

"Judge Edwards fought a remarkable battle and, under the existing circumstances, covered himself with honor and Christian conduct, while Hines left for his home in Texas carrying with him the condemnation of the public as a man without courtesy, manners, fairness, truth, religion—in a word, a regular 'wrangling Campbellite,' never to be invited again to represent his people here. His conduct was reprehensible in the superlative degree."

The report of the debate was written soon after it was held and under the spell of emotions stirred when, for nearly every session, I acted as moderator for Brother Edwards. Later thought has convinced me that the words quoted above are harsh and un-Christ-like, and I take this method of asking the readers of the *Baptist and Reflector* to strike them from their memory and of apologizing to Elder Hines for having written them.

The words expressed my own impressions at the time they were written, but subsequent consideration has made me see that they present a picture that is not true to the actual facts. I would not harm any one purposely, and gladly make this correction in the spirit of Him who gave us the Golden Rule as our guide in life.

(*Signed*) J. T. OAKLEY.

*Brush Creek, Tenn.*

THE art of the drama in the lovely old town of Columbia:

Another feature of the programme last night was the "Pig Play" given by the Davidson County Club. This play showed the correct method of feeding hogs. Taking part were Raymond Parrish as Farmer John; William Tune as the pig named Bill; Tyler Ray as the pig named Jack; and Denzil Pulley as the buyer.

## TEXAS

THE fine art of the modern mortician, as revealed by the Wichita Falls *Record News:*

The formal opening of the Albert's funeral home, 1210 Ninth street, following complete redecoration and remodeling on the interior, will be held from seven to eleven o'clock next Saturday night, it was announced Wednesday by Albert Leimkuehler, proprietor. The public has been invited to attend the opening and inspect the modern features of the funeral home. A prize of $25 has been offered to the church with the largest number of its members present at the opening in comparison with their registered membership, figured on a percentage basis. Souvenirs will be presented to each visitor, it was said. Entertainment for the evening will include vocal solos and violin and piano music.

THE REV. H. D. TUCKER, pastor of the Asbury Methodist Church of El Paso, as reported by the *Times* thereof:

We would have never had Prohibition if Jesus Christ had not come to the world. It was His life and teachings that brought it about.

## VIRGINIA

THE miraculous powers of a local worthy, as revealed by the *Rockbridge County News*, published at Lexington:

Believing that his body is mysteriously endowed to attract rain, and that a recent downpour was a result of his visit in Omaha, Neb., two days before, A. A. Reuting has written to Mayor Temple of that city suggesting that its citizens reimburse him for money spent for gas and oil on the trip. Reuting told a reporter that he does not know how he produces rain, but from long observation he is convinced he possesses some mysterious power. A year ago, he said, he drove to Grand Island, Neb. There had been no rain there for seven weeks. In leaving, he said to his sister, "Well, I hope you have rain by the time I get back to Omaha." The rain, he said, came just as he hoped and the crops were helped greatly. In Iowa some years ago the country was burning up after two months without rain. With another man, he spent three days driving through the dry region. Rain came in abundance in each section just after he had left it. Even in his childhood, he said, he observed this phenomenon. When he was six years old he went to a dry section and rain came.

## GENERAL

CULTURAL news from the great city of Chicago:

How to eat a hot dog without squirting juice and mustard on your clean shirt seemed in a fair way toward solution today as the best minds of the Packers and Sausage Manufacturers' Association grappled with the problem. A national contest for a new design for skinless, non-skid and anti-squirt frankfurters was announced by W. H. Gausselin, secretary of the association. The contest is open to any student in an architectural or engineering school. The first entrant was from Lima, O., where a woman suggested that by boring the bun with an augur the dog could be slipped into the hole, the ends of the bread pinched and the resulting concoction munched with some degree of safety.

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# THE AMERICAN HOTEL

BY JEFFERSON WILLIAMSON

Two notable hotel anniversaries have come and gone within the past few months, each without getting any notice. One was the anniversary of the opening, 135 years ago, of the City Hotel in New York; the other was that of the opening, 100 years ago, of the Tremont House in Boston. The entire development of America's hotel system—indeed, the development of modern hotels throughout the whole world—had its origin in those two houses.

The City Hotel was the first building erected in America wholly for hotel purposes, and although it was merely an overgrown inn, clinging closely to ancient traditions and practices, it set a new pace for size. It had seventy-three rooms—enough to cause European visitors to call it "an immense establishment." The Tremont's distinction was that it broke away from all the old inn traditions and set a new pace for grandeur and frills. It was, in fact, the first really modern hotel, the true grandparent of all the swagger hostelries that dot the land today. It established definitely America's leadership in the art and science of hotel-keeping. Since its time this country has led the world in the number, size and magnificence of its hotels, and in the provisions made by them for the pleasure and convenience of their guests.

Down through the ages the inns of England, and of the other European countries, changed very little. From time immemorial they had been self-service establishments, for the most part, run on a one-horse basis by generally disreputable and unprogressive landlords. They remained that way until about 1750, when the English innkeeper began to take some interest in the cleanliness of his house and to provide some general lackeying. He also put some fancy furniture into his parlor. But beyond that he did not go. He remained a traditionalist, unwilling or unable to get out of his ages-old rut.

Meanwhile, the American landlord had become an expansionist and innovator, first surpassing his English contemporary in the size of his establishments and eventually eclipsing him in other respects. The first result of this was a crop of extraordinarily large taverns. Out of these the modern hotel evolved, making its debut in 1829. The next thirty years, as E. L. Godkin once said, were a time of such "extraordinary and precocious" advance that Americans gaped with wonder and Europe staggered with unbelief. The American hotels, their size and grandeur, were discussed everywhere. They became the eighth wonder of the world, and, like our skyscrapers of today, were considered "the most distinctively and characteristically American thing on earth."

Several conditions wholly peculiar to America brought about this change. One was that, for various reasons (chiefly economic), many Americans had taken to living permanently in hotels. This custom began to appear soon after the Revolution. Another factor was the lack of private mansions big enough to enable the newly-rich to entertain on any sizeable scale. Balls and banquets had to be held in the Long Rooms of inns. Democracy's leaven, admitting Brown, Jones and Robinson to participation in these elegant affairs, necessitated the expansion of their facilities.



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A third factor was the habitual mobility of the American blood. Everybody was going somewhere, or coming back. This extraordinary restlessness, which is still looked upon as a fixed American characteristic, began in Colonial days. By 1800 the Americans had become the world's greatest nation of gadabouts. Even the passion for politics was secondary to the mania for traveling, for only the men talked politics, whereas traveling affected also women and children. The causes thereof were to be sought, no doubt, in the rapid settlement and development of the country, the westward sweep of the frontier, the steady pursuit of opportunities everywhere, and the lack of ancestral ties to bind anyone to a particular spot.

These things, then, created a need for larger, better hotels, and that need brought about the application of the stock company idea to the financing. The City Hotel was thus built by a stock company. Prior to that time Mine Host had converted his own or some other big house into an inn, and let it go at that. Occasionally, (in Europe) some duke or other man of means built a house for him. But such places seldom had more than a dozen rooms, and often they had fewer. The beds, however, were sometimes large enough for twenty or thirty people, and, in a pinch, others could sleep on the floor.

The stock company idea took the old-time inn off its one-horse basis and put it into the realm of Big Business. It made possible all of America's great and gaudy hotels. Thus a number of large-scale inns sprang up during the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, especially in the cities of the North Atlantic seaboard, the only section that, at the time the City Hotel opened in the fall of 1794, had consolidated its civilization sufficiently to be no longer part of the frontier. New York was then a boom town of 30,000 population and the scalps that Iroquois warriors had been gathering from over-bold white men who ventured into Northwestern York State were barely dry.

These large-scale houses of call constituted a link between the inn that had existed for centuries and the modern hotel. While they were great improvements over the old inns in some respects, they were essentially of the old type and fell far short of the standards of the modern hotel. The City Hotel (hotel was a highfalutin French word that had recently been adopted) stood in "the Broad-way" just below Trinity Church, and was one of the best of these over-grown inns. The Knickerbockers thought it swell and it quickly became the chief social center of the city. Here the gay New Yorkers, the first Americans to copy English and French fads and follies, danced the rigadoon, cotillion and allemande at weekly subscription dances given by "gentlemen of the town," who attended in knee breeches, silk stockings, white dancing gloves, London cocked hats and swords. And here many banquets and concerts were given.

## II

The old order really gave way to the new, not in New York but in Boston. That city was the birthplace of the modern, first-class hotel. It was the Tremont House. With its opening, on October 16, 1829 (there was a banquet at which Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and a hundred other hand-picked Bostonians ate, drank and made merry at $1 a cover) the old-style inn finally went out, and the new hotel era was on its way.

Unlike its forerunners, the Tremont broke away from practically all the old-time traditions and was emphatically a hotel in the present-day sense—the sense that soon induced lexicographers to define a hotel as "a superior kind of inn." The things that made it stand out were numerous. First, there was its architecture—chaste and simple, with massiveness and whiteness the outstanding characteristics. It was designed by Isaiah Rogers, and like all other early American architects, he drew his inspiration from Greek classicism.

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All America was proud of the Tremont, and the Bostonians inordinately so. Whenever they showed distinguished visitors the sights of the town they pointed first to the Bulfinch State-house, hub of the solar system, and then to the Tremont, "one of the proudest achievements of American genius." It gave American hotels a standardized architectural character which persisted for several decades. Nearly all the palace hotels from 1830 to the 80's were copies of it in greater or lesser degree, for other architects got their inspiration from "A Description of the Tremont House, with Architectural Illustrations," which Gray & Bowen of Boston published in 1830 in response to a general demand. This volume, indeed, was the standard textbook of hotel construction for the next fifty years.

The interior lived up to the promise of the exterior. The ceilings were high; the floors of several of the public rooms were of marble; the decorations were in the latest European mode; the halls and guest-rooms were carpeted and there were curtains on the windows. Throughout the house there was carved walnut furniture, some of it imported and the rest the best product of Boston craftsmen. The ten public rooms transcended those of all the Tremont's predecessors in number, grandeur and size. Indeed, few hotels today, except some in the larger cities, give more space to public rooms than it did.

The first apartment the coming guest laid eyes on was, of course, the lobby. It must have made a powerful impression, aside from its marble floor and all its other finery, for it was the first hotel lobby in America that was not chiefly barroom. The Tremont was the first to divorce office and barroom completely, and by this token it was the first to have clerks. The bartender had always been Mine Host's right-hand man, serving not only as bartender, but also as cashier and clerk. Sometimes, too, he was postmaster and justice of the peace. But the Tremont confined him to the bar.

The passing of the barroom is fresh in our memories, but there are few who remember another important room that has disappeared—the reading-room, once one of the chief drawing cards of every good hotel. It was the product of a time when there were no public libraries; only subscription libraries of limited membership. The more enterprising tavern-keepers had for many years provided a few out-of-town papers for all comers to read. The Tremont, developing this idea farther, had a special room equipped with newspapers from all the States and overseas. Guests had free use of this room, while Bostonians paid a small annual fee. The reading-rooms of many old hotels were run on this basis until after 1870.

Grandest of all the Tremont's public rooms was the main dining-room, made to accommodate the then stupendous number of 200 diners at a sitting. Those were the days of the bountiful American Plan, the trencherman's seventh heaven, with its room and four square meals a day (served at two or more long tables down the full length of the room), all at a fixed price. Grandeur counted for nothing if the hotel did not serve good grub, and plenty of it. So the hotel men set down thirty or forty dishes at each meal, in large containers out of which the diner helped himself. The European Plan, all but universal today, was introduced in New York as early as 1835, but could make little headway until about 1870, after which time it gained ground steadily.

The Tremont's tables groaned under the weight of the first French cooking in any American hotel. Americans generally preferred "plain American cooking," but the *bon-ton* had been liberally patronizing French restaurants for years. The first French chefs in America had once been the spoiled darlings of the French aristocracy, with swords dangling at their sides; they had fled from France like scared rabbits when the Reign of Terror broke loose. One of them, Jean Baptiste Julien, opened America's first French restaurant in Boston, in 1794. Another, Francis Guerin, opened the

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first French restaurant in New York, on Broadway between Pine and Cedar streets, opposite the City Hotel, about 1800.

Numerous minor frills helped to distinguish the Tremont. All of its 180 guest-rooms had locks on the doors, and every room had free soap—not the individual cake of scented soap of today, with its fancy wrapper, but a large piece of hard yellow stuff that welcomed the coming and speeded the parting guest until it was all used up. The bowl and pitcher, victims of low-comedy derision for these many years, were an innovation imported from London and Paris, where they had been introduced for the post-chaise trade about 1800. The Tremont had little plumbing, for it was built at a time when plumbing was in its infancy. There were eight toilets on the first floor and running water for the kitchen, laundry and bath establishment, all in the basement. There had been public baths in America for more than thirty years, but the first connected with a hotel was that at Barnum's City Hotel in Baltimore, which opened in 1826.

But very soon after the Tremont was opened modern plumbing began to develop rapidly and the hotels were its chief beneficiaries. They gave two generations of Americans an opportunity to scrape their first acquaintance with hot and cold running water, steam heat, and bathrooms. "Every room with a bath" has been the proud boast of many American hotels since the 1890's, but men still living were born at a time when no hotel had even so much as a bathroom "down the hall." The hall bathroom and the private bathroom made their joint début in 1844, when the aristocratic New York Hotel was opened.

Such were some of the physical characteristics of the Tremont. There were, besides, many of those little, intangible things that give a hotel quality. Its landlord, Dwight Boyden, had assembled whatever innovations of service had been introduced elsewhere, and adapted and enlarged on them. To these he added numerous ideas of his own. He kept his house as clean as a pin throughout, gave his guests the best of everything, and waited on them hand and foot. His "rotunda men" were the first bellboys, and Seth Fuller's newfangled annunciator—forerunner of the room telephone—was first installed at the Tremont. Self-service in American houses of call was at an end; the day of "the guest is always right" was just over the hill.

The Tremont had, in short, transplanted aristocratic ideals into a country where, in general, such ideals were still anathema. America was still taking its democracy very seriously in 1829. But the new hotel boldly catered to the upper stratum of European visitors and to those Americans who were getting on in the world—those rough and ready commoners who were becoming genteel and able to indulge their taste for luxury, pomp and circumstance. There were more of them in Boston at that time than anywhere else. The Tremont made itself safe for upper-classdom by fixing a flat $2-a-day rate. It had no fifty-cent or dollar rooms for *hoi polloi*, as the others had in such profusion. Its management was the first to recognize, as a matter of policy, the fact that, in spite of all the shouting about liberty and equality—and there was a great deal of it then—there were upper, middle and lower classes in America, and that the top layer was yearning for exclusiveness.

The experiment was a vast success. Every town in the country wanted a hotel as good as the Tremont, or better, and got it as speedily as possible, whether there was business to justify it or not. Generally there was not, but American enterprise had already accepted the theory that good hotels make for travel and that no city amounts to anything unless it has one or more to impress visitors. This, perhaps, is one of the chief reasons why America has so easily maintained her hotel leadership.

Thus within a few years after the Tremont opened a great many other fine hotels were built, and it soon lost rank as America's finest. Its first great rival, the Astor House, opened in New York in 1836. It

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was designed by the same architect, Rogers, and run by the same landlord, Boyden, and was at once a duplication and an elaboration of the Tremont. Perhaps it was no better than the Tremont—some said not as good—but it was much larger. Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, who was John Jacob Astor's secretary, used to say that Astor copied all the features of the Tremont, even locating his hotel across the street from a cemetery so that guests might meditate upon their prospects beyond the grave.

## III

The development of American hotels moved forward along three lines—they increased in size, they increased in grandeur, and they adopted every conceivable luxury-breeding gadget and form of service to outdo their rivals and pamper their guests. Their size grew steadily. By the time the Tremont had attained the age of thirty years the Fifth Avenue Hotel was opened in New York with 530 rooms. It remained America's largest until about a decade after the Civil War, when the size of hotels began to increase again.

Americans were duly impressed in those days by this growth in the mere bulk of hotels, but the thing that fascinated them more was the progress of elegance. From 1830 onward the landlords did their utmost to outdo one another in the use of marble, mirrors and gilt, silk, satin and plush. They spent money with a "sinfully extravagant" hand for carved mahogany, rosewood and walnut, and for sumptuous knicknacks of all sorts. They stocked their houses with the finest of linen, silverware and porcelain. The standard mounted higher with the opening of each new hotel. The maximum of finery of one year became the second-rateness of the next. The American hotels had become, as one British writer said, "elysiums of grandeur," where even Queen Victoria, if she were to visit these shores, "need not fear the want of queenly accommodations, even in the everyday life of a first-class American hotel."

Undoubtedly the old St. Nicholas in New York, opened in January of 1853, was the outstanding representative of hoteldom's super-elegance during the pre-Civil War period. The St. Nicholas was a six-story white marble treasure-house of expensive things, such as gold-embroidered draperies costing $1,000 each, figured silk window hangings, a $1,500 piano, carved mahogany and rosewood chairs, sofas and other furniture upholstered in Flemish tapestry, Turkish rugs and Brussels carpets, beveled French pier glasses in ornate gilt frames, huge fancy chandeliers, and private bathrooms in paneled walnut, with the tubs encased in carved walnut. With all this there went plenty of gold paint. The St. Nicholas, indeed, laid on gold-leaf so lavishly that it gave rise to a popular joke of the day. It was said that an English comedian declined to put his shoes outside his bedroom door to be shined, for fear the management would gild them.

If mere grandeur had been the only factor in hotel-keeping progress, the St. Nicholas and its contemporaries would still be in the running. They became back numbers for various reasons, but chiefly it was progress in mechanization that brought their doom. The old-time inns of England lasted for hundreds of years. Some of them, built during the Middle Ages, are still doing business. The modern hotel in America has been a highly perishable product, generally with a life-span of less than half a century. The St. Nicholas, for example, lasted little more than thirty years, closing in 1884. The Tremont lasted sixty-five years, but in 1852 and again in 1889 it had to be closed for modernization. The Astor House, which New York's diarist mayor, Daniel Hone, predicted would last for centuries, fell by the wayside far short of its first centenary. Even so, it had to undergo a couple of modernizations.

The changing character of locations—also a result of increasing mechanization—

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has brought many New York hotels to a quick end. For example, the Knickerbocker at Broadway and Forty-second Street, where Maxfield Parrish's "Old King Cole" smiled down upon a distinguished barroom lineup, lived as a hotel only from 1906 to 1920; then it became an office building. The Manhattan, reputed birthplace of the Manhattan cocktail, became an office building in 1921 at the age of twenty-five, and that stronghold of smug aristocracy, the Holland House, one of the noblest of Fifth Avenue's caravansaries, went the same way in January of 1920, in its twenty-eighth year.

Some sections of Broadway are littered with old, half-forgotten hotels, now given over to the needle trades. The old Prescott House and several others built when grandpa was a boy have hummed with the whirr of sewing machines for many years. The St. Denis, on Broadway just below Union Square, held out till 1917. The riotous old Gilsey House, just below Greeley Square, for forty years one of New York's most popular houses of call, has been a busy hive of industry since 1911, and long ago the Southern belles and gay blades of old Dixie vanished from the grilled balconies of the old Planters at Greenwich and Albany streets, where the first Cotton Exchange in America was established.

But most of New York's great hotels of pre-Civil War days have disappeared altogether. The New York Hotel, rival of the Planters for the Southern trade and, so it was said, a hotbed of intrigue in war days, closed in 1893, and the Metropolitan, built in 1852 around Niblo's Garden, where "The Black Crook" first scandalized America, went out of existence in 1895. The old Fifth Avenue Hotel, where America's first elevator was installed, passed away in 1908 and with it went the Amen Corner, where Thomas C. Platt, the Republican boss, and his cohorts held their pow-wows.

The barflies of the old Hoffman House took their last sad look at Bouguereau's billowy-bodied nymphs in March of 1915, when the nearby Albemarle also closed. The Morton House, opened in 1848 by Congressman John Wheeler, and a favorite of stage stars when Union Square was the Rialto, was torn down in 1921, and the Stevens House, which dated back to 1845, surrendered to subway construction in 1918. It was run by the Delmonicos during its first ten years and bore their name.

Gone, too, are nearly all those fine old New York hotels that rose magnificently during the Gilded Age. The sedate old Park Avenue, built by A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, as a home *de luxe* for his salesladies (who refused to live in it because there were too many rules and regulations) closed in 1925, and the lordly Buckingham, immortalized in Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence," closed in 1922 at the age of forty-six. The Marlboro, more of a roughneck place, where Anna Held is said to have taken her milk bath before disappointed reporters who couldn't see through the milk, the Navarre, the Normandie and many other landmarks have closed within the last half dozen years.

Of somewhat later vintage, the late Waldorf-Astoria with its Peacock Alley, and its memories of Presidents and princes and the Bradley-Martin ball, passed out a year ago in a great outburst of ballyhoo that brought the takings in the auction sale of its contents up to $350,000. The Waldorf-Astoria, like its great prototype, the St. Nicholas, made its fadeaway before it had become down at heel. Part of it was only thirty-two years old. It had the distinction of being the first thousand-room house and the first hotel of modern skyscraper construction to come down.

## IV

In other American cities the same thing has been happening to all the old hotels. There has been a particularly heavy death-rate among them since the World War. The Continental in Philadelphia, scene of Coal Oil Johnny's pranks; the Monongahela House in Pittsburgh, one of the nu-

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merous "cradles of the Republican party"; the Kirby House in Milwaukee, where Mayor Abner Kirby named the bridal suite "Paradise" and gave all the other rooms names instead of numbers; the old Neil House in Columbus and the Boody House in Toledo, hotbeds of Ohio politics; the Ranier Grand of Seattle, which buzzed with excitement during the feverish days of the Klondike gold rush; the Paxton of Omaha, built in 1882 when, as Owen Wister said, all the world was streaming prismatically through that city; the Planters in St. Louis and its rival, the old Southern; The Eutaw in Baltimore; the Iroquois in Buffalo; the Tub in Albany, which Al Smith frequented when he was cutting his eye-teeth in politics; the old Burnet House in Cincinnati, where Sherman planned the March to the Sea; the Galt House in Louisville, rife with memories of old Blue Grass days—all these and many others have surrendered in the last ten years.

The new hotels in Boston have routed out several old-timers. The United States Hotel, dating from 1842, and the Quincy House, dating from 1885 (its predecessor of the same name, opened in 1819, is said to have had the first bar to serve free lunch), were closed a few months ago, and three years back the old Adams House, John L. Sullivan's favorite home-town hostelry, gave up the ghost. The thrifty Mr. Coolidge lived there for several years in a dollar-a-day room; on the advice of friends, he changed to a two-dollar room when he was elected Governor. William T. Adams, whose pen name was Oliver Optic, built this hotel and his son was the first manager. The old Parker House, incubator of the Parker House roll and home of the Saturday Club, whose membership included all the celebrities of New England's Golden Age, closed five years ago, and Young's Hotel, for years the Delmonico's of Boston, closed about the same time.

The old Kirkwood House in Des Moines went up in smoke last year. Fire, incidentally, has wiped out a great many old-time hotels, though it has practically no chance in the newer houses. The famous St. Charles Hotel of New Orleans, which opened on Washington's Birthday, 1837, with its gold-leaf dome in imitation of the capitol at Washington, was leveled in 1850, and the second St. Charles, perpetuated in the pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," met a similar fate in 1894. Perhaps the worst hotel fire in American history was that at the Newhall House in Milwaukee, on January 9, 1883, when seventy-five persons lost their lives. New York's worst hotel fire was that at the Windsor Hotel, at Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street, early in the afternoon of March 17, 1899. The St. Patrick's Day parade was coming up the avenue at the time and the hotel's windows were filled with guests eager to see the marchers. More than thirty-five of them lost their lives. The fires that devastated Chicago in 1871, Baltimore in 1904, and San Francisco in 1906 wiped out most of the old hotels in those cities.

The Big Four of Chicago—the Grand Pacific, the Tremont, the Palmer House and the Sherman—are now all gone. The Tremont, first to go, has been used as part of Northwestern University since 1902. The Grand Pacific, where John F. Drake served Lucullan game dinners to his friends every year, closed in 1919, and the Sherman and Palmer Houses have since been torn down to make way for larger namesakes. Along with them have gone the old Briggs House (the first Briggs was Abraham Lincoln's favorite) and the old Bismarck Hotel, where for nearly fifty years the Eitel brothers served the finest German cooking in America.

The San Francisco fire laid low the original Palace Hotel, the Grand, the Occidental, the Lick House, the Cosmopolitan and several others built when the town was young and sinful. The famous old What Cheer House, happy haven of roistering and rest for prospectors of the lowest order who brought pocketsful of nuggets down from the hills, had closed just before the fire, and Lucky Baldwin's Hotel, rival

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of the Palace, stole a march on the rest by being burned out in 1898. The Baltimore fire finished the Carrollton, the Howard (since risen again) and the Maltby.

Only a few old-time hotels are still holding out. The oldest survivor is the National at Washington, opened in 1827. Henry Clay lived and died in it. But it isn't what it used to be. The nearest approach to the National's longevity record was that of the old Eastern Hotel, near the Battery in New York. It managed to keep going ninety-eight years, but Prohibition sealed its doom in 1920. During its latter years it was not, of course, the classy place it had been when Jenny Lind was its guest and when Daniel Webster took unto himself a second wife in its parlor. New York's oldest survivor is the Cosmopolitan, formerly the Girard House, opened in 1850. It was built directly opposite the first Grand Central Terminal, west of City Hall Square. Legend has it that Coal Oil Johnny once bought it for a day, to fire a supercilious clerk.

Next in antiquity is the Brevoort, kept by Raymond Orteig, whose $25,000 prize sent Lindbergh across the Atlantic. It was Fifth Avenue's first hotel and recently passed its seventy-fifth birthday, having been opened on September 7, 1854. When it closes—if ever—it will leave behind more traces than most hotels do, for there was a period in the 70's and 80's when every other American novel introduced the Brevoort. It is still, for that matter, finding its way between the covers of many books. It is particularly well described in F. Marion Crawford's "Dr. Claudius." One of the first literary celebrities who lived at the Brevoort was Edward Z. C. Judson, the Ned Buntline of dime novel fame, who made Buffalo Bill famous. He was a cousin of Curtis Judson, the Brevoort's first landlord.

The Grand, the Broadway Central, the Grenoble and the Murray Hill are four other venerable New York hostelries dating from the Gilded Age. The Grenoble, bowed by the weight of fifty-four years, is soon to come down. Its chief claim to fame is that it was there that Rudyard Kipling weathered a siege of pneumonia in 1899. The Murray Hill dates from 1884 and the Grand and Broadway Central were both opened in 1870. For many years the Grand was a rendezvous of Army officers. Its old registers bear the signatures of practically all the generals who won their spurs in the Civil and Spanish Wars and in the Indian campaigns. Young Jack Pershing used to check in often in his West Point days.

The Broadway Central has been the scene of several noteworthy episodes. It was there that the National Baseball League was organized in 1876 and there also that Edward S. Stokes, in 1872, murdered Jim Fisk, president of the Erie Railroad, in a quarrel over the affections of the fair but frail Josie Mansfield. In the early World War days a Jewish journalist named Leon Bernstein used to climb the wide stairway whereon Fisk met his death. He liked the good *kosher* meals served by Herman Trotsky in the spacious and ornate dining-room at the head of the stairs. In 1917, when news of the Russian Revolution reached New York, this Bernstein and his family took ship back to Europe. They were held up at Halifax, and there he told the British authorities that his name was Leon Trotsky. That has been his name ever since.

## V

All these outmoded hotels that have passed and are passing away have been centers of America's most colorful life and are enveloped in a mass of romantic legend. They have been, as one writer has said, "the thermometers and barometers of our national civilization," and have wielded a great influence on the manners and tastes of the country. It will be long before the memory of them fades away. They will have their modest morsel of space in the pages of history—especially the social and political history for which they have provided so much stage setting.

The great and the near-great have lived

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in all of them and haunted their corridors, banquet-rooms, lobbies and bars. Presidents and statesmen have lived and died in them and Emperors, Kings and Queens, princes and grand dukes, rajahs, and crowned heads of all sorts have received democracy's adulation at their banquet boards. Most of the great stage stars have spent their entire adult lives in hotels and the politicians have always made them their rallying and plotting grounds.

Tinsel and all, our ornate hotels symbolize and typify the spirit of America. They have been, perhaps, the most distinctively American of all our institutions, for they were nourished and brought to flower solely in American soil and borrowed practically nothing from abroad. The spotlight does not beat on them now as it once did and they are not so wondrous as they were fifty or a hundred years ago, for this is a sophisticated age of too many marvels for a mere hotel, no matter how huge and magnificent, to make anyone stand in awe. But their economic importance is greater than ever. Scattered about the country there are dozens of superdreadnought hotels of from a thousand to three thousand rooms and a host of others with five hundred rooms or more. The American Hotel Association, Mine Host's national trade organization, will tell you proudly that the hotel industry ranks ninth among America's major industries, and will quote figures to prove it. Big and little, good, bad and indifferent, there are 25,950 hotels in the country, with a total of more than 1,525,000 rooms. They have a valuation of $5,100,000,000, do an annual business of $1,350,000,000 and carry 580,000 employés on their payrolls. These figures are not the latest, and to be brought up to date would surely need revision upward, for Mine Host is still going ahead.

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# HEALED

BY HARLAN MILLER

JAKE's attack of heart trouble came as a complete surprise to his friends, and I think his family was surprised, too, though they didn't make much of a fuss about it. He was only twenty-two, and one of the huskiest Jewish boys in our town. His heart began to bother him right after the funeral of his friend Sid, and the next week he quit his good job at Dorkin's, where he was in charge of the whole store when the boss went out for lunch. Jake took a taxi home, and stayed there for more than a year.

Every week the doctor came, but he couldn't understand Jake's case, and every month or so Jake changed doctors. They all agreed something was wrong with his heart, and told him to stay home and take things easy. What puzzled him was that they couldn't agree about the disease. Some of them thought his heart beat too slowly, while others said it beat too quickly, and a few were worried about his blood pressure. This difference of opinion convinced Jake that he was the victim of a pretty serious case of heart trouble. He was not one to talk very much about his illness, and sometimes he acted as if he were a little ashamed of it. But when his friends came to see him he told them about the way his heart beat, speaking very quietly, as if he were talking about another sick person in the same room. In the morning, he said, it beat slowly, but in the afternoon it was apt to pound quite fast. Sometimes he was sure it stopped entirely, and then he sat quite still, wondering if he were going to die. He would often look queerly at his friends as he told them this, as if he were not sure they believed him.

Jake seldom mentioned the death of Sid, but gradually the impression spread among his friends that it was connected somehow with his heart trouble. Jake and Sid had grown up in the same neighborhood on the East Side, and when their fathers accumulated some money and bought houses on the West Side, they lived in the same block, near the high-school. Both of them played on the high-school football team, Sid as quarterback, with his lightning mind and small hard body, and Jake as tackle, where his rangy hundred and eighty pounds won him a place on the second all-State team. Both of them went to work downtown the week after they graduated from high-school; neither cared much about going to college. They were convinced they would be earning more money in ten years if they didn't waste the time for a liberal arts course, and meanwhile they could save a few thousand dollars and perhaps go into business for themselves.

When the war began, Sid got a crazy idea about enlisting in the Navy. He said that he couldn't stand the trenches, with the mud and rats and lice, and that it made him nervous to think about bayonets and machine-guns. Jake tried to talk him out of the idea, but without success. Jake thought the cavalry was the best bet, with plenty of action when the war loosened up a bit, and no trenches to worry about. It was no use. They enlisted on the same rainy day in April, Sid as a gob and Jake as a cavalryman. On the night before Sid left for the training-school and Jake for the camp in Kentucky they went to the movies for the last time with the gang, five or six young Jewish bachelors who were not go-



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ing steadily with any Jewish girls. They never appeared in public with *shiksahs*, as their parents called the Gentile girls they wooed quietly. After the movie they all took malted milks while the gang kidded Sid about life in the Navy and Jake about riding a horse.

When they came home from the war something was wrong with Sid's lungs. He went to Indianapolis several times to see the doctors at the Veterans' Bureau, and he saw the Congressman from the district, and finally they rated him as 75% disabled and began to pay him $90 a month. He worked one or two days a week at his brother-in-law's store, and went to the movies once a week with the gang, though now some of them were taking their *shiksahs* openly. Sid liked to wear his short blue Navy jacket on chilly nights, arguing with his mother that it wasn't cold enough for a heavy Winter coat.

Jake was a pallbearer at Sid's funeral early the next Spring. I can remember how he stood with his mouth open, looking down at Sid, who had asked that he be buried in his big yellow football sweater with the blue K on it, under the blue Navy jacket. Sid's older brother asked me to say a few words as I passed the coffin in the Altmans' big front room, crowded with relatives, because I wrote pieces for the paper and because once I had played on the same basketball team with Sid. I was caught off my guard, but I spoke out as loud as I could over the unstifled sobs and keening. I said that Sid was as much a hero as if he had been killed by a shell or a torpedo at sea—that he gave his life for his country like any American who died on a battlefield in France. Jake looked sick when the Jewish sexton put small pieces of broken chinaware over Sid's eyes, as is required by the Talmud.

All this seemed forgotten by Jake as he loafed a year away in his father's house. A big, lazy good-for-nothing, the elderly friends of the Zarakoffs called him, except a few who remembered that he was always a hard worker and saved money even while he was in the Army. Still, some of his best friends asked each other if he wasn't stalling, because he looked as husky as when he was the scrappiest guard in the city basketball league. Jake never stirred from the house except to go to the synagogue on Rosh Hashonnah and Yom Kippur, the two serious holy days. He was the only one of the younger Jews in our town who continued to say, after he grew up, that he was proud of being orthodox. Others were proud because they were intellectual Jews or wealthy Jews, and some were a little apologetic about it and became Reformed Jews or Unitarians, or Christian Scientists, or even Episcopalians. Jake's pride was due solely to the fact that he was orthodox. He had no other accomplishments.

His family came from the Ukraine directly to Indiana, and here he felt toward the natives the same good-natured superiority that a white boy whose parents had reared him in the African hinterland might feel toward the blacks. His Gentile friends were fond of him, and paid him the high compliment of saying that he wasn't like a Jew at all. He looked like a tall Arab, with his slim waist, broad shoulders, handsome beaked nose, and dark roving eyes. Jake was not really religious, and he consorted discreetly with *shiksahs*, but he went scornfully to the synagogue to show that he was proud of being a Jew. Sometimes his scorn included pudgy Jews and frail Jews. I tell all this, not because Jake's religious pride was important or exciting, but because it made the circumstances of his treatment for heart trouble the more remarkable.

## II

That Spring a traveling column of Seventh Day Adventists camped on the Chautauqua grounds north of town. Their leader was a venerable evangelist who wore a cast-off Army uniform, an orderly's belt, puttees and a long beard. He came to the newspaper office with a book of clippings recounting the miraculous cures his outfit had accomplished in other towns of the

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Corn and Hog Belt. The cynical city editor turned him over to a cynical feature writer fresh from the State university, who winked at the copy desk, interviewed him, and wrote a satirical piece. It was illustrated with "art" showing a group of spavined elders, male and female, throwing their crutches high in the air and dancing a jig. The air was filled with crutches, as the artist tried to caricature the scenes described in the clippings. The story was filled with hidden sarcasm, which the feature writer thought would show everyone plainly that all the faith healings were faked. But the caricature was too subtle and the sarcasm too well hidden, and the result was that most of the readers of the paper thought that it believed what it printed.

The next day was Thursday. I drove to the Chautauqua grounds to see what would happen. On the way I passed the Zarakoff house and there was Jake lolling in a big wicker chair on the front porch. I stopped and asked him how he was feeling, and he told me his heart was worrying him again, beating slowly and then fast. Sometimes he broke into a cold sweat. He looked at me anxiously, straight in the eye. Half of the cooks and housemaids of the town were at the evangelist's tent when I arrived, and a great many shabby old people. The evangelist was assisted by about twenty wild-eyed and disheveled persons. Most of them had come to town with him, but a few were local devotees.

They began to talk in the tongues. I could not catch a phrase in any of the seven or eight languages with which I am more or less familiar. Sometimes they all talked in the tongues at once, and then one who was especially inspired "took the break," as the musicians say, and gave a solo performance. One of the younger women was the most fluent talker. The evangelist, in introducing her, said that she knew no language except English, and that she would speak in a tongue never before heard by human ears. I listened attentively. There didn't seem to be a word of French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Norwegian, Polish or Russian in what she said. Now and then I caught a word like *yishka-poo* or *malagazoo*, or something that sounded like pig Latin, or like the words children make up, with a sort of internal rhyme often recurring.

The ones who wanted to be healed were impatient and began to crowd up to the platform. They were the types you see blocking the sidewalks in front of the ten-cent stores on Saturdays, when they emerge from their coverts in the lowlands and railroad neighborhoods. The women wore loose low-waisted dresses of cheap materials, and none of the few men wore trousers that matched their coats. On their faces sat the ravages of a malady not so much of the flesh as of intolerably meager living. You could see that they led the sort of lives to which illness brings the only drama. To each of them came an attendant, for a low-voiced consultation. Some of the patients gave them money, while the attendants patted their backs and stroked their arms. They were unaccustomed to even such dull caresses, and their faces brightened under the attention. Then they climbed upon the platform and the evangelist and his assistants began their treatment.

This treatment was a combination of prayer, massage and exhortation. Patients and ministrants milled around on the platform. The cries grew louder, the caresses and gestures more violent. Some of the attendants danced a little war dance around their patients and threw their hands high above their heads. A few of the patients were stimulated to join in the dance and began to feel better. Their example inspired those whose malady was more deeply rooted. One or two surrendered their crutches and hobbled awkwardly about, shouting hallelujahs. The crutches were carefully added to a pile at the front of the platform. And now the evangelist himself, whose exertions had been reserved for a few favored clients, circulated among the patients and pronounced them cured, cau-

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tioning them to have faith in their newfound health. They drifted away.

An idea which had been floating through my mind suddenly drove me toward the platform. The evangelist looked at me a little suspiciously. I forced my manner and my voice to be earnest and respectful.

"I have a patient for you," I said. "A young man. He suffers from a heart ailment. I think you can help him."

The evangelist's wife edged over to listen.

"We will do what we can with Jesus' help," he said.

"We can't help him unless he has faith in Jesus' ministry," said his wife.

"He is a Jew," I said. "He doesn't believe in Jesus, but I am sure you can help him. He is young and strong, but he is afraid of his heart. If you help him a little I will write in our newspaper of the miraculous cure. I will call it a miracle."

The evangelist and his wife turned aside and spoke quickly to each other.

"We will try to help him," she said. "But he must have faith."

"Deep in his heart, he will have faith," I assured them, "even if his lips deny it." They nodded. "I will bring him to the rear of the tent in an automobile at two o'clock tomorrow. You must have one of your wheel-chairs there." They nodded again. "But I must ask you one special favor. This young man is an orthodox Jew, and he is very proud of his faith. If you mention Jesus or Mary or any of the saints in your prayers for him he will be offended, and he will probably refuse to let you treat him. I ask you not to mention them. Pray only to God for his recovery." At this they first demurred, but at length they assented.

On my way home I stopped to speak to Jake, who was still sitting on his front porch. I told him of my visit to the camp of the faith healers, but did not mention my arrangement with the evangelist concerning him. We sat silently for a few minutes.

"I want you to come to the camp with with me tomorrow afternoon," I said after a time. "I will call for you at half past one."

I looked him squarely in the eyes. His face was startled. He began a word, but did not finish it. He looked at me steadily for more than a minute, as though words were useless.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll be ready."

When I helped him into my car the next afternoon his manner was casual, and we talked about the city election. As we crossed the bridge he stopped me in the middle of a sentence.

"Are you going to make me let those guys pray for me?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said.

"I won't stand for it!" he declared. "A lot of nonsense about having faith in Jesus!"

"They won't say anything about Jesus," I assured him.

"Well," he said, and stopped with that.

I don't think he ever read anything I wrote for the paper, but he had a lot of respect for anyone who wrote stuff that was printed. That is why he didn't argue with me.

He was surprised when we helped him into the wheel-chair.

"Why all the trimmings?" he demanded gruffly.

"Leave that to me," I said.

My reason for the wheel-chair was that I didn't want him walking away disgustedly in the middle of the ritual. I wanted him helpless and submissive, like a patient in a dentist's chair. While the attendants wheeled him up the inclined runway, I spoke to the evangelist and his wife.

"Don't put him in the front of the stage," I said. "And remember, don't mention Jesus, or you will spoil everything."

They agreed nervously.

The attendants placed Jake in his wheelchair near the back of the platform. Between him and the audience some of the lesser healers were at work on some of the less distinguished patients. I stood in the

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wings and looked on. The evangelist had grabbed one of Jake's hands and was rubbing his arm, praying with some restraint. His wife had Jake's other hand in one of hers and was rubbing his head with her other hand as she prayed shrilly. Apprehensively, I observed that she was mussing his black hair, which Jake prided himself on keeping well smoothed down with water and a little oil. Jake was fidgeting and looking over at me.

The prayers of the ministrants grew louder and faster. They jerked him forward in the chair and rubbed his back. They made a memorable picture, the burly Jewish ex-cavalryman in the wheel-chair, the bearded evangelist in the discarded doughboy's uniform, and his thin, excited and shiny-eyed wife, almost bald. She massaged the back of Jake's neck and unbuttoned his shirt to rub his chest above his heart. He slumped down hopelessly. The prayers became a clamorous sing-song. "Have faith!" they cried. "Faith will make you whole!" They appealed to him personally and intimately, placing their faces close to his and peering into his eyes. "You will believe, won't you?" they begged. "You will have faith and be healed?"

Suddenly my blood ran cold. In her ecstasy the woman had forgotten her promise to me. "Jesus, help this man!" she shrieked as she rubbed his chest vigorously. His shirt was unbuttoned clear down to his belt, and I could see the thick black hair on his chest. "Jesus, help this poor sinner! We are all sinners, Jesus, and we need your help! Help this man to have faith in you!" The evangelist took up the refrain. "Jesus, make this man whole! Heal his poor weak heart! Hear your poor laboring servants!"

I signaled frantically to them, and whispered hoarsely through cupped hands "Don't mention Jesus!" But they had forgotten my existence. Jake's proud aquiline nose had sunk almost to one shoulder. "Jesus, cure this poor man and add him to your flock, Jesus!" yelled the woman, burying her hand in the curls on Jake's chest.

"Damn!" I exploded, and hurried out to rescue Jake. They held on as I wheeled him to the incline. I slipped each of them a dollar bill.

"You mentioned Jesus!" I said reproachfully after we had bundled the stricken Jake into the car.

"Have faith in Jesus!" they yelled after us as we rolled away.

"Those swine!" said Jake bitterly. "Rubbing my chest and hollering about Jesus!" Neither of us said another word until we stopped in front of the Zarakoff house.

"I must take a bath right away!" said Jake. "Thanks for the buggy ride!"

## III

The next morning there was a sensation at Dorkin's store when Jake walked in at five minutes to eight and put his hat on the lowest shelf behind the counter near the front door. Gruff old Dorkin dropped the daily record of bankruptcies and foreclosures and gave Jake a big hug. His son Sol asked Jake "Are you cured?"

"Shut up!" said Jake.

They call him nowadays the roughest guard in the city basketball league. Resolved never to become one of those fat, paunchy Jews, he plays five or six games of handball almost every day, and at thirty he is not getting soft like most of the men his age in our town. All his friends point to him as an example of how a man can suffer from heart trouble and get over it. But they never mention the heart trouble in his presence. He is running around with a young woman who teaches at a Methodist Sunday-school and works at the City Hall. His parents know about it, but they are afraid to say anything to him, and anyhow, they think it's time he was getting married and settling down.

Jake and I have an unspoken gentleman's agreement never to mention what happened at the faith healers' camp. I wouldn't for worlds run the risk of forcing him into a relapse.

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# THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

## Hygiene

### THE MIDDLE-AGED AT PLAY

By John B. Hawes, 2nd.

Dr. George L. Walton, an eminent neurologist, in his otherwise excellent book, "Why Worry," says that every American adult would be benefited by a two-mile walk in the open air every day. Unfortunately, I find myself unable to agree with this. While walking, in its place, is undoubtedly an excellent exercise (although, in my opinion, it is, by itself, an insufferably dull one), what the majority of us middle-aged folk need is plenty of rest, with exercise only in moderation. Not many instances occur to me as I write in which too little exercise has resulted disastrously, but there are many in which tragic consequences have followed overexertion in middle age.

In the first place, what is middle age? Is it a fixed season in one's life governed purely by the passage of years, or is it, to a certain extent at least, a variable quantity? A few days ago I went out to a hospital to see a patient and in reading the records written by a young interne was amused but none the less jarred to note that the patient was described as "a gray-haired old man of 51." As this happens to be exactly my own age, although as yet I have no gray hairs, I was naturally annoyed to learn that according to the interne's standards I was well past my prime. Every time I read one of Mr. Oppenheim's stories (of which I have read about all) I find myself irritated by his description of the hero, which is apt to be somewhat as follows: "A tall, well-set up man, . . . but whose iron-gray hair and general appearance showed him to be well past middle age." Then, later on, I read that this "well past middle-aged" man, almost approaching senility, is forty-five.

On the other hand, fortunately for one's peace of mind, one often sees this from a different angle. Some years ago I belonged to a hunting and fishing club in the Province of Quebec, many of whose members were men prominent in business and financial affairs in New York City. What impressed me particularly about these men was their age. The president of the club, active, vigorous, and affectionately known as Commodore, was eighty; the middle-aged group varied from sixty to sixty-five while I, then still in the thirties, was a mere infant. So the term middle-aged, I am thankful to say, is a most elastic one. Undoubtedly, the college freshmen of today look upon their fathers, most of whom are from forty-five to fifty years old, as distinctly more than middle-aged, whereas, we, the aforesaid fathers, will refuse to admit that we are even approaching that period of life until we get to be fifty-five to sixty at least. But granted that we men and women who are from forty-five to fifty-five must classify ourselves as middle-aged as far as the number of our years is concerned, how can we best keep fit, young and active, mentally and physically, and postpone as long as possible that period described by Emerson as "innocuous desuetude," which sooner or later is bound to come?

One thing is definite and certain. Keeping young at fifty does not mean doing the things we used to rejoice in doing at thirty. This cannot be too strongly emphasized. Years ago, while a member of the hunting and fishing club referred to above, I rejoiced in carrying on my shoulders my canoe or my pack, each weighing seventy-five or a hundred pounds. Today this heavy work is shifted to younger shoulders. Twenty years ago, handball, perhaps the



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most strenuous of indoor games, was a joy and delight to me, but now this and even squash racquets, a much easier sport, are relegated to the past. I well remember playing squash with a friend of mine whom, thanks to an annoying but helpful ambidexterity on my part, I could defeat fairly easily. At the end of each game, after working extremely hard, he would beg for a few minutes to get his breath and would then resume the contest at full speed. I tried, but to no avail, to persuade him to go at a slower pace. It was no use telling him that squash was a means to an end and not an end in itself. A few years later he died suddenly of a heart attack. Perhaps he would have done so anyway but I always felt that at his age—forty-five or so—he worked far harder at this game than was safe and did himself harm rather than good by such violent exercise.

Doubtless, hundreds if not thousands of apparently perfectly healthy men in this country at the ages of forty-five or fifty are playing vigorous squash racquets and tennis. But either they have the time to get into good training and to keep so or they have that rare temperament which permits them to play easily and not to mind it if they are beaten. The chances are very great that a good many of them are well *in spite of* and not because of such vigorous exercise. Most Americans cannot play any game easily; they object decidedly to being beaten at any sport. Such persons, of whom I am certainly one, should leave squash racquets and such sports alone after their fortieth year and certainly after their forty-fifth.

What about tennis? I see no reason why tennis doubles should not be played at almost any age—but every reason why strenuous singles should be foresworn by the majority of us after forty. "But," will say countless objectors, "in England they play tennis at any time and up to any age—witness Viscount Grey." Remember, however, that our climate, at least that of the North, is not as relaxing as that of England, but on the contrary, bracing and stimulating, and that our temperament is radically different from that of our English cousins, and that somehow—and this is of vital importance—the English seem to be able to take more time off for relaxation and exercise and so are able to keep in good physical training as they approach fifty to a far greater extent that we in America. At a recent medical meeting in Virginia I watched with interest and not without some misgiving two eminent physicians who were nearing their sixtieth year play two to three hard sets of tennis singles on a very hot day. Apparently it did them no harm, but nevertheless, knowing what hard workers and how busy these men were, I considered it a dangerous thing to do. Doubles at tennis is a far different game and in moderation involves no risk. But for the *average* American of forty-five or over with the average amount of time off, tennis singles, along with handball and squash, might well be placed upon the black list. I have already in my own limited experience seen one man drop dead on the handball court at the age of fifty-three and two others of about the same age so injure their hearts at squash that their careers were practically ended. Such quite unnecessary tragedies as these ought not to take place.

Now what about golf? Are all golfers more or less insane, as one eminent literary critic recently suggested to me, or is golf, played judiciously, in proper amounts and at proper intervals, about the best means at our disposal to repair the damage constantly being done to our human machines by the wear and tear of life? I am rather inclined to this latter opinion, but as a somewhat ardent golfer, I am naturally prejudiced on the subject. At all events, we will all acknowledge that the possibilities for doing oneself physical harm in golf, as compared with handball, squash and tennis, are almost if not quite negligible. I must admit, however, that a few years ago I broke a rib while hitting a golf ball enthusiastically but not well, and that at present I am again on the shelf as far as golf is concerned because something gave way

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in my back a week ago while I was simply bending over to pick up my ball! And now Dr. Evans in one of his up-to-the-minute health talks in the Boston *Herald*, commenting on an article by Dr. Horace Gray of Chicago on back strain caused by golf, suggests that all middle-aged golfers have their backs *x*-rayed before being allowed on the links! But the game of golf should not be blamed for all this.

But remember that even in golf, with its comparatively mild exercise, one must use common sense. A round of eighteen holes on a course of average length means a walk of approximately four miles, a good deal of which, at least in the North, is uphill; it means about seventy-five strokes more or less with the wooden clubs and longer irons, in which a good deal of muscular force is used; and it means bending over and straightening up again two hundred times or more. Compare this with the daily dozen or any other form of matutinal setting-up exercise! All middle-aged golfers might well think over some of these things before trying to play thirty-six holes on a hot Summer day. Some years ago I was playing on a very long, hilly and difficult New England course. I noticed, at first without interest and then with concern, a member of a foursome ahead of me, a man in the late fifties and much overweight, who was manifestly finding it extremely hard work to make the grade. Late that night I was called to his hotel, where I found him dying. And yet here again it is not fair to blame the game of golf. It was lack of common sense, and nothing else, that led to this man's death.

How much golf should the average middle-aged American play? This is a question that it is absolutely impossible to answer in any definite way nor for which any set of rules can be laid down. But at least certain general directions and suggestions can be given. In the first place, are you a good golfer with an average score below 90 or a dub at the game, taking 100 to 120 strokes for eighteen holes? It is evident that the man who has a smooth, rhythmic, well-grooved swing that carries him around the course in 75 to 85 strokes is using vastly less energy than the one who lunges ineffectually at the ball 100 times or more.

Again, weather conditions should be taken into consideration. I have seen an older friend of mine, once a famous athlete, play thirty-six holes or more on a boiling July day, whereas I, ten years his junior and active and strong, would not have dreamed of attempting it. And I have seen this same man break down under the strain and spend a year watching other people play golf, all of which was quite unnecessary.

A third factor is one which enters not only into golf but is also a vital one in any other sport at middle age. How often can you play, and how much time and desire have you to get into good physical condition and to keep so for this particular game? For the average hard-working business or professional man who can play only on Saturdays and Sundays eighteen holes at one time is surely enough. If he is so fortunate as to be able to take more time off than this, so that he is in thoroughly good physical condition, I see no way in which thirty-six holes in one day can do harm. Of course, in the early Spring and in the Autumn golf is far easier and uses up vastly less energy than in sizzling hot July and August days. Likewise, it makes a vast difference in the amount of energy expended if you remember that almost never is there any hurry in golf; that the ball will remain where it is hit and will not run away, and that the benches provided by almost all courses on the teeing grounds are meant to be sat on and not placed there purely for looks.

As a general rule, with the exceptions noted above, golf is an almost ideal form of exercise and relaxation for those of us who, however unwillingly, must call ourselves middle-aged. It has the great advantage, along with riding and certain forms of fishing and hunting, that it can be continued up to almost any age. Mr. Rockefeller and

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countless other octogenarians bear witness to this. The late Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck, formerly the much-loved professor of medicine at the Harvard Medical School, who recently died at the age of eighty-four, played his nine or eighteen holes regularly almost every day up to his last illness.

Other sports and games need only brief mention. Single-shell rowing, a wonderful form of exercise, is too uncommon in this country to need comment. A friend of mine over sixty tells me that during the Summer he rows in a wherry—a broad and heavy single shell—six to eight miles four or five times a week. Knowing his temperament and make-up, I do not see how he can do himself any physical harm, but I do feel that he must get frightfully bored while doing it. Such exercise as this is very easily overdone. Fishing, especially fly-fishing as carried on by the dry-fly purists of my acquaintance who haunt New England brooks and streams from April to August, is a wonderful sport and can do only good to both young and old. Hunting for birds over a dog is apt to be exceedingly strenuous and should be indulged in only with due regard to one's condition. Hunting for bigger game—deer and moose—can be hard or easy as one chooses. The satisfaction and deep content of being alone in the woods with a rifle, field glasses and a book makes it doubly worth while. From the physical point of view it should do only good if taken in moderate doses, and, like golf, it can be kept up to almost any age. Horseback riding is an ideal form of outdoor exercise, though to my mind a lonely one. Riding to hounds is a different matter and of course should not be taken up in middle life without long and careful preparation and training.

During our Northern Winters, snowshoeing, skiing and skating are gaining in popularity and deservedly so. The only dangers I can see for mid lle-aged folks lie in the so-called house parties, now so popular in New England over Christmas and Washington's Birthday, when men and women of mature years, carried away by the tonic of mountain scenery and cold, snappy air, are apt to do far more in the way of gruelling exercise than is good for them. And yet I can recall no instance of any bad effect from such a cause. Curling is likewise becoming increasingly popular and deservedly so. In this country it is played in covered indoor rinks. It is the only game I know of where age and skill go hand in hand. The game is along the lines of a glorified shuffleboard and consists in sliding on the ice of a 90-foot alley granite stones weighing 38–40 lbs. After getting the knack of it, strange as it may seem, there is little or no strain in doing this. Exercise, and as much as you wish, is obtained in running alongside of the stone as it goes along the ice, and in sweeping vigorously or not in front of it as the skip or captain of your team directs. In curling one can take as much or as little exercise as one wishes. Likewise, it is one of the most sociable of games. Its great handicap is the comparatively small number of rinks that are as yet available in this country.

There are doubtless many other sports and exercises that might be mentioned. So-called conditioning classes, gymnasium and Y.M.C.A. groups for busy professional and business men are extremely common. Their advantage is that you are paying money and are apt to take your exercise regularly in order to get your money's worth. The manifest danger is that the trainer or instructor, himself naturally in the pink of condition, does not always realize that his pupils are not so too, and is thus apt to overdo the hard and strenuous work, while to a great extent the social aspect of the exercise is entirely absent. I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of this. Although it is difficult to explain it on any physiological basis, the fact remains that whether the exercise we take gives us the real amount of benefit that it should depends to a large extent on the "kick" we get out of it.

When I first had a farm as a Summer place, I enjoyed immensely working in the garden, pruning my fruit trees and picking

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the apples. As the novelty wore off, I no longer enjoyed the work so much, and I know that I received correspondingly less benefit from it. This is the trouble with daily dozens and other setting-up exercises. There is not any fun in doing them. At the present time, at the urgent behest of my doctor, I am doing certain exercises night and morning which bore me exceedingly. But I am doing them and intend to keep on with them because the aforesaid doctor has persuaded me that by so doing them I will avoid a certain painful and crippling malady in my back, which twice before has laid me low. Without such a motive as this, I am sure I would not continue these exercises more than a week or so. I have the greatest respect and admiration for the few among my friends who year in and year out continue their morning exercises, but I don't see that they are any healthier or fitter than I am.

There is no sport, game or form of exercise that I have mentioned or have not mentioned which cannot do harm if pursued immoderately. Common sense is essential in this as in everything else. Above all, every man or woman approaching middle age should have clear and definite information concerning the condition of his or her bodily machinery. Admit it or not as you will, by the time the fortieth year is passed the processes of degeneration in the body are exceeding those of regeneration. It is practically impossible for anyone to reach middle age without developing a weak point somewhere. The lucky ones, or rather, the wise, are those who by means of regular yearly physical examinations by a thorough and interested physician who knows the individual he is dealing with and his tendencies and habits have found out their weak points and know what they must do in order to remedy and safeguard them and what they can do in the way of exercise and play with safety.

Such annual health examinations are best done by one's own family physician. There is, or at least there certainly should be, a deep and intimate personal relationship between doctor and patient if such examinations and the advice based upon them are to be effective. So-called health institutes and similar forms of medical mass production cannot possibly replace a careful examination by a man who is not only your physician but your friend. It is those who have this knowledge who, at fifty and far beyond fifty, can take up and continue almost any sport and recreation with assurance that it will do them only good. These are the ones who will be healthy and efficient, not only at middle age but in old age as well.

## Physiology

### THE NEWBORN

By I. Newton Kugelmass

Birth is a metamorphosis which changes the child from a parasite to a being which becomes individualized and lives by itself. It involves the most profound changes ever encountered in life. The infant suddenly loses the appendage by means of which its life has been hitherto maintained —the placenta, which has breathed, digested, and excreted for it during its uterine development. Suddenly it is called upon to live for itself. It is the first experience requiring the complete correlation of function of all the organs. It involves the most drastic alterations—and yet it reveals no distinct developmental transmutation. The metabolic mechanisms remain the same, though there is a mechanical difference in the method of obtaining nutrients, including oxygen and radiant energy. The newborn is still dependent upon its mother. She continues in the relation of a nurse to it, though the nutrients derived from her blood are now secreted by her breasts. But the child's external environment presents many difficulties. The ideal intrauterine medium, invariable in temperature and pressure, has given way to an hetero-

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geneous environment to which many individuals can never adjust themselves.

The cause of the first breath, the transition from apnea to respiratory activity, has been a source of speculation for centuries. Shakespeare makes Lear say satirically,

> When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools.

Legallois, in 1812, initiated the scientific approach to the problem with his discovery of the respiratory center in the medulla oblongata. Since then it has been demonstrated that the fetal respiratory center becomes more irritable in the latter months of pregnancy as a result of the increased venosity of the blood: there is more carbon dioxide and less oxygen. During labor the center is irritated by cutaneous stimuli and respiration finally begins. As a result of the first breath there is an immediate switch from fetal parasitism to an independent circulation.

The child's heart is relatively larger in size than that of the adult. It has great advantages over the heart of all other ages. The rapid increase in muscle mass gives to the whole vascular system a resistance to functional disturbances that is unparalleled at any other age. But this reserve cardiac strength is primarily devoted to maintaining a most active circulation. No less than 380 cubic centimeters of blood pass through every unit weight of the newborn, as compared to 205 cubic centimeters passing through that of an adult. As a result of the heart structure, the child's circulatory apparatus is characterized by a diminished blood pressure, a rapid circulation, and a rapid pulse.

The blood of the first days of life is very rich in hemoglobin and red cells. Part of this abundance is due to intra-uterine stimulation as a result of oxygen want and part is due to the loss of fluid for a week after birth. The blood of the infant is ever in the making, sensitive to external stimuli and unstable for the first two years. But the initial adjustment to an environment rich in oxygen involves a diminution in the red cell content, and that commonly produces a yellow discoloration of the skin. This jaundice of the newborn appears several days after birth, and persists for a few days without affecting its well-being. It is a physiologic condition due to passing from an environment requiring the presence of a large concentration of red cells for the necessary oxygenation to one in which no such extraordinary supply is needed. Jaundice is present in all infants after birth, its visibility being only a matter of degree. The fetus lives in a condition of continual oxygen want, resulting in an increased production of red cells. After birth this lack of oxygen no longer exists, and the excess of red cells is destroyed; hence the jaundice.

The respiratory apparatus in the newborn is distinctive and remains so throughout infancy. The thorax, with its high arch and its lesser length, is always in the phase of almost extreme inspiration, the ribs forming nearly a right angle with the vertebral column. As a result, the breathing is almost entirely abdominal or diaphragmatic. To compensate for its shallowness, its frequency is increased. As the baby grows older and is not continuously recumbent, the upright position causes a gradual change in the form of the chest and this makes thoracic breathing possible. The weight of the abdominal organs and the gradual angulation of the ribs produce ultimately a mixed type of breathing, thoracic and diaphragmatic, with increased volume of respiration and reduced frequency of rhythm. During the first months of life the respiratory rhythm is not always regular. The differences dependent on sex—the thoracic type of the female and the abdominal type of the male—do not make their appearance until the tenth year.

The average weight of healthy newborns is 7½ pounds for boys and a trifle less for girls. Great variations are possible under entirely normal conditions. Babies of the yellow and black races are smaller than those of the white race, and even among the whites there are national differences.

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The size of the newborn is also dependent upon the size of the parents, and the offspring of parents of contrasting size is more likely to be characterized by the stature of the father. The children of mothers who have been pregnant before are usually larger than those of primiparæ. Very early pregnancies usually produce smaller babies. The fetus increases in size with the age of the mother, provided her health is normal. Her illness always tends to produce a smaller infant. During the first few days all the newborns show a physiologic loss of weight, amounting to several ounces. This is due to the output of large quantities of fluid as a result of the initial environmental stimulus, an increase in metabolism, and the restricted food intake. But it is regained in a week, and after that continuous gain is made from day to day unless there be some disturbance in development. The birth weight doubles by the fifth month and trebles by the end of the first year.

The body of the infant is not simply that of a miniature adult. Its skeleton as well as all of its organs differs in functional activity from the corresponding parts of adults. In the first place, there is a larger proportion of cartilage and fibrous tissue in the infant's skeleton and the younger the child the greater is that proportion. In fact, the degree of ossification of the bones offers a reliable index of the physiological age of the child. It is this preponderance of cartilage that gives to the child's bones that comparable softness which renders them liable to deformity when subjected to abnormal pressure. The heads of newborns often show unusual shapes, produced by pressure in the birth canal. Even the spine is so flexible that it may easily be twisted in any direction. Its ossification begins at the second and ends at the seventh year. In rickets, where the softness of the bones is particularly marked, the limbs often become bent under the weight of the body, giving rise to bow-legs and other deformities. Similarly, wrong postures imposed on infants lead to spinal curvature.

The skull bones of the newborn are loosely connected by membranes—the so-called fontanelles. This lability allows for the necessary moulding of the head during birth. Brain growth determines the ultimate size of the skull. The child's bones contain more and more calcium phosphate and carbonate with age, but the two salts always stand in the ratio of 8.5 to 1.5. This relation is determined by the degree of insolubility of these substances; both come from the blood, from which all the materials of bone are precipitated. In rickets the fundamental difficulty is a much slower than normal rate of precipitation. The function of all antirachitic agents is essentially to accelerate the rate. To allow for skeletal synthesis a child's bones are more vascular than an adult's and so they are more disposed to infections.

Teething has always been of great interest to both parents and physicians. For hundreds of years it was believed that nearly all the diseases of infancy might be ascribed to it. This theory led to much useless interference, along with a gross disregard of actual disease present. The cutting of the teeth was erroneously considered a mechanical process, and this led to complete overlooking of the coincident growth of the jaw. Today we know that marked and rapid changes take place shortly after birth, and that parallel with the development of the dental germ there is an enlargement of the jaw and a gradual resorption of the tissue lying above and beside the growing tooth. This, curiously enough, is true not only during the later stages of development, when the tooth has become hard, but also in the earlier months, when the tooth is but a soft sac exerting only slight pressure. The erupting tooth does not rupture the alveolus any more than the growing bone ruptures the articular cartilage covering it. It is rather a process of spreading of the alveolus for the tooth, opening a passage for it under the gum. The soft gum tissue then forms its only barrier and is overcome in a similar manner by the gradual resorption of the

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soft parts—without real pain, even in a nervous child.

The brain of the newborn is massive—1 to 8 of the body weight as compared to 1 to 40 in the adult. Man brings with him into the world a thinking machine of large scale, but it is unfinished internally. It is not hollow but consists of inert tissue that is gradually replaced by specific nerve tissue—ganglion cells and nerve fibers. Thus growth involves the gradual transition of the simple forms of embryonic tissue to the higher differentiations of the adult.

The brain at birth is one-third the weight of an adult brain, and the spinal cord about one-seventh, whereas the body as a whole increases twenty-fold in weight between birth and maturity. Two-thirds of the post-natal growth in brain takes place in the first eighteen months and 90% is accomplished in six years. It does not mature at a uniform rate; the neurones which preside over the most fundamental reflexes—circulation, digestion, respiration, sucking—take the lead. The cerebral cortex, presiding over the higher forms of behavior, is rather late in developing.

The instinctive equipment of the newborn is more advanced than used to be thought. During the first few minutes of life, one may observe sneezing, yawning, tears, sucking at a nipple, fixation of the eyes on light, jumping to loud sounds, putting the thumb into the mouth, grasping, crying, following a moving hand with the eyes, and anger—justifying Kant's statement that the cry of a newborn has not the tone of lamentation but of wrath. Diversified activity is apparent from the first moment of birth. Growth is proceeding at a rate greater than at any other period of life. Gradually the infant is socially conditioned. A personality is in the making.

The state of nutrition of the newborn depends on the mother. During prenatal life growth goes on at a rate never equalled after birth. The profound effect of the mother's diet is now an established fact. Women in the Philippines suffering from beriberi from lack of vitamin B abort 80% of their pregnancies. The normal baby of a well-nourished mother is never a nutritional problem. Nature provides ideal nourishment in the secretion of the mammary glands, which, in response to the sucking of the child, yield nutriment proportional to the demand. The vigorous infant assures its own supply by working hard for his food, while the delicate one may get an insufficient amount of milk.

Breast milk fulfills all the requirements for growth during the first few months of life. It contains an abundance of nutrients and vitamins to make good the wear and tear of the body as well as for the formation of new tissues. All the constituents necessary for the composition of milk are available in the mother's tissues, but the vitamin content depends upon the specific intake in her daily diet. A comparison of the milks of various animals shows that the more rapid the growth of the young the higher is the protein and salt content in the mother's milk. Human milk contains less inorganic constituents than cow's milk, and the iron required in infancy is derived from the infant's liver reserve, obtained from the mother the last three months of fetal life. This store of iron is exhausted by the fifth month of life, and hence prolonged breast feeding is likely to cause anemia.

Ehrlich was the first to show that antibodies in the mother's blood are transferred to the newborn directly and through the milk. He showed that resistance to poisons could be transmitted to the offspring from an immune mother, but not from an immune father. He showed that if the child of an immune mother were nursed by a non-immune, it lost its immunity in about a month; whereas if the young of a non-immune were nursed by an immune mother it acquired immunity. Thus it is evident that immunity may be transferred both to the fetus *in utero* and to the nursing offspring by the milk. But it is only a transient immunity. It lasts perhaps six months.

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# A TOWN IN EASTERN OREGON

BY H. L. DAVIS

The early settlements in Oregon have had enough books written about them to patch the Oregon Trail its full length. Some of them are first-class reading; many are feeble-minded puling; but nearly all of them make, either explicitly or by implication, the mistake of crediting the whole keel-work of Pacific Coast civilization—such as it is—to the pioneers who crossed the plains to farm.

Such an injustice needs to be corrected. For one thing, farming lacked a great deal of being the pioneers' fundamental lust. It was, in general, their trade, but only in the most hopeless simpletons did it amount to an ambition. The true explanation would do the early settlers more credit, and would reveal, no doubt, a connection with the propaganda of Senator Thomas H. Benton, who was far-sighted enough to see the West as the gateway to the Orient, and to arrange that, if it came to a plebiscite on sovereignty, the United States should count enough heads to win it. There were, of course, other and deeper motives. The pioneers were not fools. Indeed, they averaged higher than any men the West is ever likely to see again, and to circulate the impression that they were a set of simple-minded, big-hearted goofs is to plaster them with an insult which they do not deserve. It is wrong, also, to give them credit for a structure on which other men did part of the work. In Western Oregon, the French-Canadians of the Hudson's Bay Company had laid down settlements before any of the emigrations started. The pioneers, when they did come, merely took up the job where the *voyageurs* had called it a day.

In Eastern Oregon, they did even less. The country was wild, arid, lonesome as death, and swarming with strong, hostile tribes of Indians. More, it was 200 miles inland, and what the emigrants wanted was the gateway to the Orient, which lay along the coast. They went through the sagebrush without stopping. Civilization came to Eastern Oregon, not by farms, but by the institution of the town.

Towns jibed with the country. Even the Indians preferred to gang together in villages, and one of their *wickiyup* communities, in the gorge of the middle Columbia, has existed longer than any white man's town in America. Not even Saint Augustine or Santa Fé is older. The inhabitants look it. There are old Indians in it who appear to be not a day less than a hundred and twenty years old; and there are smells that can't possibly have started later than five centuries ago. Both smells and centenarians could, no doubt, be done away with by the use of chloride of lime, carbolic soap, and kicks in the trousers. But the Indians haven't the ideal of betterment. To them, both stinks and dotards mean something more valuable than a shiny outside: to wit, permanence and stability. They prefer to let things alone. That is why they have become a subject race. Ideals would probably have saved them, as they have so often saved the town of Gros Ventre.

Gros Ventre is a town on the south bank of the Columbia river, at the foot of the middle rapids, where the deep cliffs of the river-gorge break southward into low, pleasant hills. The amount of devilment and cussedness that its citizens have suc-



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ceeded in whipping out of its corporate limits since it was founded would line Hell a hundred miles. From 1835 down to the present, it has been one long war for righteousness, and in that war the winning of a victory has meant only the opening of an offensive against something else. Just now, the fight is against allowing youths under twenty-one to play pool.

They will win that, as, of course, they ought to. Not that they have always won. The betterment campaign of 1835, which they undertook before they had learned to measure their meat, ended in defeat, because the job was too much for them. It would have been too much for anybody, for it was no less than the conversion of the Indians to Methodism.

The missionaries themselves were not to blame. It is true that they banked a good deal on journalistic veracity, but worldlier men than Methodist missionaries have fallen for sob-stuff about the Land of Opportunity, even in our own time, and in less reliable journals than the *Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald*, where, in the issue of March 1, 1833, an artist signing himself G. P. D. honed his quill and let himself go upon the subject of the Flathead Indians, who, he alleged, yearned for religious instruction.

They were so desperate for a dose of the true doctrine, he proceeded, that it was pitiful, and almost an impediment to travel. A delegation of them had even hiked all the way from Oregon to St. Louis to try to find a preacher who would expound the divine mysteries unto them. The worst of it was, they failed to locate one. To anybody who has ever trusted an Indian with an errand in town, that part of the yarn is entirely convincing. But the readers of *Zion's Herald* did not stop there: they swallowed the whole thing, and, in three weeks after the story came out, the Methodist Mission Board had begun to investigate where the Flathead Indians lived, and to receive applications from clergymen anxious to go there. In 1835, the Gros Ventre Mission opened for business, and found that there wasn't any. Indians there were in plenty, but their thirst after the Gospel had been all in the eloquent G. P. D.'s head. They did not hanker to be freed from "the chains of error and superstition." They did not want a preacher, or any number of preachers, and the assurance that they would go to Hell when they died made them laugh.

The Gros Ventre missionary was a good sport. He looked over the flock which he had been appointed to lure into the fold, and decided that, after all, if they didn't want salvation, they probably weren't worth it. He was ahead of his time, and he was also out of step with the tradition of improvement which Gros Ventre later took up and stuck to. The other missions which went into Eastern Oregon at the same time took their disappointment harder. At Lewiston and at Waiilatpu, where the savages showed equal obstinacy in running behind the dope-sheet, the two emissaries of Christianity went so far as to beat the Everlasting Mercy into their unwilling disciples with a cowhide. The disciples stood it as long as they could, and then hit back. They killed all the white men—there were fourteen of them—at Waiilatpu, and carried off fifty-three women and children as prisoners.

The avaricious and unchristian Hudson's Bay Company ransomed them, rescued the whites at other threatened missions, and managed to cool the Siwashes down; it is not unlikely that a fresh missionary would have been able to take up the work in perfect safety. But the divines of the Mission Board had been scared, and it was they who were putting up the money. They now called in all their men from all the missions, Gros Ventre included, and put Eastern Oregon on their blacklist as an apostolic field. When they next appeared in Gros Ventre, it was not to call souls to repentance, but to bring suit for damages against the United States War Department for putting a fort on part of their abandoned mission.

They got judgment for $24,000, for, even

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without them, the town had got over its setback, and was headed once more down the pathway to perfection. The pioneers were coming through, the government had garrisoned Gros Ventre to guard them out of Eastern Oregon, and with the soldiers came a class of men who were to bring to success the job at which the missionaries had failed; merchants, traffickers and money-changers, peddling at the heels of the army, were started at their task of boosting Gros Ventre to its final eminence in civilization.

## II

The War Department, in garrisoning Gros Ventre, did only what diplomacy and strategy made compulsory. The Indians, who had taken nearly ten years to work themselves up to killing the strong-armed missionaries at Waiilatpu, had passed from the control of the Hudson's Bay Company to that of the Indian Bureau, and the change made them nasty. The district Indian agent was an ex-clergyman who, it appeared, still believed the unlucky piece in *Zion's Herald*, and so set out to provide the simple savages with a decalogue, a set of ethics, and the proper machinery of enforcement. The Hudson's Bay Company men had controlled the tribes by playing sub-chiefs one against the other. The new Indian agent got rid of all the sub-chiefs, who now spent all their time talking instead of making their tribes live up to his new code of laws, and, in their place, furnished each tribe with a despot, who, he figured, would get action.

Action was what he almost immediately got. A chief strong enough to keep his subjects out of mischief was also strong enough to force them into it, and all the new appointees took their men out to hunt for trouble. They shot up and butchered small emigrant trains, raided prospectors' camps, and even talked of crossing the Cascades to loot the Western settlements and run all the whites into the ocean. They needed, perhaps, to be well thrashed; but, for that, there were not men enough. The best the War Department could do was to garrison a point which commanded the Cascade passes and the emigrant trail to the East, and the deserted mission at Gros Ventre filled the bill. With a fort and two companies of infantry, the town once more loped forth upon its career of lofty destiny.

The soldiers, however, turned out to be the least important ingredient of the place. They were, of course, a kind of assurance that the Waiilatpu episode would not be repeated; but, beyond merely sitting around and looking ugly, they contributed nothing to the life of the municipality. The real civic bonanza lay in the camp-followers who had tagged into Gros Ventre with them—sutlers, peddlers, card-slickers and horse-holders, who, setting up their counters and chuck-a-luck tables as usual, found themselves distinguished and looked up to as propertied men. Not by the military, of course, but by the emigrants, to whom the sight of established business was like a piece of home in a country where everything else was against them. Gros Ventre became an emigrant rest-station, where they fattened their teams, patched their harness, boiled their bedding, and nerved themselves for the last lap of their trip across the Cascade mountains. It was a tough and dangerous road, and they regarded the Gros Ventre men, who didn't have to travel it, much as a hobo regards the proprietor of an eating-house.

It is not of record how much time it took for the ex-sutlers to get over their modesty and decide that the emigrants were right. It can't have taken long, however, for they next appear in history as signers of a petition to the War Department, asking that the soldiers be sent out to whip the Indians. As customers, the boys in blue had lost their standing. What was wanted now was not their trade, but their services. Why didn't they get out and do something? Why, instead of lying around a comfortable fort, stuffing themselves with government grub, didn't they go out and prune a horn or two on the Siwashes? How could

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a town ever hope to amount to anything with hostiles yanking off scalps practically at the city limits?

It was the spirit of Community Betterment speaking, for the first time in its own voice. Perhaps they were not yet conscious of an ideal. It was enough for them that there were other towns where a man could run a business and bring up a wife and children without the risk of having them tomahawked, and they wanted their town to be the same. The Army officers, however, lacked sympathy. They alleged that the Indians would mind their own business if the whites let them alone, and that, if they wanted to have wives and children, they had better go somewhere besides a frontier post to do it. The merchants' legitimate business dealings with the Siwashes were rudely termed swindling; they were always getting themselves into a private war, and then expecting the Army to finish it for them. This time they would get fooled.

The merchants took no notice of these ignoble charges. Instead, they went back upon Washington again, to get the department commander thrown out of his job. The whole campaign, up to the time hostilities actually began, lasted almost fifteen years, and even then the new commander, though he fought the Indians willingly enough, didn't tie into them to suit the citizens' notions. He wanted merely to thrash them into good behavior. The business men cared nothing about their behavior, good or bad, but wanted them exterminated. There were controversies about that, and a particularly vicious one about the regulars' objection to killing Indian women; but, in the end, idealism prevailed over squeamishness, the single standard of redskin-slaughter was enforced, and the hostile tribes were thrashed into helpless, starving mobs, and shipped off to distant reservations to die of homesickness. Except strays, and a few inoffensive fish-eating colonies along the Columbia, no Indians remained. Gros Ventre had made its first Civic Improvement.

The one flaw in the triumph was that the pacification had gone farther than it needed to. The army had whipped the Indians from Gros Ventre, which was all right; but they had whipped them out of all the rest of Eastern Oregon, too, and that was not so good. The town's chief value had been as a refuge, and now there was nothing to take refuge from. Travel fell off. Since one road was as safe as another, the settlers took the Southern line, which was the least rutted. Gros Ventre lost out. Bad luck bred its like, for, on top of this, the soldiers packed up and left for good, under orders for a less peaceful section of country. It was a tough Winter in Gros Ventre without them; but the tide was on the turn, and those who stuck and starved it through came in for their reward. For the settlers took the Eastern Oregon country almost at a grab; and the sternwheel steamboats of the Columbia began to unload for the freight-roads at Gros Ventre.

## III

Neither the steamboat men nor the long-line freighters picked Gros Ventre for an unloading-point out of benevolence. The steamboats could get no farther up the Columbia, on account of the unnavigable rapids; and the low-sloping hills behind the town were the only ground for miles where one could take a freight-wagon from the high country to the beach, except by lowering it over a cliff. At the head of navigation, commanding all the roads south and east, Gros Ventre was the commissariat for a country as big as the German Empire, and a whole lot livelier. Its population had been under 500; the steamboat hands alone numbered 2000, and the freighters, horse-handlers and roustabouts came to half as many again.

The town had not been organized to handle such a mob. Not, perhaps, that its citizens wouldn't have been glad enough to try, but they didn't get a chance to. A report that a town has turned good is like news of a gold-strike. Men came crowding

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into Gros Ventre to cash in, and the town built back over the hills so rapidly that a string of freighters, returning from the southeastern sheep country, wandered for two days among the new houses trying to find the way downtown.

It would seem natural if the old established citizens of the town had hated the new arrivals who came to claim a share in prey that was none of their killing. But not at all. Instead of opposing each other, they settled down as friendly as buzzards on a strychnined cow, to work on the freighters and rivermen. From that common bond they worked down to one more fundamental, namely, improving the social tone of Gros Ventre.

The freighters were the biggest drawback. For one thing, they charged high for their freight, and hauled slow, which hindered business with outside communities. What was more serious, they were a mob of rough, ill-mannered savages, almost as injurious to a City of Homes as the Indians had been, and far harder to deal with. The most respectable citizens were not safe from insult around them. They got drunk, picked fights, staged runaways down the main business street, shot off guns, broke windows, and, on one occasion, threw lighted kerosene lamps at each other and burned down half the town. One skinner had paralyzed church-goers by parading the street on the Sabbath morning with nothing on but a red flannel undershirt. No city could hold up its head while such persons infested it, and Gros Ventre was determined that, whatever else happened, its head should be full high advanced. The citizens chipped in, helped by the interior country, on subsidies to lure railroads to their city, and got two main lines and eight branches.

The main lines were, in all likelihood, inevitable, though two of them were more than they had any use for. Gros Ventre was so located that no east and west railroad line could miss it without wasting a fortune on grading and bridging. But the branches were something extra, which the citizens had angled for with all their art. It didn't seem possible that they could pick any other terminus than Gros Ventre. The freight roads hadn't, and a team could pull a harder grade than a train. Yet, when the steel went down, Gros Ventre was not the terminus of a single one of the entire eight. The people had trusted too much to their natural advantages, and they had been let down.

In one thing, at least, they had succeeded. They were rid of the freighters, for good and all. Yet, without them, business appeared to have fallen into slack times. The money wasn't coming in the way it used to. The trouble, they decided, was in their not having improved things enough. There were natural resources which needed to be worked over, and the citizens entertained suggestions about them which ranged all the way from a theological seminary to a set of factories to manufacture something. It didn't particularly matter what. For raw material, the country was a very skinny prospect; but the factory idea sounded so good that they built one, anyhow, announcing that they would make glass in it. There was plenty of sand, but something, it turned out, was wrong with it, and the factory became a place where, before the motoring age, Gros Ventre youths took their girls to neck. Their elders decided to put their improvements somewhere else, where they would show. It seemed a pretty good idea to go to work and fix over the Columbia river.

This was carrying Betterment into an entirely new field; for, up to now, the sternwheelers had gone about their business without much caring where Gros Ventre bloomed or blighted. The railroads had touched them very little, for they were able to underbid almost two-thirds on way freight, and the Big Bend and Palouse wheat countries made up for the cargoes which they lost to the new branches. Gros Ventre was no longer a distributing point, but a *portage*, where the lower river steamers transferred their freight to another line of vessels above the rapids.

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It was against this *portage* that the town began to plot, wire-pulling for a congressional appropriation to build a canal around the rapids. They got it. It cost the government $8,000,000, and killed Gros Ventre, as a steamboat terminal, as dead as a hammer. Why they should have wanted it is beyond the power of man to figure. They can scarcely have been infatuated enough to think it would help their commerce to send freight somewhere else, instead of handling it themselves. Nor could it have been a Spirit of Helpfulness, for Gros Ventre didn't think very much of the steamboats, nor of the men who worked on and with them.

Indeed, it may have been mere hatred of the steamboat men, who, like the freighters before them, did not belong in a quiet, respectable City of Homes. They were tough, loud, roughnecked and quarrelsome. They fought each other in the streets, and regarded murder as merely one of the unlucky episodes of a high old social evening. They were too wild to control, too numerous to whip, and, by a very slim margin, too human to shoot. A war like the one that knocked out the Indians would have been the very remedy for them.

Whether intentionally or not, the canal got the same results, for it took away their jobs, and they had to move. Relieved of their hell-raising ruffianism, the town gained in respectability almost as much as it lost in population—about one-fourth. Yet, the canal-builders seem to have been moved by a deeper cause than mere exasperation with a set of loud-mouthed roisterers. Perhaps that started it, but the direct motive was surely something more mystical. Neither profit nor propriety, I should guess, knowing them; but an instinct for fixing things over; for making their town, not what humanity at that stage of the West needed, but what they themselves could live in most comfortably —something safe, mild and predictable.

They wanted a city for home-lovers, in the midst of a country of high-rollers and wild-horse-peelers; and they could only make their town feel as if it belonged to them by making it over. The things they altered might not be any better, but at least they wouldn't feel that they owed them to the wild country in which, after a half-century, they were still actually strangers. I remember a magistrate of the place, to whose court I was hauled as a witness in a case of mayhem. A roistering cow-puncher had chewed a comrade's ear off, and the magistrate, before imposing sentence, explained sternly that what passed for high spirits in Three Notches might be a penitentiary offence in Gros Ventre.

"It's time you out-of-town men found out who this town belongs to," he informed us, as if he suspected us of having divided the ear among us. He was very stern, and the town reporter took notes. "This town belongs to us law-abiding citizens. It ain't yours at all. . . . Huh?"

He glared at the ear-chewing defendant, who had muttered that he didn't want the damned place for a gift, and who now protested that he hadn't said a word, and that it was probably his stomach rumbling.

"It'll have something to rumble about before I'm through with you," replied the magistrate. "This ain't your town. It's ours. We let you use it, and you raise hob around and think you're smart! You!" He glared at all of us, and breathed hard with indignation. "You whip the police, hey? You carry concealed weapons, hey? You buck a cayuse through the main business part of town, hey? You——"

The prisoner had done none of those things. He had merely yielded to momentary impulse, before he noticed what his teeth were clamped on, and he said so. Besides, he ventured, the ear wasn't city property. The crack raised a giggle, and drew him a sentence of six months in the brig. Even that didn't satisfy the Gros Ventre sense of justice. Although we had done nothing except testify, he gave us one hour to leave town. One of the punchers brought our obvious innocence to his notice. But he was set as granite.

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"Maybe you ain't done anything," he admitted. "That ain't sayin' you won't! No, sir! You go somewhere else for your hob-raising! The people of Gros Ventre don't intend to put up with it any more!"

The reporter had taken it down, but, at the time, we presumed that the magistrate had delivered it merely to hear his head roar. But, as the papers informed us within a fortnight, we had done him an injustice. He had been reading us an official bull. The people of Gros Ventre were cleaning house, and hob-raising, of even the most furtive kind, had gone on the death-list. Two companies of militia had appeared, surrounded all the brothels in town, and arrested everybody in them.

## IV

The news of the raid filled all the newspapers in the State, but only in Gros Ventre itself was it received in anything but a spirit of levity, which was not unmixed, in the stock country where I worked, with thankfulness that the raid had caught somebody else. Not even the fact that the arrests turned out to have been illegal made any difference in the general self-congratulations. To be arrested was tough luck; but to be pinched in a wenching-house was horrible, because it was so funny.

Gros Ventre, everybody agreed, was a good place to stay away from. If they had raided the red-light section once, they would very likely do it again, and it was too much of a chance to take. There were too many other places where people were not so pernickety. The ladies, it turned out, felt the same way, for they all pulled up and left Gros Ventre as pure as the lily in the dell. It could not be learned that any of them even objected to leaving, for their business had not been paying interest on their preferred stock since the steamboat men left. As far as they were concerned, being run out of Gros Ventre was a favor, and not a defeat at all.

Indeed, it seemed that nobody had lost on the affair, except a few scattering individuals. The mayor of Gros Ventre got his name in all of the papers; the militia got credit, which they deserved, for having done what they were told; the men in the stock country were pleased that it had happened before they took their vacations in town; and nobody appeared to feel badly about it except the Gros Ventre bankers, who noticed a falling off in deposits and clearings, and three members of the Anti-Vice League, who had been snared by the militia while gathering evidence, and herded forth to public ridicule until churchmen could rush down and order them turned loose. True, the town had lost population, but the improved tone of cleanness and refinement more than made up for it, and, so far from repining, the citizens made ready to bounce out a few more, on the issue, naturally, of Prohibition.

Up to now, the rum-handlers of the town had managed to hold themselves in place by voting all the cow-punchers who hit town just before election, and by running in hoboes, section-gangs, and all members of the dry party who liked beer, but didn't like to pay for it. All told, these reinforcements gave them just enough of a lead to win with. The dry party used to try to keep even by hauling in the inmates of the poor-farm, but there weren't enough of them. Now, with the cow-punchers gone, and the beer-lovers chastened, the odds were lost. I had been accustomed to make a little side-money from the wet election committee by hauling in stray buckaroos and swearing them in to vote; but now they were so confident of defeat that they wouldn't even authorize me to try. The whole thing was shot, they said, and putting up a fight would only make their licking look worse.

Since they were licked already, I didn't try to argue with them. But I thought then, and still believe, that they could have run Social Betterment a closer heat than any of them imagined. They had lost votes, it is true, but so had the drys, for, odd as it may sound, the bawdy-house in-

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mates invariably favored the side of temperance, and voted it with strength and persistence. Their idea, of course, was not reform, but to remove competition. They sold whiskey, whether a town was dry or not, and the removal of the grogshops, which were more law-abiding, never failed to build up their trade with a boom.

Whether they had counted their votes correctly or not, there was one omen which they had figured right. That was the sudden acceleration of improvement and reform. Hitherto, changes had come only after years of fighting. Now there was almost one new one a day. Prohibition went over with a rush, most of the liquor interests disdaining even to vote; and a system of paved highways carried before the bootleggers had time to agree upon rates and prices.

The highways were Gros Ventre's first purely commercial improvement. They were intended to bring travel into the town, and give the merchants something more to live on than the distinctly waning population. The results from them were a little bit disheartening, for nobody had considered that the same road which brought trade into town would also carry it out. Even the farming population motored to the big city, instead of stopping, as of old, to make the Gros Ventre cash-registers jingle.

From this improvement, they proceeded to the soil itself, and undertook the job of turning their wheat lands into orchard. The bank which financed the project went broke; the land, which was worth $75 an acre for wheat, was worthless as orchard, and couldn't be put back in wheat without pulling out the trees, which could not be done except at a cost an acre of $90.

They tried stratagems to lure back their lost population. A Chamber of Commerce expert sat in, installed a full stock of wheat-samples, pamphlets and form-letters, and succeeded, before they fired him, in fetching upon the town some hundreds of indigents who straightway applied to the county for support, got it, and wrote to all their friends. Then they tried industries again, and subsidized a fruit cannery which had to shut down for lack of any fruit to can; and a sawmill which never ran because there was nothing to saw. Do these stunts sound like stupidity? They were something far more dignified and pathetic—the desperation of a people who, having whipped a wild corner of the earth into a gentility pleasing to their hearts, find that the process has stripped it of anything to live on.

No city in the West could count so many advantages to start with, and they cleaned off every last one of them. How could they have kept them? Indians, freighters, steamboat men, saloons, bawdy-houses—they had to destroy them, for, with them life in their town would be too loud and uncomfortable to be worth living. They didn't, it is true, foresee that the consequence would be death, but it is altogether likely that they would have gone ahead with it, even if they had. It was the same instinct that operates in a soldier on the firing-line who, having turned down a hundred chances to rush a machine-gun and be a hero, will straighten up squarely in the line of fire to scratch a place on his leg.

Yet, admitting that their ninety years' campaign for home, fireside and family tranquillity accomplished enough bad to balance every good, it can not be denied that, without it, they would lack strength for the work before them still. It is not Betterment, in these days; they are even past trying to get back what they have lost. It is hard enough to hang on to what they have left. The population is down to 3,000, and nothing but the fiercest kind of work has held it there. A golf links has kept a lot of them satisfied to put up with the town until times get better; there is an athletic stadium to keep the young blood steady against the same eventuality; an up-to-date water system so the place won't burn down at the threshold of its reward, as it has several times threatened to do. These things came hard, because they cost money, and money is scarce.

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The trouble is in the improvements voted when the town had a population of 10,000, and paid for, unluckily, with bonds. Up-to-date schools, $500,000; public auditorium (for receptions and speeches), $150,000; police force and commodious jail, so much; paved streets and highway system, so much. Ten thousand people could afford them; but, now that the bonds are beginning to come due, there are only 3,000 left to pay them. In 1910, the city's tax rate was 1½ cents on the dollar; in 1929 it was four times as much, and the actual increase was twice that, on account of book values having been boosted to make further bond issues look safe. I estimate that the privilege of remaining faithful to Gros Ventre this year will cost every man, woman and child inside its corporate limits about $1.50 a day in taxes. It wouldn't be so bad if they were making anything to pay them with; but nothing comes in. Their trade is almost entirely with each other. If past experience had not strengthened them to hope and endure, they wouldn't be able to stand it.

That, however, is their platform—to hope and endure, to tough the thing through, to hang on and wait for the boom which, after every improvement heretofore, has always turned up to save them. Somebody may strike petroleum in the hills; maybe a syndicate will come along and build a ten-million-dollar power plant on the rapids; the climate, experts say, is as nearly ideal for moving-pictures as that of Hollywood. Things will get better. Times have been hard before, and they always picked up and took a surge. Why leave, when every day, even at $1.50 a head in taxes, is certainly bringing the good streak that much closer? Why go to some other town, where the job of Betterment might have to be done all over again?

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# A PIONEER BISHOP

BY HERBERT PARRISH

I ONCE asked the bishop of a very respectable and fairly civilized diocese in the Middle West how he liked his job. I had known him well in his previous condition as one of the Inferior Clergy. It was on a Sunday afternoon, the services of the day being over, after a good dinner. He had preached for me in the morning and was now reclining luxuriously on the comfortable sofa in my study, smoking one of those long cigars that my chief lay pope was accustomed to hand out to a bishop at the close of service as he told him how much he had enjoyed the sermon and what a relief it was to have somebody in the pulpit once in the while who could really preach. There were no laymen about. The bishop was in a frank and loquacious mood.

"Parrish," said he, "I'll tell you: it's hell!"

But if a present-day bishop with an excellent salary, an assured position, public respect, the adulation of rich laymen, the support of the Woman's Auxiliary, and nothing to do but go around and hold confirmations, preach one new sermon a year and occasionally ordain some young man to Holy Orders,—if such a bishop found the job irksome, how much more difficult it must have been a century ago! When Philander Chase was Bishop of Ohio and Illinois in the early decades of the Nineteenth Century the business of imposing episcopacy upon the American people had but just begun, and the Episcopal Church was still unpopular. In colonial days it had been identified with the British government. Its clergy, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London and paid by the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, were generally Tories and fled the country at the Revolution. The Puritans and Pilgrims, Presbyterians and Quakers, Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists loathed the very thought of bishops. The autocratic authority of these great lords was, in their opinion, contrary to the spirit of the age. It was medieval, aristocratic, feudal, monarchical, and not in the least like the simple pastoral episcopacy of early Christianity. It savored of state control. It was impertinent and exotic. Bishops had caused people's tongues to be bored through with red-hot awls, had set them in the stocks, and had had their ears cropped off.

But with the growth of aristocracy in America in recent years, with the increase in international marriages between our wealthy families and foreign nobility, with the rise of our Chicago princesses and New York duchesses, with the importation of clergymen of English or Canadian birth to take over the more important dioceses and the more lucrative rectorships in the big cities, bishops are becoming fashionable. A picturesque background, colorful trappings, high-sounding titles go well with those who sit in the seats of the mighty. All bishops have to do now is to sit pretty and build Bigger and Better cathedrals. Their lordships are secure. Most people would think of the job as heavenly rather than as hellish. They would say with the Apostle, "He that desireth the work of a bishop desireth a *good thing*."

Philander Chase, however, might well have thought it was hell. He lived during the high days of the democratic era. Moreover, he really tried to do something. He



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failed gorgeously. But he never would have denounced his job as hell. He floated, according to the custom of his time, in a lake of pious platitudinosity. His conversation, however he may have felt about it, was in Heaven. He wept at times over the impossibilities, the oppositions he encountered, but he would have said at least that he rejoiced in his tribulations under the Mighty Hand of God. Today we are very frank.

In 1819, when he was consecrated Bishop of Ohio, the Episcopal Church was confined to the old colonial centers in the Eastern and Southern States. Having been the church of the governors of the colonies, it was small and aristocratic. With the exception of the very minute Dutch Reformed Church, it was the only religious body that represented a real state church in America. Except in Virginia it had not reached the rural districts to any extent. In most States its buildings were the only ecclesiastical edifices that made any pretension to architecture. The religious tone and character of its people reflected in a pale, remote way the tone and character of the Church of England. It was hopelessly swamped by the overwhelming flood of nonconformity.

There was nothing aggressive in that early Episcopalianism. Its clergy and congregations were eminently respectable, conservative, aloof. Proselytism they would have regarded as vulgar. Conversion, except as a purely intellectual process, was unknown to them. As for enthusiasm they considered it the final evidence of ignorance and fanaticism. The very word had been identified with the Wesleyan movement, with Methodism, with the worst aspects of ranting extravagance in religious emotionalism. Legacies were left in the wills of pious Episcopalians to pay for sermons to be preached "against enthusiasm."

It was therefore with astonishment, disgust and alarm that the bishops, clergy and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church viewed the goings-on of Philander Chase. When he suddenly threw up his comfortable rectorship at Christ Church, Hartford, and started out to Ohio, following the flood of immigration to that newly opened region, rapidly organized a diocese and was elected bishop, preached in barns, schoolhouses, courtrooms or out of doors under the trees, pressed the Book of Common Prayer, "our incomparable liturgy," upon congregations of rustics, whether they could read or not, organized new parishes in places that had not yet got the stumps out of the streets, and demanded more clergy to come out and help him build Sion—when he resorted to such irregular practises the thing became a scandal. It was loudly hinted that this man intended to start a schism in the West. And when he announced that, since America would not supply him with funds to establish a seminary for the training of ministers for the new field, he would go to England and appeal to the Mother Church for help, the opposition became virulent.

## II

With one or two rather picturesque exceptions the bishops of the Episcopal Church in the early part of the Nineteenth Century were a sorry lot. The colonial clergy before the Revolution had been nothing to brag about. Many of them had left England for England's good. Only too often they were "squarsons" who spent their best hours riding after the hounds and their least bad in gambling at the village tavern. Envy and jealousy too often prevented the best of those who held over, or who were ordained after the war, from reaching the episcopate of the newly formed independent church. The bishops were men of commonplace qualities and mediocre attainments. They employed their time in petty squabbles over rubrics and canons, in rows about doctrines, in desperate quarrels over elections to the episcopate, in tyrannizing over their clergy. It was difficult to be a lord over God's heritage in a country that hated all lordships.

The one safe and popular public exercise was to abuse the Bishop of Rome. If they

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could not establish their own papacy, they at least had the satisfaction of showing up the meretricious trappings of the Scarlet Woman, the wily machinations of the Antichrist on the Seven Hills, the unfounded claims to authority of the Pope. Without a cohesive system and with little harmony among themselves, they had slight effect upon American life or the development of American institutions. Even the episcopal scandals, which in the Protestant manner they aired in public, scarcely attracted notice and have been almost forgotten. One bishop was put on trial for making improper advances to women when he was in his cups. Another was condemned for getting a maidservant with child. Probably neither was guilty. But that made no difference. It gave the faithful something to do and think about.

Against this background of futilities the record of Philander Chase stands out in shining letters. If the terms had not been worn so thin by constant use among present-day sectaries one might say that he was distinguished by vision and by adventure. His "Reminiscences" in two thick volumes read like a romance in spite of their antiquated and pious verbosity. Incidentally he gives the best account of the early settlement of Western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois that can be found.

Chase doubtless would have shared the prejudice of his brother bishops against "enthusiasm," certainly against any form of ranting fanaticism. His was the accepted standard of his church and day. Extempore prayers, sermons without a manuscript, were anathema to any Episcopalian. Excited prayer meetings, revivals, sudden conversions, emotionalism, could only indicate a perverse and feeble religious background. Everything connected with religion must be calm, dignified, stately. But enthusiasm in the modern sense he had even to excess. He was enthusiastic for the spread of a religion that should be free from "enthusiasm." And in this he went to such extremes that he became suspect. Any kind of extravagant religious effort was bad form in bishops. It was as improper as political radicalism. Monstrous. Intolerable.

This shocking peculiarity in Bishop Chase was due in part, no doubt, to the fact that he was a convert to Episcopalianism. His pious ancestors, who came to America in 1640, were, like most New Englanders, Congregationalists. But Philander, born on December 14, 1775, on the family farm in Vermont, was sent to Dartmouth College at an early age and there got hold of a copy of the Book of Common Prayer and some tracts on episcopacy that had been sent over from England. The idea of a church with a settled and dignified liturgy, an established order, one that repudiated the Pope indeed but asserted the historic doctrine, discipline and worship of Catholic Christianity, that claimed apostolic origin, that eschewed fanaticism and exalted learning, appealed to him. It is characteristic of youth to burn what its fathers worship and to worship what they burned. Such modern historians as Acton, Gasquet, Gardiner and Hackett had not yet arisen to tell the world the facts about the Reformation. The Anglican divines were still regarded as *stupor mundi*, men of great learning and of apostolic piety, sacred martyrs in a noble cause. Cranmer's scoundrelism had been glossed over by partisan writers. The Prayer Book was "our incomparable liturgy." The Church of England and its daughters were "pure, Protestant, apostolic," steering a straight course between the slatternly slovenliness of dissent and the pagan derelictions of Roman Catholicism.

It was all very clear, very simple, very evident to the youthful and cocksure Philander. And it never became otherwise. He was convinced that the church he had chosen was the real thing. There was no other in which salvation was even probable. Other religious bodies of Christians he regarded as heathen. When Newman joined the Church of Rome he spoke of him as "the apostate." At the grave of

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William Penn he expressed a doubt that the founder of Quakerism had been saved. Such people as Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians he looked upon as victims of the wolves of error. The hope of the world was in joining the Church of England. Outside was nothing but ignorance, vice and sin. The Bible might tell people how to live, but you had to look to the Book of Common Prayer to learn how to pray. The sonorous redundancies of Morning Prayer were as music to his ears.

It was his custom to carry on all of his missionary journeys a basket full of Prayer Books and to insist upon the group he gathered together reading the service with him, no matter what their previous religious training might have been. Coming once upon a "protracted meeting" which had been organized by pastors of the various denominations in the neighborhood, he took charge of the situation, produced his Prayer Books, told them how to follow the service, directed them to get down on their knees, and made them read the office of Matins after him. At the close he read them a long sermon from the manuscript he had brought along.

## III

To this uncritical zeal for the settled solemnities of the Anglican system Philander Chase added the technical skill and experience of a pioneer missionary. He had converted the entire Chase family to Episcopalianism very shortly after leaving Dartmouth, and after his ordination in 1798 he was sent out to Western New York as a missionary.

In that very delightful region, which the United States had recently stolen from the Iroquois Indians, he founded most of the Episcopal churches that still exist as mother churches in what are now the larger cities of New York State. The life of free motion, of going from place to place, of starting new enterprises without the plodding dull task of tending them afterward, appealed to him. He would doubtless have continued in this kind of work had not the missionary funds run dry. Since he had taken to himself a wife at the tender age of twenty-one, it became necessary that he should settle down and take a parochial charge.

Here was a horse of a different color. His ardent nature, his indomitable energy, his creative and artistic temper made the routine of pastoral duties irksome. His admiration for the Episcopal Church did not, it appears, extend to the vestry system. He wanted to do things, to start something, to expand the work, to turn the world upside down. He found himself cabined, cribbed, confined by people without imagination, without earnestness, without zeal, a balloon tied down to sandbags. He was interested only in what he regarded as the one thing needful. They were interested, one in his farm, another in his merchandise. He moved from place to place, Poughkeepsie, New Orleans, Hartford.

It was all the same. At Poughkeepsie his vestry stole the glebe to which as rector he was entitled and did not pay him enough to live on. At New Orleans they let his salary run behind fifteen hundred dollars and when he tried to collect it they called him a robber. (It never does to let a church owe the rector money. If he wants his back pay they always accuse him of robbing them. This happened to me once in San Francisco.) At Hartford people whose great-grandparents attended Christ Church tell me that Philander Chase scolded them so much that some got up and left the church. The slow response to his efforts, the stingy, mean and dishonorable vestrymen, the stupid round of small parochial duties, visiting the old women, hearing again and again the tales of their diseases, the stories of their bickerings with domestics, and their accounts of scandals among relatives, and taking a hand in the silly social activities of small town churches—such things could never satisfy so virile a character as Philander Chase.

In Ohio, in the great trek to the West,

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now filling up with millions of settlers, building towns, starting farms, forming a vast new civilization, he could not be contented to wait for the Episcopal Church and the General Convention, slow, suspicious, cautious, careful, close with funds, uncertain, unorganized for enterprise, to wake up and take action. Something must be done and done quickly. As he would have put it, here were innumerable sheep in the wilderness, unshepherded by the lawful pastors of Christ, being devoured by the wolves of ignorance, fanaticism and sin, feeding in strange pastures. Moreover, he was spurred on by the fact that although he had been elected bishop of the new diocese there was absolutely no salary attached to the office and no way of getting any out of the few scattered churches in the region from Lake Erie to the Ohio River. He needed or thought he needed a seminary wherein young men could be prepared for the ministry. In short, he needed money to develop the field. He had to be financed in order to sell his peculiar brand of religion. And if America would not supply it he determined to go to England and appeal to the Mother Church for help.

The attacks upon Chase had been bad enough at the time he was elected bishop. The mud-slinging tactics of a political campaign are as nothing compared with what the gentle clergy can do when they fear that one who differs from them by a hair's breadth is likely to be benefited by some advancement. The bishop-elect had to spend four months in Philadelphia defending his reputation, answering the most futile and malicious accusations. It was alleged, for example, that in New Orleans on one occasion he had actually used the incomparable liturgy of the Episcopal Church over the dead body of a Negro slave. A slave had no soul and should have been buried like a dog.

In this battle Chase won. Bishop White, who presided, said at the close of the investigation, "The gentlemen who opposed the consecration would do well to consider if, on a similar trial, their own lives would bear like investigation." But the shocking exhibition of a bishop going over to England to ask for money raised up more numerous and more powerful foes. If any money was to be had from the old country New York wanted it for the General Theological Seminary. Bishop Chase had taken the trouble to ask nobody for permission to make such an attempt. It was evident that he was a schismatic and should be blocked. The pompous little Bishop of New York went all the way to London to warn the English church against the Bishop of Ohio. Articles were published in the church papers adverse to his project. (In those days people still read church papers.) The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the heads of the universities, the leading clergy, the general public were advised to give nothing to Philander Chase. And when he arrived in London with just enough money to pay for a few weeks' lodging, alone, with few friends of influence, he found the stage set to crush him.

But Philander Chase was a hard man to crush. In the first place he came from one of the strongest New England families. A Samuel Chase was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His own brother Dudley was a United States Senator. The family founded the Chase Bank in New York. He was also closely connected with the famous and wealthy Wiggin family. He was a personal friend of Henry Clay, the great Senator from Kentucky. Moreover, he had great personal charm. He was at that time still a handsome fellow. A little miniature of him painted on ivory shows a resolute face resembling the first Emperor of the French, a strong chin and nose, the eyes of a genius. But unlike Napoleon he was of large stature, very tall, robust and of enormous strength. He had a fascinating manner, very sincere, very devout, a humility that could turn to dominance. His motto was *Jehovah jireh*, the Lord will provide. And he really believed it.

Stories of his romantic and picturesque career had preceded him to England. He

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could swim like a duck. He rode horseback constantly about his diocese. He had crossed the ice of Lake Erie when it was breaking up in order to reach Ohio at the peril of his life. In the Louisiana swamps, crossing swollen rivers in the West, among Indians and wolves in Michigan, in storms at sea, travelling impossible roads with broken ribs and dislocated shoulders caused by being pitched over precipices in the Alleghenies, he had gained the air of the great open spaces, an air of mystery and adventure—a fact of which he was perfectly aware. Women and children adored him. Great nobles delighted in him. The clergy respected him.

In those days the English nobility, at the apex of their greatness, undisturbed by any threat of a Labor government, still had family prayers, believed in God, went to church, and were enthusiastic about foreign missions. The divorce courts at that time saw few coronets. Marriages with chorus girls were unknown. A letter from Henry Clay to his friend, the wealthy Lord Gambier, gave Philander Chase his opening. He made no speeches, did not reply to his American enemies, did not even preach or conduct a service in England during the whole of his visit. Indeed, it would have been unlawful for an American clergyman to officiate there at that time. But he was received as a guest in the houses of the great. Lord Gambier, Lord Kenyon, Lady Rosse, Lady Olivia Sparrow, Mrs. Hannah More and many others took up his cause. Money, plate, books for the proposed seminary were showered upon him. The sheer power of personality carried him through to success. In those days as now it cost more in tips to stop at a great private house than it cost in board and lodging to stop at an expensive hotel. But it cost Philander Chase nothing. The very servants brought their hard-earned money and put it on his dressing table. At one place where there were some twenty servants they gave him in this fashion more than twenty pounds.

The hobgoblins, as Chase afterwards called those who dogged his footsteps and tried to destroy his plans, fled away ashamed. In England a man who has a reasonable grievance generally receives a fair hearing. The British are beasts, but they are *just* beasts.

## IV

This strange interlude in the career of the Bishop of Ohio, the backing and endorsement of the Anglican Mecca, the British Golconda, towards which the American episcopate looked each morning with appealing eyes, for the time at least stopped the mouths of his opposers. Philander Chase was now enabled to build his seminary. He founded Kenyon College at Gambier in the wilds of Ohio, put up buildings, gathered a faculty, attracted students, erected a mill and a hotel, started an enormous farm. The place was remote from cities, for the bishop had the theory that the students should be protected from all urban influences, from those who would corrupt their morals and pick their pockets.

The field was white with the harvest. The opportunity had now arrived when one could put over episcopacy in a Large Way in Ohio. The yokels should have the Book of Common Prayer thrust down their throats. The pure, Protestant, apostolic religion should prevail over the ranting of Methodists, the fanaticism of Baptists, the prejudices of Presbyterians, the roarings of Rome. Above all, the magisterial authority of a true episcopate should receive recognition. The Bishop of Ohio would come into his own.

In England, as a mere American bishop, Philander Chase had not received the mead so great an office required. He had soft-pedaled the note of official prerogative. He had stood on the ground of personality. His qualities rather than his title had pleaded his cause. But he had seen the great dignitaries of the Anglican succession moving along the aisles of their historic cathedrals under the fretted vaults, with chanting choirs and respectful congrega-

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tions, their scarlet chimeres and immaculate rochets upon them, their long trains held up by pages, their graces' chaplains and their lordships' pastoral staffs. The spectacle had impressed him. Ohio might yet reproduce the splendors of the Mother Church.

Unfortunately, he forgot one factor. Ohio was still in the Stone Age. The day of cathedrals had not yet dawned. What men wanted was barns, houses, fences, fields without stumps, mills, factories, distilleries of good red liquor, railroads, roads of any sort, steamboats, stores, the extermination of varmints, the massacre of the remnants of the Indian tribes, sheep, cattle, engineers, real estate dealers, commercial travellers. Even Rotary was still unborn in the Ohio of that day. Bishops and their palaver could wait. And bishops were not in popular favor. They savored of aristocracy. They were contrary to the spirit of the age. If a man wanted to be apostolic, Protestant, pure, let him be so by all means—but for God's sake do not allow him to impose these things on everybody else! What's England to us or we to England? We beat her twice and we'll beat her ag'in! Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute!

They talked the Bishop of Ohio over in the country stores and decided against him. The faculty of his new college sent him a round-robin. He was, it appeared, too dictatorial. The very students cried out as he went along that episcopacy was contrary to the times. And at a diocesan convention held before the college chapel was completed a vote was passed stripping the bishop of his power as president of the college. They took the place away from him. He resigned. He denounced his persecutors as conspirators, robbers, murderers. He left Ohio.

Considering the fact that Philander Chase had raised all the money for the institution, had put into it all of his own, and had never received a cent of salary from the diocese of Ohio, this was rather a raw deal. But after all the money was given, not to him personally but for the good of the church. And it must be admitted that Bishop Chase, like some others, did rather magnify his office.

You simply could not be a prince-bishop in the Ohio of those days. It is even rather difficult to be one in the Cleveland and Cincinnati of the present era. As a business man or a politician, a Proctor, a Mark Hanna, Philander Chase would have made an enormous success. Every business enterprise that he undertook turned out well. Even as a farmer in Michigan, to which place he retreated after his resignation, he prospered. And he had a powerful magnetic influence over men. He could charm not only the great and noble, but the plain people fell for him. He was always the centre of things on the steamboat, the canal-boat, the stage-coach, in the inn. The roughest workmen felt his driving spell. Once, for example, when he had forbidden whiskey to the hands working to build Kenyon College, the men struck. He went before them, said not a word about red liquor, but told them a few stories out of his adventurous life. They were moved to tears and went back to work without their drams like little lambs. Also, he could be rough when that was necessary. Once in Louisiana, when an opinionated guide had lost the way in a swamp, he threatened to thrash the man, took away his compass, and, assuming the lead, brought the whole party to safety.

But Ohio was not yet ready for episcopacy and it would have gone hard with the bishop's family had not my own wife's great-grandmother—she was that Lucia Russell whom the bishop called his favorite niece and who lived as a member of the Chase household—turned over the patrimony of her Revolutionary ancestors to her uncle. This, together with a legacy of a thousand dollars from a Mrs. Hannah More, enabled him to purchase a farm of many hundreds of acres in Michigan. To this place he retired. He built houses, barns and a mill, and soon had over a hundred head of cattle. But episcopacy still burned

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high in his apostolic breast and on Sundays he would pile a stack of Prayer Books into a wagon and drive out to the near-by villages. There he initiated the gaping settlers into the mysteries of our incomparable liturgy and preached his long manuscript sermons.

It would probably have ended thus had not the holy brethren of the Episcopal Church gotten wind of these irregular ministrations. Once more the fear of some injury to the souls of such savages and farmers as Philander Chase might reach filled the hearts of the episcopate. The bishops sent out to Michigan, first Bishop MacIlvaine and then Bishop McCoskry to prevent the pernicious activities of the ex-Bishop of Ohio. He was now an old man. Corpulency had overtaken him and he was compelled to wear a huge cap even in the house to stop the pains in his head contracted from exposure in his perilous visitations. But he was still game and when the diocese of Illinois in 1835 chose him for its bishop he accepted.

Once more the brethren pinched him. There was no salary attached to the bishopric of Illinois, and, though every other missionary jurisdiction had a thousand dollars provided, the authorities of the Episcopal Church found that "they had no authority to vote a salary for Bishop Chase." So to England again. In a whirlwind visit even more successful than the first Chase gathered up enough funds to found Jubilee College in the centre of Illinois. There he lived out his remaining years in comparative peace. But age was gaining on him in the race. His scheme of flooding the Mississippi valley with culture, of establishing episcopacy throughout the West, of making the Prayer Book the final rule of devotion in America, was ended by his death in 1852. The Civil War closed Jubilee and his episcopal successors never had the interest or the ability to revive it.

Philander Chase's mortal remains lie in the little, neglected graveyard of the old college chapel at Jubilee. My wife's mother remembers fanning him as he lay a-dying. She was then in her tenth year.

A pious old man and an enthusiastic. He had a hell of a job. I would say, "God rest his soul!"—if our incomparable liturgy allowed such a definite prayer for the dead.

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# REPORT FROM NORTH CAROLINA

BY BEN DIXON MacNEILL

"Yes, of course, I read his column every day," one of the women at the adjoining table was saying, "but I can't see how he does it—he never draws a sober breath. He was in this hotel last night as drunk as a lord. They were out at that dinner and I saw them when they came in. He had to be helped into the elevator. But I see his column is in the paper as usual this morning, and besides there is a piece about the dinner last night. Or at least the piece has his name on it and it sounds like him."

"It's a mystery to me," said the other woman, "why Josephus Daniels will stand for anybody on his paper behaving that way. And it's a wonder he doesn't break his neck, too. They say he drives that automobile of his a hundred miles an hour sometimes and I guess he is always drunk when he does it. It's a wonder to me why he doesn't kill somebody or the officers don't get him. And you say you saw him when he came in last night and he had to be carried to the elevator?"

"Of course I saw him. There were about a half dozen of them that came in together. I guess all of them had been drinking, but he seemed to be the drunkest of them. He didn't come by the desk but a young fellow that goes around with him came and got the keys from the clerk. All the bellboys swarmed around them and I guess they continued their orgy when they got upstairs. The Senator was with them and I am surprised that he would keep such company, but I guess he has to."

As a matter of fact, it was the Senator who was drunk. None of us was as sober as Volstead would have had us, but the Senator, being only newly acquainted with North Carolina corn liquor, was quite far gone. He required some little assistance in maintaining an even keel as he approached the elevator and since he had been entrusted to my keeping I had no disposition to avoid the responsibility. Sober and drunk, he had been a pretty decent chap, and with a few hours' sleep would be quite fit for the return to Washington.

Perhaps I had taken drink for drink with the Senator, but, being inured to the workings of corn liquor, I had experienced no conscious inconvenience. The column and the story that sounded as if I had written it had been done hours before. With the text of the Senator's not unusual speech in hand, and the names of the presiding dignitary and the local celebrity who had introduced him, the problem of turning out the necessary thousand words before the dinner started had been simple enough.

There had been, in fact, no drinking at the dinner. It was all done beforehand, beginning in my room at the hotel. The local reception committee had brought the liquor to my quarters because none of them knew whether it would be quite proper to take it to the Senator's room. He had driven down with me from Raleigh and during the drive I had ascertained that his views about liquor were not illiberal. From the hotel we went to the house of the chairman of the committee, where more drinks were served. A dozen of the town's leading people, men and women, were there.

It was not bad liquor. The host, on account of professional relations with one of the county's best blockaders, had an



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arrangement with him whereby he got especially good liquor. It was carefully made from sound ingredients, distilled in copper and aged in the wood for two years before it was delivered. I doubt if better liquor can be had in America today, or has ever been had. But it is very powerful and should be approached by the novice with a degree of circumspection. The Senator had not been careful, though I had cautioned him as tactfully as I could.

As such occasions go, the dinner had been successful. The Senator spoke with graceful freedom and clarity about nothing in particular. Three hundred people assembled from adjoining counties had heard him with evident edification. The liquor did not bother him until afterward. We returned to the hotel by way of the house of another member of the committee. There we had more drinks, served in the library by a white-coated Negro, with sandwiches and the customary pleasant things that people say to a United States Senator.

On this morning-after I had come down alone to breakfast. There was no urgency about calling the Senator. His train back to Washington was not due for some hours. Apparently he was sleeping soundly. My column was out of the way for another day. There was no hang-over from the night's drinking and I was breakfasting leisurely and contentedly until the two women at the adjoining table, their backs to me, began their assize of my intemperance. Apparently they lived at the hotel, but I knew neither of them. They left rather hurriedly when the Senator, strolling into the dining-room, called my name distinctly as he sat down across the table.

Irritated a little, my first impulse was to dismiss them as idle and unimportant gossips. But it was not so easy. To be sure, I had not been drunk the night before. I had never, indeed, been judicially or pathologically drunk, but somewhere in the State, on an average of once or twice a week and as a matter of professional necessity, I had been, for five years, in the midst of pretty much the same situation as that of the evening before. It was not usually a United States Senator, but Senators happened with a fair degree of regularity.

The drinking was done as a matter of course, as a social necessity. In my bag upstairs was a quart of reasonably good liquor. It had been there a week. The sheriff of a county that I had lately visited professionally had presented it to me with the assurance that he could vouch for its quality. He had taken it in a raid upon a most careful blockader. There was always a bottle in my bag for any social or professional emergency. On an average, it travelled a thousand miles a week in the car that was reputed to do a hundred miles an hour. It was against the law, but it never occurred to me to worry about it.

But here I was confronted with what appeared to be a reputation. Obviously, since the two women did not know me, they were repeating what they had heard somewhere. If they had thus heard and were disseminating the story, other people in other towns were probably engaged in the same enterprise. The thing irritated me and I was scarcely polite to the Senator when he confessed that he had availed himself of my permission to take an eye-opener from the bottle in my bag.

The Senator tossed his paper across the table as he reached for his grapefruit. At the top of the front page was a boxed reminder that the day was the tenth anniversary of the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment by the North Carolina General Assembly. There had been, the item recalled, some ceremony about the signing. The presiding officers had presented their pens to the heads of the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The thought came to me that the managing editor should have had somebody review the ten years of Prohibition's operation. But then, they were pretty busy in the office.

Then I recalled that the day was another anniversary. It was exactly ten years since I had taken my own first drink, at the age of twenty-eight.

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## II

That day ten years ago had been a particularly trying day in Wilmington journalism. The Anti-Saloon League was concentrating its heaviest artillery on the town. Five speakers had been sent in. Chief among them was Richmond Pearson Hobson, a legendary figure out of my childhood, dimly remembered as a heroic being whom all women in the country wanted to kiss because he had sunk a boat or something. They spoke in churches and theatres.

Adequate reportorial attention was required for them all, but it so happened that two of the four members of the staff had been knocked out by influenza, which still raged in a backwash from the war. George Cochrane, the managing editor, was doing both editorial and telegraph, and it was my lot to do all the local reporting in a town of 40,000. Reynolds and Bledsoe were out, both apparently desperately ill. At noon, when I rushed by to see them, Reynolds asked if I knew where any liquor could be had.

Happy Corbett, printer's devil and worshipper of Reynolds, informed of his idol's necessity, said that he thought he knew where he could get a pint from a fellow on a tramp steamer in port. He would see. I had not the vaguest idea where liquor could be bought or begged. I did not mention the matter to Cochrane, because he was managing editor and I was newly out of the cotton field in Cumberland county by way of the Army, and hence reticent with managing editors. Later Happy told me the pint was in the middle drawer of my desk and that he thought it ought to be pretty good liquor.

Hobson was overwhelming that night, but there was nothing romantic about him. He was cold and logical. If one believed him, a tablespoonful of liquor was practically certain moral death and physical ruin. He was terrifying. The collection taken afterward was impressive. It was midnight before I had got through with the big guns of the League and Happy had removed the chronicle of them to the composing-room. He inquired after Mr. Reynolds and if the liquor had helped him any. I had not found the time to take it to him.

Not long after midnight Cochrane came in, a piece of copy in one hand and a sandwich in the other. "Read that," he said, tossing me the copy. It told about the ceremony of the signing in Raleigh. The author of the ratifying resolution was a local Senator who was later to become Lieutenant-Governor. "Seems to me it would be the logical time to take a drink if anybody knew where to find it," said Cochrane. I confessed timidly that I had acquired a pint of liquor for the preservation of our brethren and that it was still in my desk. Cochrane brought two paper cups and there and then I took my first drink of liquor, drinking Cochrane's sardonic toast to Senator Cooper, to Hobson, to Prohibition and to William Jennings Bryan, who had attended the ceremony of ratification.

"Now," said Cochrane, "watch the whole damned country go on a tear that you'll not see the last of in your lifetime."

Not only was it the first liquor I had ever tasted; it was the first liquor I had ever held in my hands. Until that night, when Hobson was laying down his drum-fire about rum, I had not any curiosity about it. Scotland county had gone dry about the time I was born. I had never seen a saloon. As a child I observed without any particular wonder the great quantities of liquor brought in at Christmas time. I had seen drunken people. Two of my uncles were reputed to be drinkers and I was brought up to be properly ashamed of them, though they were more kind to me than any other of my relatives. The sentiment of the community was dry, and habitual drunkards, of whom there were not many, were ostracized.

Among the youth with whom I grew up there was little curiosity about liquor. Dry though the community was, there was no difficulty about fetching it in from an adjoining county, where there was a dis-

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tillery. Many people had it, but they were looked down upon for having it. The flower-beds in the yards of some of the leading families were ringed around with dark bottles set into the ground at an angle. I thought they were very pretty. They were called beer bottles, but I never saw any beer. I wondered vaguely about beer and why it was proper for the elders in the church to have their flower-beds bordered with beer bottles.

State-wide Prohibition was adopted in 1908, but it did not diminish the amount of liquor that came to the express office at Christmas time. Orders for it now went to Richmond or Baltimore instead of to one or other of the half dozen wet counties that had remained in the State under local option. A few years later the Watts Quart Law limited shipments to any one person to two quarts a month. This law served to bring about the first noticeable "lawlessness." It was simple enough, it soon appeared, for those whose requirements were in excess of the statutory amount to get some other person to order it for them. But there was not, I think, any increase in the amount consumed. The younger generation did not drink.

Whether I had any moral compunction about liquor in those days I am not able to say. I certainly had no interest in it. I accepted the general disapproval of drunkards as something entirely impersonal. It had nothing to do with me. Nobody ever offered me a drink and I doubt if I would have taken it if they had offered it. Only relatively few of the respectable citizens of the town, and they were older men whose indulgence was tolerated because of their age, openly confessed an addiction to liquor. I recall that my grandfather had once owned a still at which a slave made a reasonable amount of apple brandy annually for his master's consumption. My grandfather took three drinks every day and was the arbiter of the religious destinies of the community.

I was taught from the text-books that came into use in 1904 that liquor was bad for the body. I do not recall that they dwelt upon the moral aspects of the matter. Once a year the Sunday-school lesson had for its text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," or some kindred scriptural prohibition. But liquor entered only scantily into the thinking of the young and not at all into their practice. It was not a problem of my youth.

Through such schooling as I got, followed by journalism for a year, then the World War, and then the newspaper again where I had worked before, never especially sheltered from the world nor notably exposed to it, I still had no interest in liquor nor curiosity about it until the night the State ratified the amendment. Attached to a machine-gun school as an instructor for more than a year, I cannot recall that I saw a soldier with liquor in his possession. Sometimes men went to Augusta and got a drink, one heard, but the vast majority of the 200,000 men who passed through training at Camp Hancock during my time there were contentedly abstemious.

## III

During the Spring and Summer after ratification, I must have consumed all of a quart of liquor. People seemed to have it and to take a sort of defiant pride in offering it to other people. Now and then I encountered, in reporting police court, instances of prosecution for making it. Late that Summer occurred an incident that was suppressed by the owner of my paper and brought me to the beginnings of cynicism about journalism and the integrity of public officials.

Rum was apparently being brought into town across the ferry. Late one afternoon the sheriff told me privately that a cache had been discovered across the river and that that night they were going to watch it and get the men. Later a newly installed Federal Prohibition officer told me the same tale and abjured secrecy. Still later, the town chief of police, after swearing me to secrecy, disclosed the same matter. They

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were all going, each independent of the others. Scenting lively news, I crossed over on the ferry at ten o'clock.

Immediately it became necessary for me to take refuge behind a conveniently large telephone pole. The three groups of officers had had difficulties among themselves over the question of precedence and had dissolved them in the cached rum. They started shooting irresponsibly, at nothing and for no particular reason, at about the time of my arrival. When their ammunition was exhausted the rum-runners approached, salvaged their liquor at the point of their own unmistakably loaded guns, and chased the officers into the swamp. They permitted me to return to town with them on the ferry, seeing that I was a harmless newspaper reporter. They gave me a pint of liquor. It was the first liquor of my own that I had ever possessed. The owner of the paper was a close friend of the police commissioner. My story was not printed.

As soon as it could be arranged, I went to work on the paper in Raleigh, the *News and Observer*, an honestly dry paper owned by the then Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, who does not know what liquor or wine, other than sacramental wine, tastes like, but is withal a man of lenient liberality who has never actively concerned himself about the personal habits of any man working for him. Once he asked me, with a twinkle in his eye, if I remembered going to Kinston with him to a dinner the night before. He was about the only sober man among the five hundred. I felt severely rebuked.

At the end of 1919 North Carolina was a dry State, in principle and generally in practice. The police courts were not cluttered with cases growing out of inebriation. During the first six months of 1920 I saw no liquor save a quart brought by a revenue agent who took me to spend an evening with Irvin S. Cobb, then visiting Raleigh. The liquor was a hospitable politeness and also a very profitable investment. Cobb was devastatingly amusing. There was none of the quart remaining when we went home. That night I heard my first jest about Prohibition.

August brought my first contacts with legislative machinery in a special session of the General Assembly, called to consider the suffrage amendment. I reported the proceedings of the Senate. Tom Bost, the dean of capital newspapermen, said that Eighteenth Amendment liquor was strangling the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. The fight was bitter. The amendment then required only North Carolina's approval to become effective. It was lost abysmally, and I refused to drink with an opponent of it who has since become a member of Congress and with whom I have frequently consumed liquor in latter years.

That special session marked the appearance of the first considerable quantity of domestic liquor in the State. Scotch and rye were already selling for as much as fifteen dollars a quart. The campaign that Fall, when it was necessary for me to travel extensively with the campaign speakers, brought more drinking into evidence, but invariably it was done with a certain degree of furtiveness. The present Governor of North Carolina, speaking in Nash county, was presented with a quart of its celebrated apple brandy. He accepted it, asked me to carry it for him, and then gave it to me. I gave it away, not having any personal use for it.

Still I had no moral qualms about it. I have none now. As time went on, liquor came to play a more and more important part in every public function. I drank, but very sparingly. I adopted a rule to which I adhered for years: never to drink with anybody until after the day's work was done. I never wrote a story when I had had a drink. Later on I abandoned the rule, but liquor has only once interfered with my writing of a coherent report of whatever was in hand. I think I need not have been so abstemious. I abstained partly because of my distrust of my own power to drink and keep going, but mainly out of deference

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to my boss. Of course we never carried liquor into the *News and Observer* office.

The increase in drinking in the State was steady and perceptible. People became less careful about it. That Fall I took my first drink with a United States Senator: he came down to North Carolina to pinch hit for the present President of the United States. It was at the house of a member of the judiciary of the State. Present, besides, were Mr. Daniels, the wife of another United States Senator, and a member of Congress. It was the first time I had ever seen a lady take a drink. It was a perfectly legal drink, made of gin that had been in the house for years. I was mildly shocked, but she was and is a delightful lady.

Perhaps the collapse of agriculture that Fall had something to do with it, but great numbers of impoverished tenant farmers took to the manufacture and sale of horribly distilled liquor. They had to do something. That Winter saw a vast increase in the production and consumption of domestic liquor and its substitution for the high priced imported stuff. That year's session of the General Assembly saw the enactment of the lugubrious Turlington Act, which allows liquor to be kept in the home for the entertainment of *bona fide* guests but at the same time makes possession of it *prima facie* evidence of an intent to sell it.

## IV

In turn I became staff correspondent, feature writer and then columnist on the *News and Observer*. The State was my beat. I went everywhere. I saw everything that happened in North Carolina, and I came to know everybody. Everywhere I encountered liquor, and everywhere I drank, moderately. I think I have been entertained in homes in every county in the State, and I cannot recall three in which I have not been offered liquor or where I did not drink it. Sometimes it was imported, but year by year it came more and more to be domestic liquor, and of a constantly improving quality.

Among the people of my intimate acquaintance were blockaders, rum-runners and local bootleggers, and the judges, police officers and prosecuting attorneys who punished them—and, more often than not, drank their liquor. In the course of my wide wanderings in search of things to write about I have sat around glowing still-fires at night while their owners plied their trade. At other times I have been with companies of Federal Prohibition agents on their raids.

Once I signed on as supercargo of a rum-chaser with twenty-two raiders aboard for an offensive against what must have been the most elaborately financed domestic distillery in America. We found and destroyed eleven steam stills, and scarcely made a beginning at cutting off a business that supplied Norfolk, Washington and Baltimore with many thousands of gallons of rye whiskey every week. Later I landed at the same place in a government airplane and helped to carry away twenty gallons to be aged in the wood against the day of need in the service.

I still had no taste for liquor and the amounts that I drank had little effect. I could and did carry as much as anybody who happened to be in the crowd, and although I was sometimes under the necessity of being careful, I was never drunk. Liquor, by 1925, had come to be commonplace everywhere I went. Almost all of my friends were older men. No politician in the State had a wider acquaintance. I saw little of the younger generation.

One curious aspect of the liquor business was apparent. Before Prohibition as a State measure, blockading had been extensively practiced in the mountain regions of the State by descendants of the old-time licensed distillers. But by now they had completely abandoned the business, and it had passed into the hands of new professionals operating in the low swampy country along the coast. The transportation problem was much simpler in the low country, and the old-timers told me that they were not able to compete with the

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Easterners. With the mountain folk distilling was an inherited art. They would have scorned making liquor from sugar.

But today the bulk of the liquor consumed in North Carolina is sugar liquor. It is pretty terrible stuff, but it is the only intoxicant available for the masses. Good corn liquor is only for the man who has resources and influence sufficient to have dealings with a reliable distiller and to accord him a measure of protection. Usually the corn is made on order, subjected to chemical analysis, and aged in wooden kegs for two years before it is delivered and used. The masses drink sugar liquor.

Ordinarily, this trade liquor is consumed before it is a week old. It is possible to do something to mitigate its taste, if one has the time. At any drug store one may buy char-sticks which fit handily into a fruit jar. The process requires one or two days. At the end of that period the liquor has assumed the color of age and lost the fiery edge of its taste. But not many are able to restrain their appetites for so long a time.

In the main, I have escaped such liquor, and refuse it when it is offered to me. The blockaders themselves will not touch it and an honest bootlegger will tell his customer what he is getting—if he knows him. The cumulative effect of such liquor is bad, though not so bad as the effect of some of the synthetic "imported" stuff that finds its way into the State occasionally and is highly prized by those of little discrimination. The local institutions for the treatment of alcoholism are more crowded than at any time in their history.

Any hotel porter or bellhop in the State can get you, on three minutes' notice, any required amount of liquor. Generally the management shuts its eyes to the fact that its help is selling it. Patrons demand service. Usually the hotel servant works on a commission basis for some established retailer, who in turn has dealings with a wholesaler. The small distiller who once peddled his own liquor has disappeared. Blockading is big business and has adequate capital. I know of at least three distilleries that are financed by respectable banks.

Rarely are any of the larger operators or distributors caught. Some of them pay tribute regularly and others are not bothered by the local authorities. I have accompanied Prohibition agents when they went to collect their tribute. It is the small fellow, the man who totes it around on his hip, who gets hauled up. The courts are congested with his like. The formerly decorous and profoundly venerated Federal courts have become tribunals of obscene comedy, on a level with that which goes on in the police courts.

Two years ago I encountered my first potential difficulty with Prohibition when a gentleman of my age accompanied me to a place called Bear Grass to replenish his depleted store. The liquor had been made especially for him some time before. A ten-gallon keg was set in the back of the car whose speed so disturbed the ladies I was lately quoting. My companion said that there would be no difficulty about it, but I had some misgivings.

Coming back into town, we sighted a policeman on a bicycle. Approaching us, he signalled us to stop. I stopped and with no little trepidation. He inquired how far we had come from and asked if we had seen anybody on a bicycle. We had not seen any such traveller and he was sorry. A bicycle had been stolen in the town and it was reported that it had been ridden in that direction. We were not able to be helpful in the solution of this misdemeanor.

"See you've been to Bear Grass," the policeman said when there was nothing to be added to the bicycle mystery. He eyed the keg. It was useless to deny that we had been to Bear Grass. "Get good stuff?" he inquired, and I said that we hoped so, since we had paid a good price for it. "Well, they usually make pretty good stuff out there," he said. "Sure you didn't see anybody on a bicycle out that way?" And with that he was gone. I must confess that I felt more comfortable when the liquor was safely stored in the cellar.

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On one occasion I was reporting a locally celebrated and very bitterly contested civil action. It is the custom of the gentlemen of that town, and has been for generations, to gather somewhere late in the afternoon and take two drinks before dinner. I have never seen any of them drunk, but one may set one's watch by the regularity with which they observe this rite. There is not and has never been any furtiveness about it.

The drinking is rotated. It happens at one house today, and another tomorrow. On my day they would come to the hotel where I was quartered. I was adequately supplied: the deputy sheriffs looked after that for me. All that I had to do was to leave my room unlocked, and when I got back from court a gift of excellent liquor would be in my bureau drawer. Then the bunch would come up and drink while I wrote my day's story. Usually they read it as it was written. Their presence did not disturb me, and my own drinking was deferred until my story was written.

On a day when the proceedings had been long and complicated and pretty sensational, they were gone before the story was done. I was still writing with my back to the door when a knock came. I called out "Come in!" and my guest entered. Assuming that he was a belated member of the gang, without looking up I told him to help himself. He moved about without saying anything and sat down.

Done with the story presently, I turned around to find that the guest was the presiding judge. He had rooms down the hall. He is one of the most able and deservedly respected men on the bench, and an honest believer in Prohibition. On the bureau was a half gallon of liquor, glasses, cracked ice, and ginger ale. His brother was my boss, but I didn't mind that. I simply disliked to do anything that would be offensive to the judge because I liked him and respected him. He knew that I took a drink when I felt so inclined.

There was no use in trying to wriggle out of it, and I told him as much. There was the liquor. To my great relief he smiled indulgently and said to go ahead and take my drink. To my astonishment he added that there was nothing that he would rather do than join me. And then he told me how he had acquired a taste for liquor when it was given to him during an illness at the age of twelve, and how he had promised his mother that he would never again touch it. He had not done so for fifty-five years.

I put the liquor away and went to dinner with him without my drink, though I wanted it pretty badly. I had done 3,200 words in an hour flat.

## V

But I did not swear off. I have never sworn off and I am not certain that I ever shall. There have been occasions—not many—when I have taken too much and some time my luck may change and there may be disaster. I may have had too much on the night of a dinner—a relatively small and wholly private affair—when I induced Will Rogers to take a tablespoonful of corn. The same Summer, as a matter of curiosity, he had swallowed a taste of vodka in Russia. This corn liquor was the second drink he had ever taken, and I imagine it will be his last. It was that night, questioned by Struthers Burt, that he made a capital sentence-analysis of the South's attitude toward liquor.

"How do you think, Mr. Rogers," said Struthers Burt, "the South would vote on Prohibition if it came to such a test?"

"Oh, they'll vote dry if they are able to stagger to the polls on election day," said Rogers.

No doubt the ladies I have spoken of, who left the hotel table so precipitately, are of the belief that I am a brand that has wallowed too long in the flames of alcohol to be ever plucked from the burning. Perhaps a great many people unto whose ears have come their reports of my besotted living also feel that way about it and about me. But the fact is that with one fortunately harmless exception I have always

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been sober when I have driven my automobile at any speed, and that I had been dry for weeks before I pushed it one day to the speed of 107 miles an hour when an irritating speed cop started shooting at me and narrowly missed killing my passenger, who was Gutzon Borglum.

If liquor has closed to me the doors of approval of casual gossiping virgins, it has opened a great many more interesting places. Possibly it has dulled my faculties of mind, but happily I am not conscious of it. I may not be writing as easily as I did ten years ago, but of that I am not able to judge. I am not conscious of any drying up of the well. It seems to me that there have been compensations for any losses that I may have sustained. Liquor has smoothed many interesting paths for me.

The thing that ought to trouble me, reared a Highland Presbyterian, is that I should be concerned at least about the moral aspects of it. But I am not troubled at all. Here is a situation that is wholly lawless and I contribute actively and passively to its continuance. I do not undertake to excuse myself. I have never blamed anybody for making a tippler of me. I am rather grateful to them for such help as they have given me.

But I am not a drunkard, not yet at any rate. I have been comfortably sober for one week, largely because there has been nobody in the house to take a drink with. Unless my native has filched it, there is a half gallon of excellent corn liquor in the pantry, brought to me by a dignitary of the county as a sort of thank-offering for a little service that I was able to perform for him. He wanted private use of the ear of a high State official who was idling with me for a few days.

All sorts of people, lawyers and jurists, plow-hands and fishermen, politicians and writing people come to the house. Most of them expect to be offered something to drink. If I am busy they know where to look for it or have no hesitancy in asking the native to fetch it for them. This is the custom of everybody that I know, with here and there an exception that amounts to not much more than proof of the rule. No guest has ever taken more than he could carry home with him.

About Prohibition I have no philosophy whatever. I have not had any compelling need to evolve any philosophy about it. I merely observe the phenomenon and conform to it. If it could be repealed tomorrow and the country returned to its formerly reasonably dry state, the fact would not worry me at all. I am not cynical about it. I am not displeased with it except sometime when I am driving and encounter a drunken driver on the highway, and other times in public places when some bemused acquaintance wants to discuss the evils of Prohibition with me.

Occasionally clergymen will tell me that my moral fibre has been sapped by liquor. I am amused by them. Perhaps I never had any. One earnest young Methodist preacher spent part of an afternoon lately telling me that I was headed for Hell unless I set down my mint julep in instant repentance. He was very earnest about it. Finally, I asked him if he knew my friend Jim Greene down in his own county. He flushed a little and admitted that he knew him mighty well. He went on for a quarter of an hour to tell me what a good man Jim Greene is, how handsomely he contributes to his church, how helpful he is when there is distress of any sort.

"They do say that he used to be in the liquor business, but I truly believe that he is a changed man," he said fervently, a little too fervently.

"You may believe it," I told him, "but I think you know better than that. I think you know—everybody else in your community knows—that every nickel he contributes to your church is made in the liquor business, and that he delivers a thousand gallons a week to wholesalers in Wilmington. The difference between us is that I have no qualms about admitting it and you are too careful of your contributions to risk denouncing him or even admitting the truth about him."

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# THREE MORAL MOMENTS

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

Some are born moral, some achieve morality, but most, alas, have morality thrust upon them. Conscience, as some one has said, is the voice of one's grandmother. She was, we may assume, an excellent old lady, perhaps radical in her own day, but somewhat old-fogyish in ours. Let us not too freely condemn her until we overhear our own grandchildren exchanging confidences about our grandparental selves. There must be a number of otherwise intelligent persons who believe that the flesh and all thereto appertaining are evil, and that there is such a thing as absolute sin. Even so may a Professor Eddington forget his telescopes and formulæ and go seeking, with more desire than hope, a God in the scheme of things; even so may a Lodge write out sad briefs for immortality. Is it the echoing voice of one's grandmother, returning after the stress of life to reassert itself in the gathering silences? It is not a tribute to the educational system under which I grew up that the word "morality" should have possessed for years only a sexual connotation. For how many, indeed, does it today have a meaning that embraces all of life lived,—that is, as much as life can be lived,—as an art? For how many has it a dynamic significance, changing with inevitable change, or, to paraphrase the great sonneteer, altering when it alteration finds?

One grows from domination by outer authority to the peace of inner sanction. Strictly speaking, no one, in any sense of the word, may regard himself as moral until he has achieved a relatively complete autonomy in his field of action,—until indeed, he has become "immoral." That autonomy, in fact, may eventuate only in the most conventional procedure, but it may equally be the fiat of one's own more or less illusory will. Mr. Shaw's Candida, faced with a choice between Marchbanks and her husband, chooses her husband. Ibsen's Lady From The Sea, confronted with the choice between the Stranger and her husband, goes back likewise to her husband. It is a choice, one imagines, that more women have had to face than would care to tell of it. Seemingly they have not moved; they have strayed, if only in their thoughts, and have returned to the warmth of their hearths. Some, to be sure, return through fear. The others, however, have arrived at their conventional solution through a richness of personal experience that is itself the antithesis of convention. Not the choice seems in question so much as the freedom of the choice.

It is good to test ourselves against the accepted traditions of the species. That way lies growth. It is good, also, to look back at times and consider certain of the high moments in which an attitude was tested by living experience. The human psyche is a strange haunt; if one is but reasonably introspective—*pace* Dr. Watson —one may discover amusing, if at times uncomfortable, truths about oneself. Frequently a change in moral attitude announces itself by a sudden outburst in which the departing standard is eloquently upheld. It was not long before I discovered that for myself, and from myself, in the puzzled days of my youth. One has a habit of crying "Yes!" so loud to one's grandmother's admonitions, that it may become (as in the mouth of Sir Bailey Barre, Q.C.,



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M.P., of whom Princess Zara sings in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited") "but another and a neater form of No."

Sometimes, if grandma has had at you too early in your years, you effect a hidden compromise. Let me, with myself as example, illustrate how complicated a matter a simple taste may be. I am not fond of dancing, whether as a spectacle or as a delight. (Nor do I violate a confidence when I print the paradox that the author of "The Dance of Life" himself was ever indifferent to the dance, though fitted in every way for its pleasures.) Dancing to the classics has always irritated me; so much interpretative dancing is a mere pretense that spoils good music. It seeks to incarnate the least tangible of the arts; between the vibrating air and the listening imagination it interposes the opaque flesh. It forces upon music that was written for its own sake a programme delimited to muscular movement. I do not say that dancing is inevitably intrusive, but certainly it should not presume to "interpret" symphonic movements. It is at home in miming the smaller musical forms. Now, on the other hand, I am unreasonably fond of satirical dancing, of mock imitations, of burlesque ballet. Why is this so? I offer an explanation that does not altogether convince me; I am sure, however, that it approaches the truth.

Dancing has certain associations that are related to taboo. It is a more or less frankly sexual encounter. It is an emotional indulgence. Burlesque dancing, on the other hand, is criticism; it is intellectual. It releases, in the form of laughter, what would have been, in true dancing, a greater or lesser sublimation of sex. What kept me from dancing as a youth, though I may not have been aware of it, was the moral attitude. Now, a travestied dance is at once dance and mockery of dance; it is at once an indulgence of the forbidden pastime and an absolution—through mockery—of that indulgence. My laughter at burlesque dancing is not simple enjoyment; how much laughter is? My laughter is—surely in part—at once revenge for repression in youth, and release of that repression.

I find myself thinking of several episodes in themselves insignificant. Yet it is such happenings as these, and not the impeccably schematic, aprioristic formulations of works on ethics, that endow one's moral life with vitality. Actions do speak louder—and teach better—than words.

In the second year of my high-school career I conceived a violent distaste for my studies. I have always been, by nature, studious. I am not the only scholar, I am sure, who finds often in his investigations a sensuous pleasure. The relation between study and sensuousness—I did not say sensuality—might make an interesting piece of research for the psychologists. Well, for thirty days in succession I played truant, sometimes in company of a schoolmate who is now a leading merchant in Boston. This will be news even to my parents, at this late date, since with criminal success I managed to intercept all letters of inquiry from the school. What was I doing during that month? It was a busman's holiday. I was chiefly at the Public Library, studying harmony and counterpoint in the silences of the music room. Had I been caught at the time, I should have been doubly denounced as a wayward and undisciplined child. In sober fact I was intensely purposive and excessively disciplined, as any one will recognize if he is at all acquainted with the unnecessary rigors of counterpoint. In reality I was not a truant at all, and my "truancy," like so much that passes for it, was truly a deeper fidelity. I was, not to make it sound too noble, false to the school in order that I might be the truer to my self.

## II

My moral education began, however, some years before this truancy.

Grammar schools are so named, as one of my high-school teachers used to say, because they teach everything but grammar. Certainly we kids, as at graduation we

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proudly stepped upon the platform to receive our diplomas, could not have parsed the sentences that were so ostentatiously engrossed across the coveted rolls. For that matter, how many college graduates can translate the Latin upon their sheepskins? And how many of our higher institutions have the plain sense, if diplomas there must be, to print them in the King's English, or the President's American? But then, one is naturally rebellious against one's early teachers. They are, to ungrateful childhood, a symbol of stupid restraint. It was not so far along in our grammar school career that we children began to treasure up resentment in our souls.

The sadistic rattanings received for daring to be hungry during the recess in the play-yard and snatching a bite from a concealed *beigel* or *bulke* . . . the prohibition against chewing gum . . . the punishment for stepping a few inches out of the line . . . the being held after hours to sit with folded hands, for some half-understood infraction, watching the teacher correct papers and doing nothing but keep her company . . . the peculiar visitations of feminine vengeance, and the stifled anger at having to learn anything from a woman, anyway . . . the whispered accusations against the men instructors, to whom one was frequently sent to be switched . . . the revenge that we, in turn, wrought upon the frightened ladies who came as substitutes.

One of them I'll never forget, even if, as is likely, I recall her name incorrectly as Quirk. We got the poor creature so wild that, seizing the switch, she strode up and down the aisles lashing right and left, even as a reaper at harvest time. And she reaped such a harvest of demoniac yells that the other teachers on the floor came dashing to her rescue.

On holidays we were different children. Our faces were washed; our lapels sported ribbons with the national colors; we walked meekly to the platform in the exhibition hall and recited such poems as that classic of temperance by Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

> On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
> There stood two glasses, filled to the brim.
> One was ruddy and red as blood,
> The other, clear as the crystal flood . . .

But I will not vouch for the words; it is almost thirty years since I declaimed them. Today, I am an anti-Prohibitionist on general principle; I have a strong weakness for individual freedom. Yet I am not a drinker, and who can tell whether, some three decades ago, it was not Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Frances E. Willard who so subtly conspired against my convivial career?

Our lady teachers were elderly and conspicuously wrinkled. I maintain—and I respectfully bring the point to the attention of all school committees—that it is insidiously wrong to populate a grammar school with Katishas for preceptresses. One harridan, for reasons best known to herself, used to tell us innocent students continually what sorry articles men could be. Her type is not extinct; a defenseless niece of mine—she is all of nine years old—has been almost persuaded by her septuagenarian instructress never to marry. Men, my niece has been taught—I don't know in what course—are horrid, and a woman is far better off in single blessedness.

Our grammar school, however, boasted one belle, and it is of her that I would specially sing. Of course, we imagined that the headmaster and the one other male teacher on the staff were in love with her; and that the difficult ladies who bored us with history, geography (two of the worst taught studies in the world) and other interruptions, were envious of her. No doubt we were right about the envy. Why did we call Miss M. by the name Biddy? It must have been a school tradition. Miss M. was really young; she was, I am sure even to this day, really pretty. She had a habit of keeping us all on the run for private errands—over Beacon Hill, by the State House, down to the zone of the department stores. She had a host of willing servitors. One precocious comrade used regularly to steal apples off fruit stands and bring them

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to her, Paris-like, in tribute to her beauty. Ask me not now what it was she taught; surely we learned from her with most infrequent recourse, on her part, to aid from the rattan.

Yet hate, alas, sometimes lurks in the bosom of love. Without knowing it, we must have been marking the hour of her defeat. It all began when a certain personable young man was noticed waiting for her after the second session of the school day was over. Biddy M., you will understand, with the vanity that is young flesh, had suddenly adopted a new style of dress. It must have been at the turn of the century, and the storm skirt, so called, had come in. The combination of that new skirt and that young man was to prove our—and her—undoing. It was an innocent skirt, in all conscience. And we might, on our daily round, have learned a practical toleration of woman's frailties. Did we not see, on the hill that boasted our school—it was then a colored district—mammies pulling contentedly at their T. D. pipes and laughing their rich, oily laughter through the smoky wreaths? Yet pipes were pipes, and skirts were another thing entirely.

Biddy M.'s storm skirt must have been at least two or three inches from the ground. We missed the familiar sweep of the train, and the trail of dust that brought up the rear. She walked into the class-room with an offensive trimness. There were whispered conferences in the yard at recess. We held a court-martial and found her guilty of "immorality."

Just what we meant we never knew. But Biddy and her man were to feel the fury of our scorn. One day he was unlucky enough to think of taking her home in a horse and buggy. How the news spread through the school remains a mystery. Seemingly by telepathy the word was passed around that we were to assemble after school on the sidewalk opposite the entrance to our *alma mater*. And there, in ominous silence, we gathered. Biddy was somewhat delayed in coming out, and her young man—suddenly I recall that he had hair of an inoffensive red, and was quite tall—was walking up and down unsuspectingly. Meanwhile our numbers were reinforced, and it was becoming difficult to restrain them. I was not a leader in the deed. In fact, at first I was a puzzled onlooker. Biddy was after all a good friend of mine; on Spring days that filled the room with languor she would sense my desire to be outside, and would send me across the Boston Common on one of those frequent errands to the department stores. Come to think of it, I must have left more than one note for the rubicund youth.

Out stepped Biddy, jauntily. She caught sight of the phalanx on the other side, but failed to establish any relationship between these milling children and her own pert self. She stepped into the buggy, and her beau took his place beside her. He flicked the horse with his whip, and they were off.

So were we. There was a sudden whoop that blasted us from our inertia. I was drawn as by a natural force into the vortex, and before we had covered one hundred feet I was jeering as loud as any. Biddy turned around, pale as a lily; as for her escort, his very hair seemed to share his uneasy pallor.

"Biddy! Biddy!" we shouted, while curious passers-by paused to follow the strange spectacle. "Biddy and her beau! Take off that skirt!"

We even had a few compliments for the horse, who was getting excited with all the noise. It was a rough, hilly district, and if the horse had become unmanageable he might easily have started a headlong course down to the foot, where street-cars added to the dangers of a runaway. We cared not. We were inquisitors riding a witch out of town.

"Boys! boys!" cried Biddy M., when she had begun to grasp the crazy situation. "Here, you,"—and she picked out of the crowd a number whom she recognized—"aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" (We were always being asked to be ashamed of ourselves.) "I'll report you all tomorrow

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morning to Mr. Marston." Marston was the headmaster,—a Civil War veteran who resembled the pictures of Ulysses S. Grant; we held him in quasi-reverence, and there was a certain magic in his name. We had gone too far, however, to heed even the name of the headmaster; we were beyond propitiation.

"Get a respectable skirt!" we yelled, inventing new noises of derogation as we impeded the progress of the buggy. At one time we had it completely surrounded, and were daring Mr. Beau to step out and clear the road. How far this might have gone I do not know, but the moral crusade met a sudden collapse at the sight of a policeman. "A cop! A cop!" The alarm was sufficient. We scattered in all directions. Our senses began slowly to return. Half of us, in fact, did not show up the next morning.

If I did, it was through a desire—still characteristic of me—to force unpleasant situations and get them over with one way or the other. Biddy hadn't noticed me in the crowd, it appeared. She was as pale that morning as if she had just recovered from a long and serious illness. Mr. Marston had evidently not been informed. For this we scamps were as grateful as we knew how to be. Biddy was, indeed, particularly kind to us that day. But—and for this I take off my hat to her memory—she was wearing that storm skirt over which we had raised such a storm. If she's alive she must be in her early fifties,—not too old as ladies go today,—sweetly obeying the fashion that decrees the dress-length at some three inches above the knee, not the sole.

With that epochal day went a goodly share of the moral indignation that was ever to burn in this manly breast. At the very moment in which I seemed to be confirming the traditions of my elders I was yelling myself free of it. My convictions as to conventional morality, seemingly centred upon that buggy, rode away with it. The gods should beware of excessive veneration. Too much incense chokes them.

## III

I have not too much faith in lectures. For the most part, I go to them now, or give them, under protest. Platform experience, with me, began early; I couldn't have been more than ten when, with the flag of our country in my quavering hands, I began that flickering aspect of my career. I could memorize words almost as quickly as I could memorize music, and was consequently prominent at school functions. The innocent horrors of those exercises in declamation! The doggerel into which we poured our nascent emotions! The delicious automatism of our gestures!

Later we would be entrusted with the reading of compositions that we had laboriously put together "out of our own heads." Some of us never got beyond this stage, and may be heard today arguing in the municipal courts with declamation, gestures and brain-content almost unchanged through the years. There was always something mildly stimulating to me in the sight of faces ranged in rows, until repeated experience taught me how stolid and unconcerned those faces might be. Lectures—with the inevitable exceptions, of course—represent a species of vicarious learning. They are, for the spectator, essentially passive, even when they seem to rouse him to a frenzy of applause. The very energy expended in these emotional explosions leaves little for the appreciation and understanding and application of what has been said.

In any case, from the days of the grammar-school graduation, when I read a silly little thing about wanting to be a fireman, to the days of the graduation exercises at high-school, for which I wrote a special march and read a paper on "Amateur Journalism," I was engaged, with a congenial group, in delivering all sorts of talks. This must have been the reason why we formed so many literary clubs, and edited so many club journals. We wanted forums. What we lectured upon taught our audiences little, but it taught us much. For we had to study up the subjects on

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which we spoke. "The Nebular Hypothesis," "The Deficiencies of Maeterlinck as a Playwright," "Breath and Singing" (illustrated, if you please, with crude lantern slides showing the lungs in various stages of collapse), "The Riddle of the Universe," "The Exact Location of the Garden of Eden" . . . these were some of the topics that we spoke on or listened to. This sort of thing went on until advancing years in college began to absorb our attention almost completely.

During the first year of college there were some awesome meetings of a club that had been formed ostensibly to further the cause of temperance. Miss H——, a beautiful soul who seemed then a rather elderly lady, although she was well under forty at the time, was our directress. It was part of her service as an officer of the settlement. She is as sweet as ever today, nearing her sixties, and finds it still difficult to believe that we should have turned out, almost to a man, to be such a body of heretics. The raw diatribes against man and God that her virgin ears so indulgently listened to! The interminable debate I had with her one Winter's evening, over a poem by Henry Van Dyke that praised the dubious blessings of platonic affection! This club was a co-ed affair, and I fear greatly that we emerging men left ever so much to be desired in the way of chivalry. We never stooped to pick up dropped handkerchiefs; certainly we never spread our overcoats across a mud-puddle. We were angular, as sober as Dante in Hell, and pure to the point of stupidity. We deserved every note of the slightly hysterical laughter that sometimes greeted us from these girlish throats. We talked too much . . . and only talked.

This, then, is the background against which I loomed forth as an informal orator. If lecturing *per se* is evil—it is a prejudice of mine that sometimes is quiescent—then lecturing with formality is humorlessly so. However . . . We had formed, in those days when social salvation seemed so much nearer to accomplishment than it does since the dispute of 1914–1918, a league that provided, *gratis*, talks on a variety of subjects to organizations composed chiefly of young men and women. Vanity or altruism? Perhaps equal parts of both. Talks on music and science, on letters and sociology, on economics and the venereal diseases. . . . In our beginning was the Word. Strange to say, we kept this up, quite successfully, for a number of years.

It so befell that one of these informal lectures took place in the vestry of a suburban synagogue. It was my turn. What the official title of the talk was I cannot remember. However, it covered almost every topic in our list, and the word had gone around that some of it would be pretty unorthodox. We made it a point—we were optimists then—that all talks involving problems of sex should be given, by preference, to mixed audiences. In my audience that night—it was, unless my memory is unusually tricky, sometime in 1912 or 1913—there were three or four gentlemen and perhaps five or six hundred more or less fair young ladies.

It all began innocently enough, but by a sudden transition—I do not read my talks, and speak from perhaps three or four lines of notes, so that the temptation is always to fly off on a tangent—I launched into a repertory of mild heterodoxies. Before I knew it, I found myself talking about some of the implications of the matriarchate, and I noticed that there were very audible expressions of dissent—or, rather, displeasure—from the front rows. For I doubt that my hearers were much better informed than was I. Yet they sensed, and correctly, a definite scorn on my part. The more I spoke, the greater grew my own resentment at this whole business of lecturing. My tongue ran loose, though what I said was simple, authentic, and harmless enough. But it was not the kind of thing that pre-war audiences were accustomed to listen to. And perhaps—if so, I am not sorry—I had forgotten that I wasn't addressing the pachydermatous members of our Evolution Club.

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A girl arose and paraded with straight back to the door. Another followed her. I kept on talking. A group of three decided to leave. The group was followed by a half dozen more. I had named, by name, an unmentionable disease. I was questioning the type of moral education that brought up girls and boys in what we then called criminal ignorance. It is still ignorance, and it is still criminal. Spontaneously, in several different parts of the hall, groups of five and six girls arose and walked—not ran—to the exit. Directly under my nose a miss declared, not under her breath: "This is a disgrace to the synagogue!" It was easier for me to continue speaking than to pause. By this time, too, I was getting angry. I am not a martyr to principles. Principles should be tested by experience, and unconditionally scrapped if they do not survive the test.

This was the first time that I had been so tested. At that moment, with half my audience now vanishing through the door, I knew that I believed in free speech, and that I held dear the right of the mind to send its antennæ in all directions, regardless of whither they led and what they reported. I was not defending what I said so much as the right to give it a fair hearing.

As a matter of fact, much of what I said that evening seems to me now rather orthodox, too ethical and insufficiently æsthetic, too enmeshed in contemporary sociological dogma and a half-understood Ibsenism. Yet it was a precious experience that I would not have missed for all the easy triumphs of those orators who snare the hearts of women in verbal molasses.

Besides, the tale has a sequel such as only Time could write. I meet some of those misses now. Most of them are married; they are excellent mothers, none the worse for exposure to the sentiments that they listened to that night. Some of them —or their younger sisters—ask me whether I couldn't let them borrow, for just a few days, Frank Harris's "Life and Loves," D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," or the Beardsley edition of Aristophanes' "Lysistrata."

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# RICH PORT

BY MUNA LEE

This desperately tilted plane of land, our island,
Toppling from its gaunt sea-rooted pillar,
Slanted ever more definitely toward the sea-floor,
Toward that bottomless rift in the floor of Mona Passage,
Slipping,
sliding,
creeping,
ever more surely,
This doomed beloved rock edging inch by inch with the earthquakes
Toward implacable disaster,
Some day will lurch, will plunge, the long tension ended,
And the ceibas and the yellow fortress and the lizards and the market-place,
The wild beauty of mountain cliffs hung with blue morning-glories,
Immaculate cane-fields and the cool breath of coffee-groves,
Thatched hovels and trolley cars and Ponce de Leon's palace,
Flame-trees and tree-ferns and frail white orchises,
My love and your pride,
All, all will lie in crushed indeterminate wreckage for a thousand thousand years
In the crevasse beneath the floor of Mona Passage,
With æons of sea creatures moving lightly through the heavy masses of water
Far above the shattered nameless shards
That in 1930 were you and I
And flame-trees and Porto Rico.



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# RUBBER STAMP

BY WARD GREENE

The nuns came rustling in, one and two, one and two, and Mr. Quinn, at his desk, stamped a report with a rubber stamp. They went about the office, halting here and there, and clerks and stenographers gave them nickels and dimes. The nuns stopped at Mr. Quinn's desk. They said nothing. Mr. Quinn stamped again with the rubber stamp, carefully, and the nuns went out, one and two, one and two. Mr. Quinn had not looked up.

The nuns had been coming to the office for years, longer than Mr. Quinn had been there, and that was a long time. The common run of solicitors was barred—"Beggars and peddlers not allowed," said the sign outside the office—but the nuns were allowed. That was because the office executives were mostly Jewish. The Jews and the Catholics they do stand together, said the Protestant employés, and they wagged their heads.

The nuns were like great black birds with white beaks. In their sweeping black robes they moved soundlessly—in the door; here, there; without a word, they stopped, went on. The black robes brushed the floor. The crucifixes swung on soundless chains. And their ivory faces did not move. Only one nun, with a fat ruddy face, sometimes smiled.

Often a nun had a small child with her. The child trotted beside the sweeping robe with one hand lost in a black fold, and if it pulled away, childlike, to pick up something or stare, the nun swooped it on again. The Protestants grumbled that the nuns brought the children as decoys, but they were prejudiced. They did not see why the office made an exception of nuns.

Almost everybody, including the Protestants, gave to the nuns. All the Catholics gave, of course, and the Jews and the Protestants gave either because they were ashamed to be thought stingy, or because they believed to give was good policy in the office, or because they had as lief give as not and you couldn't very easily get out of it with a nun standing there, waiting. They gave only dimes and nickels, but Mr. Eiseman, the office manager, gave fifty cents.

Mr. Quinn did not give. He had never given. He had never once looked up in all the years the nuns had stopped at his desk before they went out, one and two, one and two.

To say that everyone wondered why Mr. Quinn did not give and that no one knew why would be true. But it would not be true to say that the mystery was of great account in the office or that anyone talked about it much. They made little jokes out of Mr. Quinn's hearing, and when the nuns stopped at his desk some of the clerks might look up and wink. "See—see Quinn? —How does he get that way?—Don't give them a tumble!" But they soon forgot when the nuns were not there.

The thing was curious because Mr. Quinn in no other way was a curious man. He was one of the oldest employés in point of service, though not in age—he could not have been more than forty-five. He was faithful, he was industrious, he was accurate. It was his function to check reports, to make notes on some, to send others back for correction, and to stamp those that were correct. Most of the time he stamped, for most of the reports were right. He did



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his job carefully and the office valued him.

The other clerks liked him. He talked about his radio and sometimes bet on the races and in the baseball pools, and he was known to have a home in Jersey and a wife. The stenographers, sleek young Jewesses, thought him stupid, for when he joked with them, as he did occasionally, he repeated his special jests for this one or that. "Well, Frieda, how's tricks?" or "Going home, Miss Weill? Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" The girls said, "I'll scream if Mr. Quinn tells me that again!" But they never did.

The one distinction Mr. Quinn had was his appearance, and even that was a distinction of type. He was fat in a certain way—not roly-poly like a stage comedian or jowled like a cartoon of Capital or pot-bellied like the Typical Husband. Yet he was fat in a manner that demanded a label. You looked at Mr. Quinn—at his bay window, his round pink face, his head bald except for a crescent of gray—and you wondered what he reminded you of. And then you remembered—he reminded you of a priest, he was like one of those jolly fat friars of the Middle Ages. If he had a cassock and sandals, you could imagine him trudging along, staff in hand, with hearty "Pax vobiscums" on his lips.

A new stenographer told him this one day. She was waiting for him to hand her his reports and she was looking down at the top of his bald head. Suddenly she smiled and said: "You know, Mr. Quinn, you look exactly like a priest!" Mr. Quinn was reading his last report. His head was bent and he wore a green eyeshade. His face was all but invisible. He did not look up when the girl spoke, he may not have heard her at all, for he picked up the rubber stamp and stamped the report and handed it to her without saying anything. This was not so strange, but it was strange to the new girl.

She told one of the other girls: "I felt awful funny a while ago. I told Mr. Quinn he looked exactly like a priest and he didn't say a thing!"

"My God, you shouldn't have done that!" said the other girl. "Don't you know he hates Catholics?"

"But he didn't say a word," repeated the new stenographer. "My God, I felt funny!"

## II

Not long afterward an odd rumor circulated in the office about Mr. Quinn. One of the clerks was supposed to have had it from Quinn himself, in conversation at a lunchroom, but that was never clear, since with clerks departing and new clerks coming in, the clerk Mr. Quinn told became an identity as uncertain as the rumor. Perhaps there never was such a clerk. Perhaps the rumor conjured itself out of Mr. Quinn's way with the nuns, out of the winks and whispers. The rumor was that he had once studied to be a priest.

It never went beyond just that—Quinn had studied to be a priest. The queerness of the statement was enough. "Oh, did he?" said people when they heard it. "I wonder why—" and then they usually stopped. Sometimes they smiled, looking at Mr. Quinn's pink head where he methodically stamped away. It was funny to think of his having studied to be a priest—and never giving to the nuns. "I wonder why—" they might begin again. But they seldom finished. It was somehow uncomfortable, thinking beyond that.

So Mr. Quinn, valued by the office, liked by the other clerks, yet became a bit suspect, a bit sinister. He no longer got a number in the baseball pools, there was not so much talk about his radio. There was not so much talk about radio, anyway, as far as that went. It was that way—deliberate by nobody, a change noticeable, perhaps, not even to Quinn himself. Pink and corpulent, he sat tapping his stamp, and never raising his eyes to the nuns.

The smiling nun with the fat, ruddy face stopped oftenest at Mr. Quinn's desk. You would have thought, after the long time they had been coming to the office, that the nuns would have given up Mr. Quinn.

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Not a penny to be had there. Not even a shake of the head. To stand ignored must be unpleasant even for a Sister of Charity. But the fat, smiling nun never gave up. The other nuns might sheer silently from the side where Quinn was, might appear to choose other parts of the office as if all this had been decided silently among them—but the fat one came and stood by Mr. Quinn's desk, smiling down at him. She should have seemed merry, that nun, with her fat face and her blue eyes shining. But she did not have a merry smile.

Everybody noticed how the fat nun persisted with Mr. Quinn. The stenographers would have giggled if they hadn't been, in a way, afraid. Not afraid of Mr. Quinn, exactly, but of the thing about Mr. Quinn they couldn't understand. All that talk about Mr. Quinn hating the Catholics, studying to be a priest—besides, someone might think you were laughing at a nun. They giggled no longer, they just stared covertly, even when the fat nun took to standing by Mr. Quinn's desk longer than usual. Longer every time they came to the office—you couldn't help watching; she stood there until the other nuns were quite through, smiling all the while at the bald head and the lowered eyeshade, and she never said anything, she never moved, not even her smile.

Mr. Quinn must have known she was there, black and silent. It got downright uncomfortable to watch them—he never looking up, reading his reports, stamping them with the rubber stamp. It wasn't funny any more.

"What do you think—is she doing it on purpose because he's the only one that never gave? Maybe she's trying to sort of hypnotize him; thinks she'll get him if she keeps at him long enough. Convert him, you know. You can't ever tell about Catholics—look at the church, the way it's lasted. But it's weird—the way she smiles. You feel sort of sorry for Quinn, don't you? Stamping, stamping—he's an all right fellow."

Nobody said this, they thought it, for if you said it, somebody might think you were taking a crack at the nuns. "Better not say it—even if you think that fat nun does it on purpose because she knows Quinn hates Catholics. Maybe she's heard about his once studying to be a priest, maybe it was something horrible happened so Quinn is afraid of priests and nuns now. Maybe she knows he's afraid of her. Better not say anything."

One day, when the fat nun was standing by Mr. Quinn's desk, he took the rubber stamp and pressed it on a report and the stamp broke. The handle snapped at the base. Mr. Quinn made no sound of irritation. He picked up the broken handle and put it against the base where it had snapped off, carefully, as though he thought it would stick. Of course it didn't. But he held it there until the other nuns came by and the fat nun joined them, and they went out, one and two, one and two. Mr. Quinn hadn't looked up, even when the stamp broke or while he held it as though he would make it stick.

## III

The next day Mr. Quinn wasn't at the office. His wife telephoned that he was ill. She asked one of the clerks to come out and bring something. It was a funny thing she wanted. It was Quinn's rubber stamp.

The clerk who went out reported to Mr. Eiseman that Quinn was pretty sick. For a long time he hadn't been well, Mrs. Quinn said, he worked too hard and he brooded a lot. Last night he had come home very low spirited and she supposed things had gone wrong at the office. All he told her was that he had broken his rubber stamp and it would put him behind on his reports—but it seemed to worry him. He didn't turn on his radio after dinner, but sat brooding while Mrs. Quinn cleaned things up and all of a sudden, just as she had finished and was coming up behind to ask him how he felt, he gave a little cry and toppled over.

The doctor said Quinn had some kind of

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fever. He was out of his head. But they wouldn't have to take him to a hospital because Mrs. Quinn—a tall, reserved woman with an ivory face—used to be at Saint Margaret's Hospital—a nurse, so it was said—and she was sure she could take care of her husband by herself. He always hated hospitals, she said. Doctors, too. She had wanted him to go to a doctor when he began to brood so, but Quinn said doctors cost too much.

That was a funny thing, too, said the clerk—the Quinns weren't poor. They'd saved a third of Quinn's salary every week, they bought their home on instalments, and Quinn had ten thousand dollars life insurance, Mrs. Quinn said.

Why—Mr. Eiseman asked the clerk—did Mrs. Quinn want the rubber stamp?

Oh, yes—that was a funny thing. The way Quinn was, out of his head and all, he kept asking for the rubber stamp. Like as though he was at work. Like as though he was afraid—whimpering. She gave him the stamp, broken like it was, and he was all right then. He was quiet, said the clerk, except for tapping on the sheet—like this—tap—tap—tap.

Well, said Mr. Eiseman, he was sorry for Quinn, but if they'd saved his salary and bought a home, too, the office needn't do anything right now. Maybe that was the reason Quinn had a breakdown, worrying about money. Maybe, said the people in the office, that was the reason Quinn didn't give to the nuns. Maybe Quinn didn't hate the Catholics at all. It was a shame how the nuns had kept after him, somebody ought to tell them so. But nobody did, and on that day everyone in the office gave something to the nuns and Mr. Eiseman gave a dollar.

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# CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*Date-Mills.*—Were I elected Chairman of the Board of Education in any municipality of this great Republic—which, in view of my lavish grade of intelligence, would obviously be most unlikely—the very first thing I should do would be to issue an order to school-teachers to desist from their present idiocy in cramming the heads of the young with dates. Of all the elements of so-called education, this is one of the most imbecile and useless, yet the practice keeps up simply because no one has ever had the good sense to call a halt to it, and the juvenile American cranium as a consequence is annually loaded up with a mass of figures which, if they aren't promptly forgotten, not only serve no earthly purpose but occupy a cerebral space that might with immensely more profit be occupied by something else.

Speaking recently with a dozen or more youngsters of various sizes and ages and from various schools, I found that the date-stuffing business was still going on with even greater assiduity than in the days when I was a kid and that their little noddles were still being tortured with such absurd wastes of time as being asked to remember the date of the battle between Pisa and Lucca, the date of birth of Caius Lutatius Catulus, the dates of the institution of the League of Cambray and of the Union of Kalmar, the date of Peter the Great's death, and the date of the ceding of Norway to Sweden. The attempt to convert the school-boy mind into a calendar instead of into a thinking apparatus is nicely illustrated by such educational farce. What practical end it furthers or what good it does, the Lord alone knows, yet it persists simply out of tradition.

A knowledge of important dates in the world's history is, of course, valuable, but such dates are relatively few in number. Nine-tenths of the dates that youngsters are bidden to remember are of no value whatsoever to them in after life. Of what possible use is it, save in the case of the fiftieth-thousand boy who becomes in later life a school-master or historian of sorts, to know that the Peloponnesian War lasted from 431 B.C. to 404 B.C., that Albumazar was born in 805 A.D., that William of Orange embarked from Hellevoetsluis for England in 1688, and that Manuel I permitted the Crusaders under Conrad III and Louis VII to pass through his dominions in 1147? The answer, obviously, is that it is of utterly no use.

While it is meet to instruct children in the different historical periods and the more important occurrences in those periods, that instruction would be vastly more satisfactory if the welter of particularized dates, relating to specific years, were abandoned and much more readily remembered and just as valuable dates by centuries or half-centuries substituted in their stead. There are certain unavoidable exceptions, of course, but in the main the latter method would, I daresay, prove much more economical and profitable in the long run. It is sufficient—aye, more than sufficient—that a man know the general rather than the specific period of such events as the War of Roses, the battle of Langside, the exploratory achievements of Magellan and the occurrence at Runnymede. If it ever becomes violently necessary for him to know the exact day, month, year and hour he can easily look it up in a book, but it will probably become that necessary not more than once in his life in order to settle some such very important and profound problem as to who will have to pay for the drinks.



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*The Professor Business.*—That the trade of college professor is the softest of all mundane snaps, that it imposes less strain upon a man than any other trade or profession, and that, in the way of physical and mental exertion, it would seem to be on a par with Fiji Island basket-weaving, is implied in the statistics detailing the inordinate period of activity and longevity enjoyed by the class in point. These statistics show that the average age at which professors due for allowances from the Carnegie Foundation voluntarily chose to retire during the last recorded college year was 68.28, four of the retiring gentry being 65 years old, nine 66, five 70, one 75, and one 86. For the five years preceding the period covered by these figures, the average age of voluntary retirement was 66.8.

Statistics covering a period of six years show, further, that the average retirement age of fifty professors at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia and the Johns Hopkins was 67.8, those at the last named university keeping in harness for more than 68 years. The youngest to retire were at Yale and were of the tender age of 66. Three of the oldest living persons in the world last year spent their lives in the professing and college business: Emily Howland, a school-teacher in New York State, who boasted of 100 years, and Prof. William F. Warren, of Boston University, and Prof. William Watts Folwell, of the University of Minnesota, who both had passed 95.

*Mystery.*—A re-reading today of Conan Doyle's celebrated Sherlock Holmes series brings one to a puzzled pondering of the enormous success that the stories enjoyed in their time. Read again after many years they not only seem very bald and crude in a literary direction, but for the most part ingenuous in their plot schemes. Holmes himself, though grantedly the most popular and most widely known character in modern fiction, is seen to be a character less of Doyle's creation than of Doyle's readers. Holmes, so far as Doyle's character analysis goes, is the merest shadow. His double-peaked cap and pipe apparently mark the limits of the author's power of character delineation. His speech is without definite mark or illuminating idiosyncrasy; his musings are associated solely with the hide-and-seek plots in which he is made to figure and disclose next to nothing of the man himself; his actions are the arbitrary actions of tin-pot melodrama. And so far as his outward aspect goes, it is suggested to the reader not by Doyle but by the illustrator, Steele, who drew the pictures for the stories. It is, in point of fact, Steele's Holmes rather than Doyle's that people visualize when they think of the detective.

The only explanation that one can advance for the great success of the Holmes stories lies not in their writing, which is bad, nor in their character delineation, which is worse, but in their plot appeal. For all the insistence of professorial literary criticism that it is character rather than plot that makes for longevity in the field of fiction, we have here still another example in contradiction. Action that makes character, however indeterminate the character may be, has a greater and wider popular appeal than the finer literature in which character determines action. Robinson Crusoe, Uncle Tom, Little Red Riding Hood and dozens of other such plot-born characters continue, like Sherlock Holmes, to enrapture and engross the public where characters who are parents of their plots do so in minor degree. Holmes was and is a world success not because of himself but simply because he happened to be present when a shudderful hound howled on the dark moor, when a poisonous and terrifying snake crawled down a bell-cord, and when a deadly Hindu dart was projected from a blow-pipe.

*Olfactory Note.*—That most of the large cities of the world have not only a distinctive look, distinctive manner and distinctive tone but, more important, a very distinctive smell, may have impressed itself upon others before this; if so, I haven't

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encountered the reflections in type and hence address myself to the subject. In the instance of many such cities it has always seemed to me that, after some experience of them, it would be very easy to distinguish one from another blindfolded and by the exercise of the nose alone. Thus, landing by parachute in Paris on a dark night, it wouldn't be the scent of horse-chestnuts, as is fictitiously believed, that would quickly identify the locality, but the asphalt odor that is peculiar to Paris and the exact like of which isn't to be sniffed in any other city I know of. Thus, too, London would be readily identifiable by virtue of a smell resembling oil-cloth or linoleum drying in the sun; New York by a fragrance vaguely suggestive of dry rubber shoes; Vienna by an empyreuma remindful of a dusty straw basket; Berlin by the odor of wet talcum powder; and Philadelphia by the aroma of dry lime. Constantinople smells like mouldy maple caramels; Havana, appropriately enough, like burning brown-paper cigarettes; San Francisco like damp pulp paper; and Chicago like rusty iron. Each large city assails the nostrils in a different manner. Of all those I am acquainted with, only two in this regard in the least resemble each other: Paris and Philadelphia.

*The Connubial Prohibitionist.*—There is a commonly accepted theory that the bachelor, in his avoidance of marriage, shirks not only his responsibility to the state and his duty to mankind but constitutes himself, by his attitude, a citizen susceptible of suspicion on the part of all right-thinking and hypothetically normal men. The theory, scrutinizing it studiously, impresses me as so much wind. Just how, one wonders, does the bachelor's avoidance of matrimony reflect upon him? Let us assume that he is poor, cannot afford to marry and yet, out of the spoken sense of duty, does marry. He thus visits the discomforts and misery of one human being upon another and the poverty of a single person upon two persons, with the obvious consequences. Let us assume, on the other hand, that he is well-to-do and, having some acumen, marries a woman equally well-heeled. In what way has he helped the state or mankind? If, in the case of the destitute bachelor, the marriage results in children, isn't the situation even more deplorable? If, in the case of the opulent bachelor, it does not—and it often in such cases lamentably does not—how is the welfare of mankind safeguarded?

Say the poor bachelor contrives to marry a rich girl or the rich bachelor takes unto his bosom, out of a sense of duty, a poor one. How long will it be before the wife of the former taunts him, however delicately, and before court troubles set in? In the second case, why should the state consider desirable a marriage based upon duty alone? If it were possible to get all bachelors married off ideally, it might be a good thing for the state and for mankind in general, but to urge them into marriages more or less certain to bust up isn't helping matters at all. Few bachelors, for all their loud talking, are opposed to marriage; it is simply that the great majority of them haven't found the right woman and have sagacity enough to do some watchful waiting. The average marrying man jumps to the first fairly likely girl and, without giving the matter serious thought, soon or late adds to the divorce statistics or, if a clod, to the sum of lasting human unhappiness. The bachelor is cautious, wary; he has not only his own but others' happiness and welfare in mind.

The bachelor of some years and experience who ultimately gets himself married pretty generally stays married. The divorce statistics disclose few cases of separation on the part of men who have married after forty, but they are chock-a-block with marriages entered into by younger and less philosophical fellows.

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# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *Home, James!*

THE circumstances that it was founded upon a tale of the imposing Henry James', written by Mr. John Balderston, a highly competent and popular member of the staff of the New York *World*, edited in part by the equally popular Mr. J. C. Squire, grand master of the celebrated sodality of London literarities known as the Squirearchy, and contains a faint allusion, spoken with tremendous solemnity, to Einstein's theory of relativity, have combined to bring about, both in England and America, a critical reception of the play called "Berkeley Square" that out-dazzles the bill of the woosel-cock. Dismissing as unworthy and unthinkable, of course, any imputation of *Brüderschaft* and reading the ecstatic reviews with a mind open and free from unbecoming suspicions, I am brought to one of two conclusions: (*a*) either that the play is really the work of art it has been proclaimed to be and that I am too dumb to appreciate the fact, or (*b*) that Barnum was right when he said that there was one born every minute.

Having seen "Berkeley Square" in performance and having scrutinized it carefully in book form, all that I am able to detect in it is a prestidigitation of obvious theatrical hokum by a playwright dressed up as a literary man. The latter steps to the footlights and, as it were, addresses the assembled *intelligentsia* thus: "We who, unlike most of the world, have as our deepest concern and fondest love the finer interests of literature and drama, are gathered here together this evening to exercise not merely our ears and eyes and spines—after the fashion of lowlier audiences—but our sense of æsthetics, our faculties for wit and fancy, and our minds. Metaphysics, transcendentalism, immateriality, pneumatology—such things we shall deal with; the rest is for groundlings. Gentlemen, I thank you." The curtain rises. The scene is London; the time, 1784. The audience is vouchsafed a quick glimpse of a morning room wistful in its Queen Anne furniture and of its occupants in Eighteenth Century costume. The scene shifts to the same room, the time being now 1928. A young man looks at the clock and with much gravity observes that time, after all, is like a bend in a river imperceptible to a boatman but swept in at a flash by an airman, or words to that effect; a door opens mysteriously by means of a concealed wire; and the young man finds himself back in the 1784 period of Scene I. He moves, a modern figure, among the personages of another century, startling and aweing them with his prescience and delighting the audience with anachronistic wise-cracks on making the world safe for democracy and on the difficulty of smuggling liquor past the customs officials. Meanwhile, the young woman who serves as the love interest interrupts the hilarity of the audience over the young man's further prochronistic references to open plumbing and daily bathing, together with quotations from a then still unborn Oscar Wilde, to look ahead and predict the day when flying machines will wing their way above buildings many stories high. The door then mysteriously opens again at the pull of the wire in an opposite direction; the young man is back in 1928; and the final curtain falls.

That a measure of the phraseology in which certain of these proceedings are couched is rather more literary than is the custom with this species of throw-back drama is granted. But that from first to last the present play is otherwise nothing



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more than a sentimentalized reboiling of the bones of "A Connecticut Yankee," "When Knights Were Bold" and "The Road to Yesterday" is, it seems to me, baldly obvious. True enough, the playwright has adroitly thrown the dust in the eyes of his critics with the pseudo-Einstein profundity alluded to and with periodic disquisitions on Sir Joshua Reynolds and translations of Latin inscriptions substituted for the conventional low comedy with a suit of armor and the conventional buffoonery associated with *odds bodkins*, *eftsoons* and *gadzooks*, but the familiar landscape is clearly observable through the cloud. Mr. Balderston's technique greatly reminds me of that once practiced by Augustus Thomas, who used to make a similar deep impression upon whistle-dizzy criticism. Just as Mr. Thomas was wont to lay hold of an old chump-chopper about a sick child who reunited an estranged mother and father at its bedside and put it over as something highly professorial by having the child in its dying moments quote Aristotle instead of the old woman who lived in a shoe, so Mr. Balderston has, perhaps unconsciously, given us simply a reversed version of "The Ladder" with an awesome motivating titbit on identity of time in place of the more banal theory of reincarnation. As I have hinted, the writing now and again fleetingly conceals the rusty machinery, and the suggestion of the psychic quality of the hero's excursion spares the producer the necessity of hiring a costly corps of stagehands to do a lot of quick, concrete scene-shifting, but above and below and in between all that the exhibit amounts to is Mark Twain punditically and very sentimentally rewritten by Edward Sheldon.

The dramatic devices employed by the author of "Berkeley Square" are as generally familiar as its thematic scheme. The final curtain device, the tender reminiscence of a dead love, is remembered from "Romance." The episode of the painted portrait, with its implication of the spanned years, is in essence recalled from Schnitzler's "The Lady with the Dagger," as is the shift of periods. The anticipatory knowledge and recognition of event through preëxperience by the returned Peter Standish comes down from "The Return of Peter Grimm." Mr. Balderston's postulate of mathematics, metaphysics and the identity of time is fraudulent; it is not developed or certified in the play; it is akin to the oracular salutatory harangue of a cure-all vendor, with the cure-all subsequently turning out to be simply molasses. It is the distinguished whiskers in which the trivial business has been disguised, and which, together with a fine production and some first-rate acting, has managed to bemuse and befuddle clear-sighted criticism.

## II

## *Showmanship*

For all his sincere belief in the refinements of his own acumen, the average professional play reviewer is just as big a come-on in the presence of expert showmanship as his lay brother. Anyone who reads regularly the reviews in the American, as well as the English, newspapers cannot fail to notice the extent to which such dexterous showmanship periodically contrives to bamboozle critics who might reasonably be expected to see through it and into the exact nature of the play or show whose mediocrity it has, by cunning artifice, veiled. A very good example was had lately in the instance of the production, by Charles B. Cochran in London and by Florenz Ziegfeld in New York, of Noël Coward's so-called operette, "Bitter-Sweet." Both Mr. Cochran and Mr. Ziegfeld are past masters of the art of Ringlingism and by a deft practice of that art managed to cozen every reviewer in London, with one exception, and every reviewer in New York, with no exception, into the impression that the Coward work was important stuff.

While I do not wish to offer myself in the light of an extraordinary and exceptional fellow who can be fooled by nothing—I am prepared to present several im-

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pressive statistics to the contrary—it seems to me that any reviewer who could be taken in by the juvenility of the Coward exhibit must be a very impassionable æsthetic sucker, one pathologically susceptible to cheap showshop romance and one whose knowledge of what constitutes reputable music is derived from movie-parlor organs, sound films, cabaret bands and Broadway song and dance shows. The book of the Coward "operette" is a witless and wholly commonplace *réchauffé* of a love tale long cobwebbed in the theatre, with its emotional qualities announced verbally by characters who cannot, because of the shortcomings of their author, impart them; and the music is a Roxy paraphrase of clumsily shoplifted Offenbach, Eysler, Ivan Caryll and, at one point—though Mr. Coward may not be deliberately conscious of the fact—Raymond Hubbell. Yet the sagacious Cochran and the sagacious Ziegfeld, who are without question of doubt on to the real quality of the exhibition, have managed to make the reviewers accept it as something but slightly less estimable than Gilbert and Sullivan.

By skilful advance advertisement and press-agency, by an adroit manipulation of the ocean cables, by giving their first-night audiences the aspect of a court levee, by prevailing upon certain flatterable magnificoes momentously to start things going by shouting *bravo* at appropriate intervals, by getting Mr. Coward himself—who enjoys a very likeable personality—to pose the modest, bashful boy-genius to the newspaper interviewers, and by a dozen and one such dodges, these shrewd producers have managed metaphorically to lay the red carpet in front of their theatres and to lead the reviewers to believe, on their way in, that they were about to witness a wedding of the arts and, on their way out, to be thoroughly convinced that not only had they witnessed the wedding, but the accouchement, the baby, the christening and the confirmation, to say nothing of having had a grand time around the punch-bowl during the whole party. And all the while that this was going on at Mr. Cochran's His Majesty's in London, the un-Cowarded Offenbach's own "La Vie Parisienne," with the insufficient showmanship of Nigel Playfair, was making scant impression upon the same boys at the Lyric, and all the while that this was going on at Mr. Ziegfeld's Theatre in New York a little thing by Johann Strauss called "Die Fledermaus," with the insufficient showmanship of the Shuberts, was, due to the boys' indifference, pining away at the Majestic.

## III

### *Critical Excess*

It is unquestionably this critical intemperance, two examples of which have been recorded above, that has to a considerable degree been responsible for the alienation from the theatre of many intelligent playgoers. Time and again such persons have been persuaded by the highly approbatory notices of presumably equally intelligent reviewers to visit presentations that were quickly seen to be anything but the first-rate things they were cracked up to be and that have induced in the attendants the feeling that, if this was the best the current theatre had to offer, they might just as well stay at home.

With the overwhelming proportion of the *ignorantsia* already movie-bound and with the future of the theatre resting so largely in the hoped-for patronage of the more intelligent classes, the critical indiscretion in point is something seriously to be pondered. Doubtless believing that the best way to help the theatre is to let loose extravagantly laudatory fireworks whenever the occasion even half-way justifies the act, the critics—in the face of so much dismaying tripe—are only too happy to constitute themselves Kiralfys and Pains and to send up skyrockets at times when a cooler and soberer judgment would check their hands. It isn't that they eulogize outright bad plays, for generally they do not; it is that they overvalue half-good ones

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and, in the overvaluation, disgust those of their readers who have some judgment, experience and taste and gradually feed them up and swindle them with a theatre that doesn't come up to their persuaded expectations. The theatre, as a consequence, is being hurt not so much by bad plays as by fairish plays heralded as masterpieces.

The theatre managers are, of course, the last to perceive the fact, but the theatre managers are often, as the records sufficiently attest, the last to discern what really damages their business. Their encouragement of such overvaluations of dubious goods is only another mark of their dangerous shortsightedness. Just as it remained for a number of movie cloak and suit dealers and pushcart vendors to show them where the money lay in entertainment and how the public was to be got away from them, so will the current disastrous overtouting of indifferent plays, presently so gleeful to them, become eventually impressed upon them after they have lost what few customers are still left to them. The movies have succeeded because of the far-seeing and disillusioned men back of them. The theatre is failing because the men in charge of it are trying to correct their defective vision with gold-rimmed isinglass.

This defective vision is no more clearly to be illustrated than in some of the bosh they pretend to believe about the very movies mentioned. For example, they argue that the local success of the movies is partly due to the elaborate movie palazzos and to the pull such splendiferous dumps have over the plainer and less colorful showhouses. They do not seem to stop and reflect that, among the most crowded movie houses in New York at this minute, are such dingy erstwhile legitimate theatres as the Criterion, Astor, New York, George M. Cohan and Lexington and that—Roxy, Paramount and Capitol sporting-house architectural art to the contrary notwithstanding—the public packs the quondam legitimate and drab Central, Gaiety and Selwyn theatres whenever the talkie impresarios show anything in those theatres that the public wants.

Movie audiences, being the lowest grade of audiences known in the world since they stopped the so-called museums of anatomy, may, like circus sideshow audiences, be hoaxed by absurd superlatives, but what remains of the theatre audiences, now that the dregs have been wiped out by the films, may not be. The latter may be fooled a little while longer, but it is not a far-distant day when they will gag and revolt.

## IV

### *The Little Theatres and Sex*

About the first thing that the average little, or art, theatre does—after it has sent out a Japanese vellum circular proving, to the presumable awe of the town's citizens, that its board contains a prominent local banker and society matron, neither of whom knows anything about drama—is to cast about for some new play, however bad, that treats of one of the more esoteric phases of sex. Unable for the moment to find such a play, it compromises for the time being with something by Strindberg in which a male and female use each other as punching-bags, with one of Wedekind's studies in abnormality or, by way of not letting the cat out of the bag too soon and antagonizing the banker and the society lady too greatly at the outset, with something somewhat more sexually *délicat* and *penseroso* by Schnitzler. These, however, are merely stop-gaps until some young man from the American cow-country or Paris Left Bank comes into the mails with a snappy little thing—calculated to jounce all true art lovers, and in particular those with dandruff—which deals with Lesbianism, algolagnia, masochism, voyeurism, illegitimacy, autoerotism, exhibitionism, rape, homosexuality, flagellation or incest.

It is an uncommon little art theatre, either up or down an alley, that does not seek at one time or another to yell itself into conspicuity with something that has no other reason for being save its sex cast.

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The argument advanced in behalf of its own glory by the little theatre in such cases is that the play in point is one that the professional theatre managers would be afraid of, although it is a matter of record that these professional managers have, with but a single exception, produced every actually meritorious sex play known to modern or classical drama—the exception, Wedekind's "The Awakening of Spring," having been given a hearing not by any little art theatre but by a group of professional actors. But, argument or no argument, the fact remains that the professional manager is never half so afraid of any radical sex theme as the little theatre playwright proves himself to be. The reason for this is pretty difficult to make out, but the truth remains. I know of hardly an exception to the rule. Tackling what seems to him to be a theatrically revolutionary sex theme, the little theatre playwright uniformly loses his nerve before he is half-way through with it and, by timid circumlocution and nervous reticence, causes it metaphorically to resemble the old-time adapted French farce in which what happened in the original was interrupted and forestalled by a ringing of the telephone, a knock on the door, or Herbert Corthell and Max Figman popping out from under the bed.

The Provincetowners' stage has offered us several examples of the phenomenon, among them Virgil Geddes' incest play, "The Earth Between," produced last season, and Thomas H. Dickinson's Lesbian exhibit, produced a short time ago. Both plays, after a brief announcement and hint of their respective themes, fearfully turned tail on those themes and, after a loud and challenging preliminary bark, mincingly scooted away from them as if chased by the Devil. Mr. Dickinson's lack of courage is not only surprising, for his critical works on the drama often reveal a forthright, shrewd and intelligent fellow, but has about it an air of unintentional low comedy. After posing his andromorphous central woman character in various attitudes relevant to her idiosyncrasy and after persuading his audience that their eyes have not deceived them, he timorously retreats in the final stretch of his play and gives the character an O. Henry ending in which she proclaims that her affections have always been of a clean, decent and conventionally moral nature. Plainly enough, the effect is of a broad hoax and Mr. Dickinson presents himself in the absurd light of a radical sex dramatist whose personal Puritanism so gags at his own character that it makes him ashamed of her and arbitrarily deny that she is what she obviously is. His play accordingly is a sex play in which apparently villainous sex turns out at the finish to be simply the Scotland Yard detective in disguise.

## V

### *Another Genius*

The latest pet of our dramatic critics would seem to be Mr. Martin Flavin, a gentleman in whom rich talents are being discovered with all the devout enthusiasm that they were once discovered in such predecessive darlings as Charles Klein, George Broadhurst, Edward Locke, H. S. Sheldon, Harry James Smith, A. E. Thomas, Henry Kitchell Webster, J. Hartley Manners, Austin Strong, Edwin Milton Royle, Cora Maynard and half a hundred similar hypothetical geniuses. A few years hence, this Mr. Flavin, save he suddenly surprise us with some genuine dramatic writing, will doubtless go the way of all flash and pass gracefully into oblivion with the rest of the overnight critical gods, but for the moment he sits enthroned in his heaven, a rhinestone crown upon his head and his tail at ease upon soft cushions.

As a playwright, he is not without one or two moderately effective little tricks. He has the knack of making character occasionally pass for authentic by visiting upon it emotions that, while in themselves theatrically convincing, are often actually irrelevant and impertinent to the character in point, in other words, of creating char-

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acter by theatrical incubation rather than out of the womb of deep and honest understanding. He has also the knack of making dialogue superficially dramatic by means of an arbitrary condensation and adjectival diet. But beyond these chicanes his work to date has revealed absolutely nothing. He has written half a dozen plays, all but one of which—"The Lady of the Rose," taken off as a dud after a brief try-out—have been exhibited on the New York stage, and in not one of these has there been anything to show that he deserves serious critical consideration. "Children of the Moon," hailed as a masterpiece, is amateurish Ibsenism that just skirts the edge of burlesque. "Service for Two" is machine-made comedy, completely empty. "The Criminal Code" is a weak and negligible paraphrase of Galsworthy given what dramatic interest it possesses in performance by some exceptionally good acting and some very striking scenery. "Broken Dishes" is the stalest sort of homely-life, family comedy, the kind of thing that has been done very much better by other local playwrights on various occasions in past years. And "Cross Roads," after a few moments of realistic dialogue in its first act, becomes simply another stereotyped to-do about the sexual peccadilloes of the younger generation.

Surely, in all this packet, there is nothing that even a half-eye to critical values should fail to penetrate and detect as show-shop stuff of an inferior grade. Yet the "Festa Romana" thunders out, the while a number of obviously superior playwriting fellows are left to beg for crumbs of mercy.

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# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *American Worthies*

JOHN BROWN: *The Making of a Martyr*, by Robert Penn Warren. $5. 9 x 5⅞; 474 pp. New York: *Payson & Clarke.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON: *The Apostle of Americanism*, by Gilbert Chinard. $5. 9¼ x 6; 548 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

THE PEERLESS LEADER: *William Jennings Bryan*, by Paxton Hibben. $5. 9⅜ x 6¼; 446 pp. New York: *Farrar & Rinehart.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *The Politician & the Man*, by Raymond Holden. $3.50. 8 x 5¾; 309 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company.*

LINCOLN & HIS WIFE'S HOME TOWN, by William H. Townsend. $5. 8¾ x 5¾; 402 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS: *His Rise & Fall*, by Allen Tate. $3.50. 8 x 5¾; 311 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company.*

THE RAVEN: *A Biography of Sam Houston*, by Marquis James. $5. 8¾ x 5¾; 489 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

GEORGE HARVEY: *A Passionate Patriot*, by Willis Fletcher Johnson. $5. 9½ x 6; 436 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

EMMA WILLARD: *Daughter of Democracy*, by Alma Lutz. $4. 8¾ x 5⅝; 291 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER, 1780–1843, by Archibald Douglas Turnbull. $3.50. 8¼ x 5¼; 326 pp. New York: *The Century Company.*

UP TO NOW: *An Autobiography*, by Alfred E. Smith. $5. 9⅜ x 6¼; 434 pp. New York: *The Viking Press.*

JOHNS HOPKINS: *A Silhouette*, by Helen Hopkins Thom. $2.75. 9 x 5¾; 125 pp. Baltimore: *The Johns Hopkins Press.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CALVIN COOLIDGE. $3. 8⅝ x 5½; 247 pp. New York: *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.*

HANNA, by Thomas Beer. $4. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 325 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Shelby Little. $5. 9⅜ x 6⅛; 481 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company.*

HERE is reading enough to last the Winter—and practically all of it is good. Even Miss Lutz, though she takes her heroine with a forbidding gravity, is unable to write really badly about the author of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and even Dr. Coolidge, though the style of his autobiography is that of a somewhat backward schoolboy, yet manages to make it interesting. Who ever heard, indeed, of an autobiography that was not? I can recall none in all the literature of the world. When a man takes pen in hand to write about himself he tackles what, to him at least, is the most interesting subject under the sun, and no matter how clumsily he does his job something of his own glow gets into it. The Coolidge volume, on all imaginable critical grounds, is abominable beyond compare. It is vilely written, it is full of transparent fraudulences and evasions, and there is a pious and puerile unction in it that recalls a Y. M. C. A. secretary lecturing on sex hygiene. But these deficiencies cannot conceal the man; on the contrary, they only serve to make him the more vivid. The volume deserves to be read prayerfully by every American patriot. It is a shameless and amazing demonstration of what the public service has come to among us. Here is a man who sat in the chair of Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and Cleveland, for nearly seven years, hymned and greased by the Washington correspondents, revered by millions, and with more power in his hands than forty Czars of Russia—and yet the net content of his cranium, revealed innocently by himself, turns out to be hardly distinguishable from what fills the brain-pan of an average garage attendant. Having got through his appalling self-revelation, horrified and yet spellbound, I hasten to apologize to the readers of this great family magazine for my writings about him in the past. He was, as President, a great deal worse than I ever made him out—nay, a great deal worse than I ever, in my most despairing moments, suspected. I can only



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promise to be more careful about Hoover.

Al Smith also does some pussy-footing in "Up to Now," though not, of course, as brazenly as Coolidge. When he discusses the history and great deeds of Tammany he shows a diligent avoidance of thin ice, and what he has to say about its current heroes is precisely what their parish priests will say at their funerals. Part of this may be blamed upon the natural amiability of the man, but the rest is plainly mere policy. It would not surprise me in the slightest to hear that Al is making his dark plans for 1932. True enough, he has no more chance of winning than a Chinaman, but that is something that no politician will ever believe, once the musky, voluptuous effluvium of the White House gets up his nose. I am told in all seriousness that even John W. Davis believed he would win in 1924—worse, that even the preposterous Jimmy Cox had hopes in 1920. If such things strike you as incredible, then it is simply because you do not know *Homo politicus*. Al does not say so flatly in his book, but there is every reason to assume that he expected to be elected in 1928. In one place, indeed, he lets fall a hint that his immediate family was confident to the last tragic moment. If that confidence was genuine, then it was shared by very few persons outside his domestic circle. I had the honor, during part of his canvass, of attending him as reporter for a newspaper, and I can't recall meeting a single soul, either on the official train or off, who thought he could beat Hoover. The journalists aboard, with maybe one exception, were all hot for him and all of them voted for him, but they saw plainly that he was a gone coon.

The qualities that made them his partisans are brilliantly visible in his book. He writes in a sloppy and unimpressive manner, and what he has to say is seldom profound, but the extraordinary charm of the man radiates from every page. Al has something that is far less common than wisdom and perhaps a great deal more valuable: he can make people like him. Most politicians seem to lose that capacity as they mount to higher levels. Certainly very few men liked Wilson, once he had got to the White House, and none at all liked Coolidge—if one forgets, for the moment, his kitchen cabinet of village lawyers and retired shopkeepers. But Al managed to carry the affection of thousands through four—or was it five?—terms as Governor of New York, and he would have carried it, had God been kinder, to Washington. Today that affection goes far beyond intelligent self-interest, for many of his most ardent well-wishers look for nothing from him. I suspect that its springs lie in his own habit of trust. He seems to be willing to trust everyone once, and apparently he is seldom fooled. There was even a time when he was ready to trust Hearst—an experience that must have given him some pain, for it provoked him to one of his few outbursts of red rage. Coolidge trusted no one—and is now working for Hearst. No doubt there is a moral in this, but precisely what it is I can't make out. But you may take my word for it that Al's book, despite its sad defects, is far more exhilarating stuff than Coolidge's. Coolidge's will instruct you, but it will also make you uncomfortable.

The tide of the debunkers seems to be going out, for most of the authors on the present list treat their subjects very humanely. Some of them, indeed, go rather far in that direction—for example, Miss Lutz, whose book on the strong-minded female, Emma Willard, I have already mentioned; Mr. Johnson, whose life of his late employer, the celebrated Col. George Harvey, has a smug and official smack (though it cannot hide the outlines of a very picturesque mountebank); and Mrs. Thom, whose account of her great-uncle, the founder of the Johns Hopkins University, is properly filial in tone. Even the lives of George Washington and William Jennings Bryan, by Shelby Little and Paxton Hibben, show a great deal of amiability—though various reviewers, apparently not bothering to read Mrs. Little's

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book, have denounced it as sacrilege. It is, in fact, nothing of the sort, but a closely packed and very careful treatise, in which the facts are left to tell their own story and there is little bias of any kind, whether pro or con. The volume is so jammed with these facts, indeed, that at times it grows a bit tedious. Mr. Hibben died before his life of Bryan was finished, and the final chapters were entrusted to C. Hartley Grattan. It is the first book on the man to show anything approaching a scientific spirit. There is a great deal of unfamiliar stuff in it, especially in the parts dealing with Bryan's early years. Mr. Grattan has done his share competently, but he is no specialist in Bryanismus as Hibben was. His account of the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tenn., the climax of Bryan's long years of fraud and folly, is workmanlike, but the touch that Hibben would have got into it is missing.

Of all these biographies, the best, as a piece of writing, is Mr. Beer's study of Mark Hanna. He presents, indeed, a really brilliant portrait of the man, though he does not pretend to write a complete biography, but contents himself with what interests him. He grew up in an atmosphere which fitted him for the task. His father, the late William Collins Beer, was one of Hanna's close associates in politics and carried out many confidential missions for him. There was naturally a great deal of talk about the old man in the Beer home, and when the elder Beer died his archives yielded a rich store of curious documents. One of these Mr. Beer prints at length—a long report on the state of political affairs in Ohio in the Autumn of 1899. The rest are plowed into the narrative, which has the great virtue of keeping clear almost altogether of the more obvious sort of records. Thus the Hanna who emerges from it is anything but the dreadful fee-faw-fum of the Hearst cartoons, with his huge paunch, his coat covered with dollar-marks, and his brutal appetite for the blood of the toilers. What one actually beholds is a strange mixture of realist and sentimentalist—a party leader who ruled with an ax, and at the same time a humorous and easy-going old fellow who loved his friends with lavish devotion, and was very humane to his enemies. He was perhaps the first captain of industry among us to come to terms with labor. He treated his own workmen well, paid them good wages, dealt with their unions amicably, and was even polite to their so-called leaders. There were plenty of men who feared him, but there were few who hated him.

His political magic, it turns out, had very little actual magic in it. He got his stupendous results by the simple process of applying common sense to politics. While windjammers jammed wind and jabberwocks jabbed and wocked he sent his agents about the country collecting money, and when they came in with it he sent them out again to put it where it would do the most good. He was well aware that elections could not be won with wind. How the recipients of his largess expended it was not his business: all he demanded was that they carry their precincts, wards, assembly districts, congressional districts, States. If they failed there was a painful inquiry, and at the next election better men were on the job. Hanna enjoyed the game, but did not let it cost him any sleep. He had no political ambitions of his own; indeed, he seemed to have no ambitions of any sort, for he was not even eager for money, once he had got a competence. In his old age the fortunes of war made a candidate of him, and he became a United States Senator, but for a long while he took his eminence easily and did not favor the Senate with any rhetoric. It was only in his last stage that he broke into oratory, and then it was only to pay off a somewhat extravagant opponent in his own coin. He turned out to be a very fair speaker—not at all fancy, but pawky and effective.

As I have said, Mr. Beer's treatise on him is an excellent piece of work. It is far less a formal biography than a character sketch. What it reveals is not a yearning to defend and rehabilitate an unpopular

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man, but an artist's delight in an odd and instructive character. The background is never forgotten. Old Mark doesn't waddle through a vacuum; he makes his progress through two of the most fantastic decades in American history. They saw the downfall of the old United States and the rise of the new. They hatched mountebanks almost beyond compare—Roosevelt, Bryan, and many another. They brought us a war abroad and what came near being a revolution at home. Hanna marched through them as their boss villain—and all the while he was the most sensible man in public life, and probably one of the most honest. There are magnificent ironies in his career, and Mr. Beer does not miss any of them. The book has a fine quality. It stands out sharply from the common run of such things.

Mr. Turnbull in his "Commodore Porter," Mr. James in his life of Sam Houston, Mr. Tate in his "Jefferson Davis," and Mr. Holden in his "Abraham Lincoln" follow more conventional patterns. The two volumes last named belong to a series called Biographies of Unusual Americans, which includes Gerald W. Johnson's brilliant study of Jackson and his scarcely less striking study of John Randolph of Roanoke. Neither Mr. Tate nor Mr. Holden reaches the mark set by Mr. Johnson, but both write pleasantly and manage to get a new interest into more or less familiar matters. "Lincoln and His Wife's Home Town" and Mr. Chinard's "Thomas Jefferson" cover only small sectors of large subjects. The field of the first-named is indicated by the title; the latter deals mainly with Jefferson's debt to French influences, and is full of facts that have hitherto got too little attention. Finally, there is Mr. Warren's "John Brown"—the first attempt to tell the story of old Osawatomie objectively, with no bias either for or against him. It is a capital piece of work, careful, thorough and judicious—and its merits are not diminished by the somewhat surprising fact that the author is but twenty-five years old.

## *The New Britannica*

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA: *Fourteenth Edition*. Edited by J. L. Garvin. Various prices for different bindings. 10⅞ x 8¼; 25 vols.; an average of 1000 pp. each. New York: *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

WHAT one chiefly notices, comparing this new edition of the Britannica to its predecessors, is the great increase in the number of articles and the shortening of their length.

The old Britannica was a series of exhaustive monographs—many of them, to be sure, brilliant, but most of them of no use whatever to a reader in search of quick information. The new edition, following the example of the New International (which followed, in its turn, the example of the German Brockhaus), has omitted most of these masterpieces, and substituted articles that may be consulted in a hurry, and with good prospects of getting what is wanted. And in cases where length cannot be escaped altogether, it is made bearable by a liberal use of section headings. The result is a reference work of large and protean value. It does not, to be sure, cover the whole field of human knowledge, but it probably comes as near to doing it as human fallibility permits.

In so large a work, naturally enough, errors and omissions are not infrequent. The exploratory reader, I dare say, will be amazed to find that there is no article on Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the type-setting machine, nor even any mention of him in the index. He will be, perhaps, amused when he discovers that the article on Neutrality takes a most humane view of the English violations of it during the late war. And elsewhere he will come upon other things to give him pause. But such defects, plainly enough, are inevitable in so large a work. To offset them there are hosts of special merits. The list of contributors, running to nearly 3,500 names, is really quite remarkable. It includes scores of men whose special knowledge is unsurpassed, and they were apparently

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given free rein. The result is a large number of articles that come very close to the ideal. They are completely informed, and yet they are so clearly written that any reader of ordinary intelligence can make use of them to profit.

For a number of years the sales of the Britannica have been greater in the United States than in England. With the new edition it becomes a genuinely international work, with an American editor sitting beside the editor-in-chief, an American in charge of the illustrations, and a long series of American departmental editors. The latter include James Harvey Robinson, Roscoe Pound, Raymond Pearl and John Dewey. The English spelling has been retained and there are other signs that the chief editorial office is still in London, but the number of American articles has been greatly increased, and in general the United States is treated much more politely than in former editions. One of the novelties in the new edition is a series of articles upon leading American corporations and other salient organizations. Thus there is one upon the United States Steel Corporation, one upon the New York Central Lines, and one upon the International Mercantile Marine. The Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League and the Order of the Cincinnati are represented, too, but I look in vain for the Elks, the Eagles and the Moose. I miss, too, articles on the cocktail, necking, Peruna, the Watch and Ward Society and Coca-Cola. But perhaps it is excessive to ask for everything.

A notable feature of the new edition is the excellence of the illustrations, for which the American art director, Warren A. Cox, is responsible. They greatly surpass those of any other encyclopedia, both in number and in intrinsic merit. The beautiful printing of the full-page halftones offers a high testimony to the printers, the R. R. Donnelley Sons Company, of Chicago. There are also many illustrations in the text, and all of them are clearly drawn.

Typographically, indeed, the twenty-four volumes come close to perfection, and all the bindings offered seem to be sufficiently sturdy for daily use. The maps, unfortunately, are not as good as the other illustrations. They are clear enough, but they show many omissions and also not a few errors.

## *Fiction by Adept Hands*

CORA, by Ruth Suckow. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 334 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE WAY OF ECBEN. *A Comedietta Involving a Gentleman,* by James Branch Cabell. $2.50. 7⅛ x 5⅜; 209 pp. New York: *Robert M. McBride & Company.*

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 355 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THESE tales, being by authors of skill and experience, all show a considerable fluency and address, but I have some doubt that any of them will enter into the priceless heritage of our children's children. Both the best and the worst is Cabell's. The idea in it—that the artist must ever fall short of the perfect beauty that is his quest—is one that fits into the Cabellian metaphysics very neatly, and in the development of it—not infrequently it wanders off into some other idea—there appears all the delicate virtuosity that makes the Richmond master so singular among us. Nevertheless, the story leaves me discontented. It is at once too fragile and too heavy-laden. Things get into it that have no place in it—for example, certain heavy flings at democracy—and yet it seems, at the end, to be only half told.

In the author's epilogue, announcing that, at fifty, he is ready for the literary ossuary, I take no stock. He printed it, in a somewhat briefer form, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY last June, and there, I must confess, it seemed to me to be rather persuasive, though certainly depressing. But reading it again, in an expanded form, I find myself full of misgivings. In truth, a note of downright falsetto gets into it. It is the farewell of an actor who will undoubtedly come back again—and maybe to greater acclaim than ever before. I refuse to believe that Cabell is dead; he is simply

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down with a *Katzenjammer* due to a too prolonged bout with his Collected Works. Let him clear those stately and terrifying volumes out of his workroom, and he will be ready for another "High Place." Meanwhile, he is entitled now and then to the holiday of a "Way of Ecben." It might have been much better, but the worst of Cabell is surely not bad.

Miss Suckow, in "Cora," strikes out into what is, for her, new ground. Her Cora Schwietert begins in one of the small Iowa towns with which "Country People," "Iowa Interiors" and "The Bonney Family" have made us so familiar, but soon she is on her way to what, in that region, passes for a city, and when we part from her at last she is a successful business woman, sharp-witted, sophisticated, a bit elegant—and immensely unhappy. It is this unhappiness that is Miss Suckow's ironical theme. Cora is the best of all the Schwieterts—a decent and well-meaning family, but somehow incompetent, somehow unfit to get on. She alone has energy of the right American sort, and by dint of it she drags the rest along. They rise in the world, and Cora herself becomes a woman of mark.

But just as she reaches the high crest of her achievement she succumbs to an atavistic yearning for an arm around her neck. Her marriage follows instantly, and is done for almost as quickly. So she goes back to work, this time with a baby, and presently she is successful again, and the envy of all and sundry. But in her heart there is only a great emptiness. The story is very deftly put together; with each successive book, indeed, Miss Suckow writes with greater skill. But there remains in me a feeling that this one is not her best—that Cora, once the climb up the ladder begins, loses a good deal of reality. She becomes a sort of case history in a thesis: one has an uneasy sense that she is being used to prove something. The best parts of the story are the early parts. Some of the scenes there—notably those between Cora and the confidante of her youth, Evelyn Anderson—are beyond all praise.

Mr. Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" is a study of the disintegration of two youngsters under the impact of war. The man, Frederic Henry, is a young American architect, turned into a lieutenant of the Italian Ambulance; the woman is Catherine Barkley, a Scotch nurse. They meet just after Catherine has lost her fiancé, blown to pieces on the Western front, and fall into each other's arms at once. For six months they dodge about between Milan and the Italian front, carrying on their affair under vast technical difficulties. Henry is badly wounded; the Italians, broken, retreat in a panic; earth and sky are full of blood and flames. Finally a baby is on its way, and the pair escape to Switzerland. There Catherine dies in childbirth, and Henry wanders into space. "It was like saying good-bye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain."

The virtue of the story lies in its brilliant evocation of the horrible squalor and confusion of war—specifically, of war *à la Italienne*. The thing has all the blinding color of a Kiralfy spectacle. And the people who move through it, seen flittingly in the glare, are often almost appallingly real. But Henry and Catherine, it seems to me, are always a shade less real than the rest. The more they are accounted for, the less accountable they become. In the end they fade into mere wraiths, and in the last scenes they scarcely seem human at all. Mr. Hemingway's dialogue, as always, is fresh and vivid. Otherwise, his tricks begin to wear thin. The mounting incoherence of a drunken scene is effective once, but not three or four times. And there is surely no need to write such vile English as this: "The last mile or two of the new road, where it started to level out, *would be able* to be shelled steadily by the Austrians."

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# THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

R. C. Brown *has spent most of his life abroad, chiefly in South America. He is now living in Paris.*

H. E. Buchholz *is the publisher of the* Journal of Educational Psychology *and* Educational Administration and Supervision. *He is the author of "U. S.—A Study in Democracy," "Of What Use Are Common People?" and "Democracy and Citizenship."*

H. L. Davis *is a native of Oregon, but now lives in the State of Washington.*

Bernard DeVoto *is the author of two novels, "The House of Sun-Goes-Down" and "The Chariot of Fire," and is now at work on a book on Mark Twain.*

Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. (Harvard), *is the leading authority in the United States on Central and South American literature, and has written several books on the subject. He is also the author of three critical biographies, and of "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan."*

Ward Greene *was born at Asheville, N. C. He spent most of his early life at Atlanta. After attending the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., he joined the staff of the Atlanta* Journal, *and since then has been engaged in newspaper work. He is now executive editor of the King Features Syndicate in New York. His first novel, "Cora Potts," was published a few months ago.*

John B. Hawes, 2nd, M.D. (Harvard), *is now practising medicine in Boston, specializing in tuberculosis and other diseases of the chest. He is the author of "Early Pulmonary Tuberculosis," "Consumption," "Tuberculosis and the Community" and "You—and Your Doctor."*

I. Newton Kugelmass, M.D. (Yale), Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), Sc.D. (Brussels), *was born in New York City, and is now in practise there, specializing in pediatrics.*

Muna Lee *was born and received the greater part of her education in Mississippi, but now lives in Porto Rico.*

Harlan Miller *is on the staff of the Des Moines* Register.

Neil Borgquist Musser *was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1919, and resigned from the Navy in 1927 as a lieutenant in the Construction Corps. He is now a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. He has an M.S. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and at present is on the staff of the engineering department of the Sun Oil Company.*

Ben Dixon MacNeill *was born in North Carolina and still lives there. He was until recently on the Raleigh* News and Observer.

The Rev. Herbert Parrish, D.D., *is a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has served churches in San Francisco, Baltimore and New Brunswick, N. J. He is lecturer on philosophy and religion at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.*

Warren S. Thompson, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. He was born in Nebraska and has taught at Michigan and Cornell. He is the author of many monographs dealing with population problems. His latest book is "Danger Spots in World Population." His next will be a study of "The Ratio of Children to Women in the United States, 1920," to be published by the Census Bureau.*

Jefferson Williamson *is a native of Yorkshire, but at the age of five was brought to Iowa. He was formerly on the staffs of the Toledo* Blade *and other Middle-Western newspapers, and of the New York* Tribune (*before the merger with the* Herald) *and* Evening Post. *He is now editor of the* Hotel Gazette.

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# The INVESTOR

## BUSINESS CYCLES

By Rudolph L. Weissman

As soon as a period of expansion reaches the stage that creates doubt as to the return of a recession, one may be certain that its arrival is really near. The philosophy of a "new era," itself an interesting manifestation of cyclical movements in thought, was not a new development in 1927–1929, except to the extent that it gained adherents among reputable economists and hitherto conservative bankers. Stripped of its niceties, the conception of business cycles is merely that of a recurrence of different phases of trade activity. This is not to be confused with the notion of a *regular* succession of such fluctuations. We know from observation and records that depression and prosperity alternate, but we do not know when, or exactly how, one phase will merge into the other.

Many writers prefer the term business fluctuations to cycles, since it avoids the possibility of misinterpretation on the part of the general reader. The use of the term business cycle tends to create a picture of sharply defined, easily recognized periods, and consequently promotes belief in the ability of forecasters to predict with accuracy the moment when one period will end and the other begin. The German term *Wellenbewegungen*, or wave moments, seems awkward in translation; at any rate, business cycle has the advantage of general usage.

The attempt to fasten on a single set of phenomena the whole onus for the termination of a period of prosperity is responsible for much of the earlier writings.

*Continued on page xxviii*

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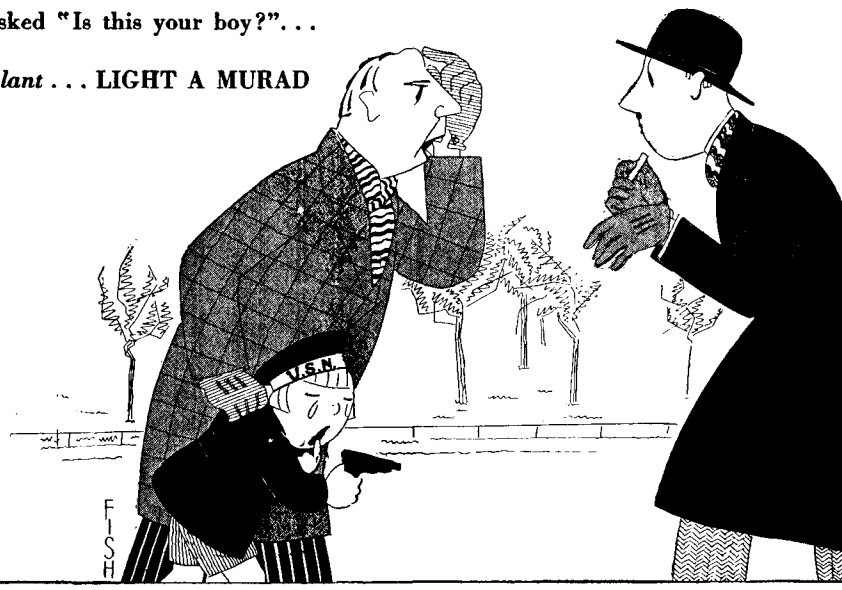


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## The INVESTOR

*Continued from page xxvi*

Socialists, single taxers, high or low tariff supporters, opponents and advocates of immigration, Prohibitionists, labor unionists and others have demonstrated to their complete satisfaction that the economic equilibrium has been thrown out of gear by the movement or cause they denounce, and that the remedy is the adoption of the reform or policy which they espouse.

As it was stated by the foremost student of the subject, Professor Wesley Clair Mitchell, whose monumental, "Business Cycles," first published in 1913, marked an epic in economic research, to find out what business cycles are, one must look at them "through the eyes of economic theorists, through the eyes of economic statisticians, and through the eyes of business reporters." Prosperity and depression have been broken up further into three parts by the inclusion of crisis to cover the transition from prosperity to depression. The adopted classification is prosperity, crisis, depression and revival. Although the causes of the fluctuations are obscure, and cannot be easily traced, each phase is associated with phenomena common to corresponding periods.

The period of prosperity is generally accompanied by expanding activity in the production of commodities, especially of producers' goods, *i.e.* those which are used by other manufacturers and fabricators, and which enter into finished commodities. Among these are pig iron, steel ingots, bituminous coal and non-ferrous metals. Commodity prices rise; there is an expansion in the use of credit; interest rates rise; speculation is noticeable in commodities, real estate and securities. Large security issues are floated; the formation of new business enterprises is great; consolidations and mergers are promoted; foreign trade and car loadings of revenue freight are heavy; construction activities are conducted

*Continued on page xxx*

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| Feb. 15, 1930 | s. s. Caledonia | 26 days | 275 |
| Mar. 15, 1930 | s. s. Caledonia | 18 days | 200 |
| Apr. 12, 1930 | s. s. Samaria | 12 days | 175 |

See Your Local Agent

# CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

xxx


## The INVESTOR

*Continued from page xxviii*

on a large scale, and the margin of profit increases.

The mental background of this business expansion is a belief in a permanent high rate of activity. Reasons are always at hand which seem to support this pleasant faith. Alexander D. Noyes, in his "Forty Years of American Finance," writing of the situation in 1901, says: "Even in thrifty Western towns, in New England country villages, the gossip of an evening was apt to concern itself with 'Steel' "; and further, "Old and experienced capitalists lost their heads, asserted publicly that the old traditions of finance no longer held, and that a new order of things must now be reckoned with."

The crisis is a short period, marked by a frenzied desire to sell, a sharp rise in short-term interest rates, a break in the price of sensitive commodities like silk, hides and zinc, and until recently, a panic, resulting in the closing of banks, the cancellation of orders, and the shutdown of industrial plants. The prophets of the "new era" are deserted, and condemned, and like the Seventh-Day Adventists, the business world seems to await the end of all things.

The depression is ushered in by a sharp decline in general business activity, least noticeable in consumers' goods such as foodstuffs, gasoline, tobacco and boots and shoes, a gradual decline in commodity prices, a plethora of capital seeking employment, and a decline in the demand for credit. Interest rates are low, and the number of security flotations and incorporations is smaller. The stock market is dull, price fluctuations are narrow, but bond prices improve; construction awards are relatively small, and foreign trade is curtailed; failures are heavy. Business men are extremely conservative in their commitments, are willing to accept small profits and refuse to enter into expansion projects.

*Continued on page xxxii*

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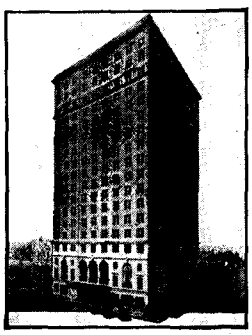

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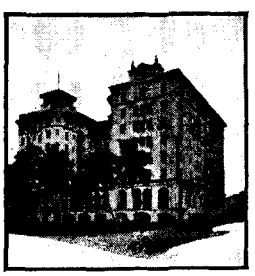

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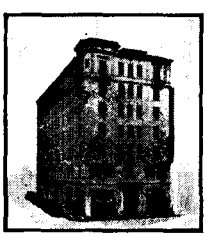

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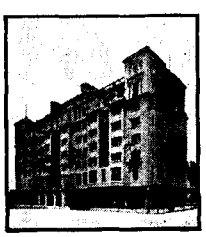

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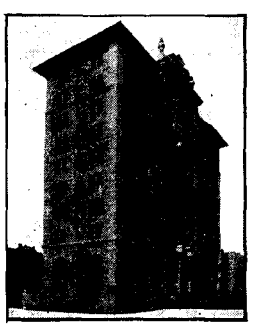

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## The INVESTOR

*Continued from page xxx*

During the revival, interest rates harden, the demand for credit is more urgent, commodity prices become firm, and gradually rise, automobile production expands, new building projects grow in size and number, employment increases, foreign trade expands (the expansion being visible first in imports of silk, furs, hides and other raw materials), trading in the stock market broadens on a rising scale, and real estate activity gains.

Unfortunately for forecasting purposes and for those who expect a chart of the future, no two phases are alike. Booms and depressions vary in intensity as well as in length. Entire periods have the inconvenient habit of failing to appear in their set place in the pattern. In 1924 the depression was not preceded by a crisis. Thus the characteristics noted in former periods should not be awaited blindly, for precise uniformity does not exist. In the last period of prosperity, for example, prices did not advance in the traditional manner. The significance of the various barometers changes, as I pointed out in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for last March.

The staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research has made exhaustive studies of the average length of business cycles. In the United States it works out at about four years. Dr. W. L. Thorp found in this country that between 1890 and 1923, for each year of depression, there was 1.79 years of prosperity. The average length of the depressed period was found to be about nineteen months. It will be noted that this does not include the 1924 and 1927 mild recessions, which lasted about eight months.

With these limitations, what can the investor gain from observation of the course of business cycles? It seems that study simmers down to the answer of the farmer who was asked, "Do you think it will stop raining?" He answered, "It al-

*Continued on page xxxiv*



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James Huneker
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Horace Greeley
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Davy Crockett
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Nicholas Longworth
Sam Houston
Charlie Schwab
Tom Heflin
Oswald Garrison Villard
James Branch Cabell
Frank Norris
Jim Tully
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## The INVESTOR

*Continued from page xxxii*

ways does." This viewpoint, which is so elementary that it is usually forgotten, will be of help in avoiding the most dangerous pitfalls, which are boundless faith at one time, and a disposition to bury one's capital, in company with the Asiatic, when opportunities are best.

### *New Financial Books*

NEW LEVELS IN THE STOCK MARKET.
*By Charles A. Dice.*
*The McGraw-Hill Publishing Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 6; 264 pp. *New York*

The thesis of Professor Dice is that "stocks have moved from a lower level, occupied from 1906 to 1923, to a relatively much higher level, which will be prominent for some years to come. Prices will remain on a high plane." Stocks plunged far below the buying zone fixed by the author immediately after the book's appearance. He did not contend that major declines were a thing of the past, but drew an analogy between present conditions and the 1906 price level, from which prices never receded to the level prevailing for twenty years before. Since no one expected stock prices to recede to 1921–1922 levels, this statement was like setting up a tin soldier. The "new era" philosophy is embraced in dithyrambic prose. In truth, that "new era" was accompanied by unexampled gambling in quotations by a misguided and uninformed public, aided by hot-house investment trust financing. Unhappily, professors of economics lost their critical insight. The averages of stock prices used in the book as a foundation do not reflect accurately the nation's economic progress, since at least two of the largest industries in point of invested capital, value of product, and the number engaged therein, are not represented.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SPECULATION.
*By P. S. Seward.* *Isaac Pitman & Sons*
$1.50 8¾ x 5¾; 129 pp. *New York*

Although this book is written from the English standpoint, and with reference to English financial machinery, it contains, in brief compass, much sound advice that can be applied by investors and speculators everywhere. Stock market prices are held to display two types of movement, a major and a minor swing. The former is a result of the business cycle and the latter is the outcome of a variety of "superficial causes of a transient nature," by which Mr. Seward means market conditions, speculative psychology, etc. It seems that in a period of depression "tobaccos will show better results than breweries and distilleries, seeing that men will deprive themselves of beer and spirits before they will forgo the smoking habit." The book has an index, but a bibliography is lacking.



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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section, page xxii*

ENGLISH HUMOR.
*By J. B. Priestley.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
$1.40 6¾ x 4½; 180 pp. *New York*

THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.
*By Bernard Darwin.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
$1.40 6¾ x 4½; 175 pp. *New York*

ENGLISH WILD LIFE.
*By Eric Parker.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
$1.40 6¾ x 4½; 180 pp. *New York*

These little volumes belong to a series called "The English Heritage," edited by Viscount Lee of Fareham and J. C. Squire. Each contains an identical introduction by Stanley Baldwin, the former British Premier. As is inevitable in such series there is a considerable spread in merit between the different volumes. That by Mr. Priestley seems to be little more than a competent hack job, but that of Mr. Darwin is far better, and that of Mr. Parker is charming indeed. Among the volumes announced for early publication are "The English Constitution," by Sir Maurice Amos; "The English Monarchy," by Lord Charnwood, and "English Waterways and Roads," by Hilaire Belloc.

SECRETS OF ESPIONAGE. *Tales of the Secret Service.*
*By Winfried Ludecke.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$2.50 8⅝ x 5½; 250 pp. *Philadelphia*

OUR SECRET WAR. *True American Spy Stories. 1917–19.*
*By Thomas M. Johnson.* *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 340 pp. *Indianapolis*

Both of these books make extremely interesting reading. That by Mr. Ludecke (a *nom de plume*) is concerned almost wholly with European espionage prior to the World War. Mr. Johnson's book will naturally be more attractive to American readers. He discusses all the leading spies of the A.E.F., and shows in great detail their methods of work. The United States, he says, had only a few hundred spies and agents in Europe. Not many of them went into Germany; most of them operated in the neutral countries. "President Wilson generally took little stock in military secret service," and is said to have read few of the informers' reports. As for the truth of spy dope, "estimates range everywhere from 50% down to 20." The life of the spy, in both war and peace, is a hard one. The best spies seldom get more than $10,000 a year, while the small fry get as little as fifty dollars a job. Their reward, whether successful or caught by the enemy, is nearly always oblivion. The demand for people willing to be spies is apparently on the increase, now that war has been officially abolished. "Before the war the whole German Military Intelligence appropriation was little over $100,000 a year. Last year the British spent about $1,000,000."

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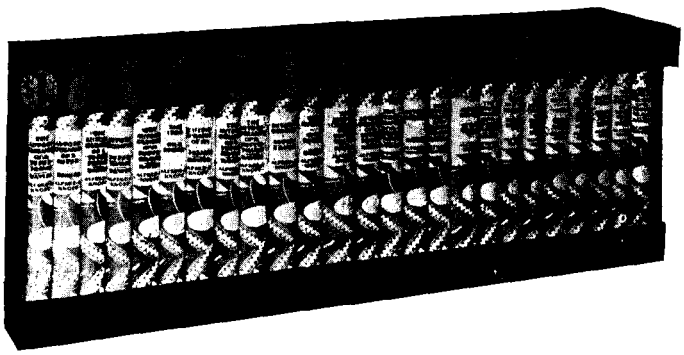

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# When the table talk turns to cigarettes —

the men smile quietly and say: "To smoke Camels is to know the real pleasure of smoking."

The preference of experienced smokers has made Camels by far the most popular cigarette in the United States.

# Camel

CIGARETTES

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